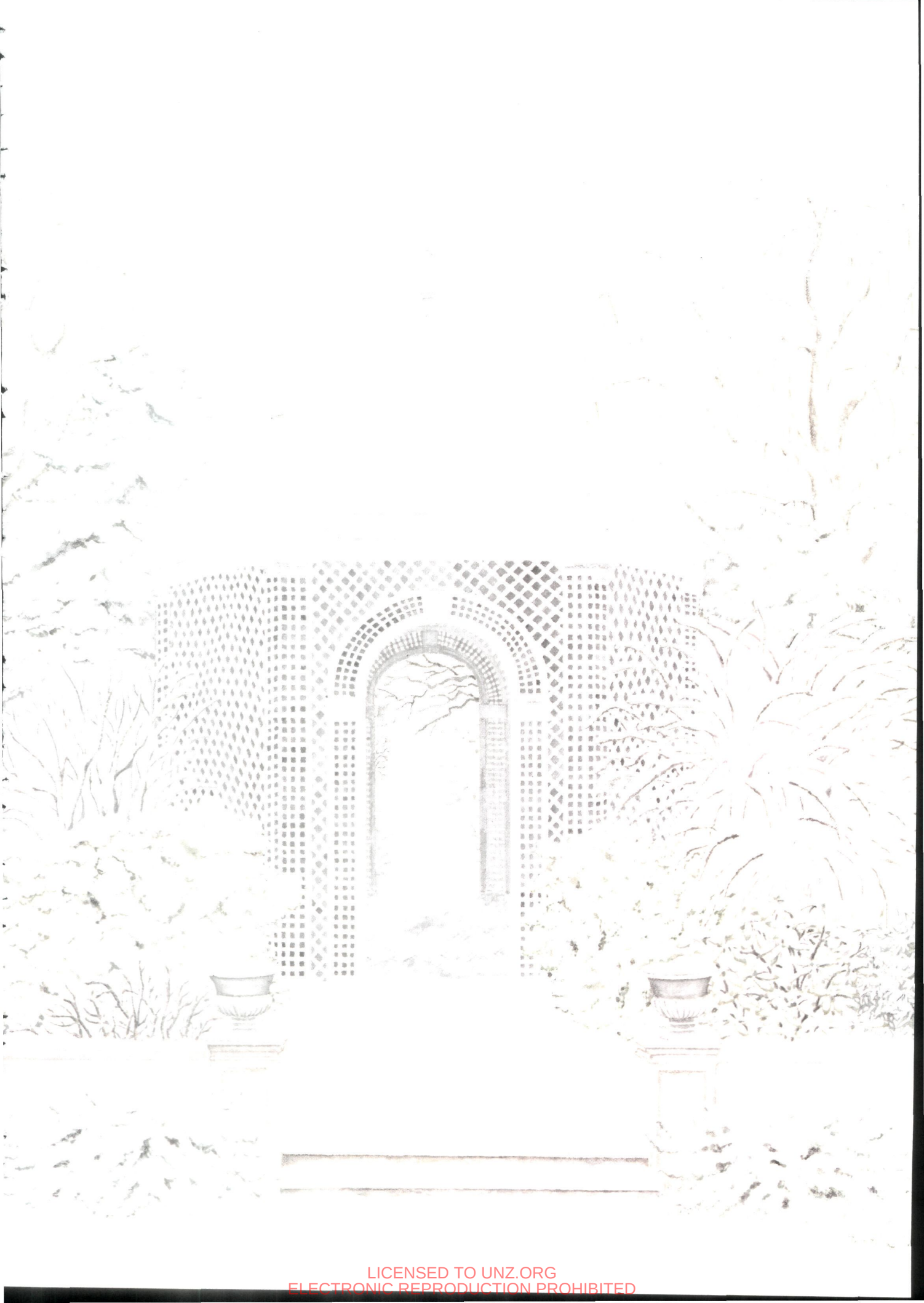

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(This week and next, some theatres, as indicated below, are rearranging their schedules because of Christmas and New Year's Day. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

American Buffalo—A superb production of David Mamet's classic comedy about three inept practitioners of petty crime in the lower depths of Chicago. With Al Pacino and J. J. Johnston. Directed by Arvin Brown. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/7/83.) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 21-22, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

And a Nightingale Sang . . .—A charming little play, unabashed in its sentimentality, about an English family gallantly surviving the rigors of the Second World War. The author is C. P. Taylor. (12/12/83) (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, Lincoln Center. 799-9100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Baby—Everything you may not have wanted to ask about having a baby—a pleasant musical for doctors, if not for lay people. (12/12/83) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Baby with the Bathwater—Christopher Durang is, line by line, one of the funniest satirists around. The target, this time, is parents. They are played by Christine Estabrook and W. H. Macy; Keith Reddin is their put-upon offspring; and Kate McGregor-Stewart and Leslie Geraci appear in multiple roles. All of them perform to perfection under the clever direction of Jerry Zaks. (11/21/83) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and New Year's Eve at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Saturday, Dec. 31, at 2. There will be no performances Wednesday through Sunday, Dec. 21-25.)

Beckett Plays—Three brief plays by Samuel Beckett. The haunting "Catastrophe," in which David Warrilow gives a silent, eloquent performance, first appeared in this magazine. Alan Schneider is the impeccable director. Alvin Epstein exchanges roles with Mr. Warrilow in alternate weeks. (6/27/83) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Friday, Dec. 23, at 2:30.)

Brighton Beach Memoirs—A remembrance of things past, by Neil Simon. The hero is a sex-obsessed fifteen-year-old. (4/11/83) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

La Cage aux Folles—A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. The two superb stars are George Hearn and Gene Barry. (9/5/83) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Damnée Manon, Sacrée Sandra—A drama by the Canadian playwright Michael Tremblay, translated by John Van Burek. (La Mama Annex, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Doonesbury—A sunny, sometimes silly, but always beguiling musical about Garry Trudeau's celebrated comic-strip hero and his friends. Music by Elizabeth Swados, lyrics by Mr. Trudeau, and delightful performances by, among others, Ralph Bruneau, Kate Burton, Gary Beach, and Reathel Bean.

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(12/5/83) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Fool for Love—Sam Shepard's play is as near a miracle as makes no matter—mysterious, funny, and beautiful. It is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Will Patton and Kathy Whitton Baker have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (6/6/83) (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Christmas Eve at 7; and New Year's Eve at 7 and 10. Special matinées Wednesdays, Dec. 21 and 28, and Saturday, Dec. 24, at 2.)

The Glass Menagerie—Jessica Tandy in a highly intelligent reading of Amanda Wingfield as a holy terror. (12/12/83) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Heartbreak House—Rex Harrison is crowning his career with a superb enactment of Captain Shotover—perhaps the figure that Shaw at sixty imagined he would be at eighty-eight. Also in the cast are Rosemary Harris, Amy Irving, Dana Ivey, and Philip Bosco. (12/19/83) (Circle in the Square, 50th St., west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Isn't It Romantic—A spirited revival of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. The script has been somewhat revised, and the production, under Gerald Gutierrez's direction, is much fuller than it was originally. With Lisa Banes, Jo Henderson, Jerry Lanning, Stephen Pearlman, Tom Robbins, Christine Rose, Chip Zien, and with Betty Comden (as Mother). (Reviewed in this issue.) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and New Year's Eve at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Saturday, Dec. 31, at 2.

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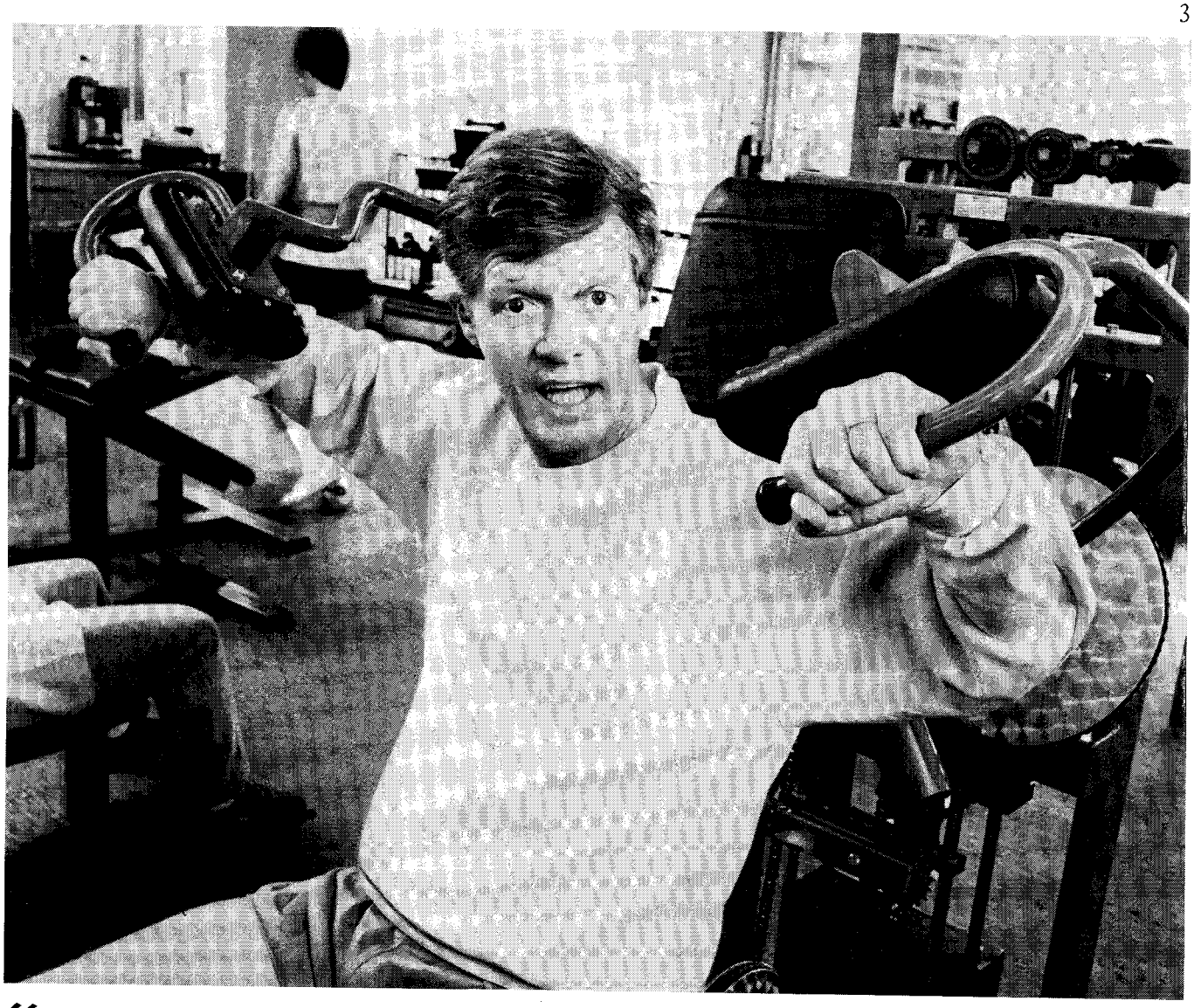

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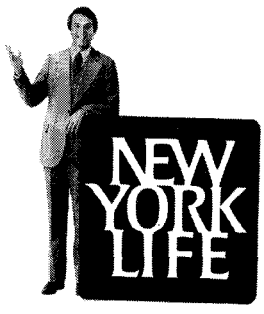

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

There will be no performances Wednesday through Sunday, Dec. 21-25. Closes Sunday, Jan. 8.)

The Jewish Gypsy—Mary Soreanu in a Yiddish musical, with English narration. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 921-9442. Saturday, Dec. 24, at 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 25, at 2 and 5:30; and Monday, Dec. 26, at 3.)

The Killing of Sister George—An adequate revival of Frank Marcus's cheesy play about a lesbian actress whose part on a British soap opera is cancelled. Aideen O'Kelly does well enough in the title role, and Tandy Cronyn is good as her simpering lover. (11/21/83) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Lady and the Clarinet—A woman presumably in her thirties recounts and reënacts the three most telling sexual adventures of her life for the benefit of a clarinettist who responds only musically. Michael Cristofer's script has its shortcomings, but it is undeniably theatrical and sometimes funny. The acting, under Gordon Davidson's direction, is first-rate. Stockard Channing is the lady, and Kevin Geer, Paul Rudd, and Josef Sommer are the objects of her affections. Jay Dryer is the eloquent clarinettist, who plays Stanley Silverman's music. (12/12/83) (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and New Year's Eve at 7 and 10; and Christmas Eve at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performances Saturday, Dec. 24, at 3, and Monday, Dec. 26, at 8.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Victor Herbert's **babes in toyland.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2 and 8; Friday, Dec. 23, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 24, at 1 and 5; Tuesday, Dec. 27, at 8; Friday, Dec. 30, at 2; and New Year's Eve at 8:30.)

Mirror Theatre Company—A new company presenting two revivals as the opening productions in a season of six plays performed in alternating repertory: Susan Glaspell's **inheritors,** and Clifford Odets' **paradise lost,** starring Geraldine Page. (Mirror Theatre, 320 W. 46th St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. For tickets and information about play scheduling, call 279-4200.)

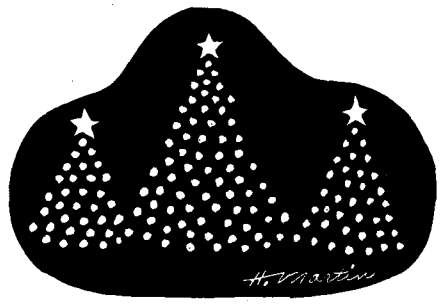
My One and Only—A joyous keepsake of Gershwin songs, neatly tucked into a new book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer. Twiggy and Tommy Tune head the marvellous cast. (5/9/83) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—The enthralling jazz saxophone of Wendell Brooks propels the action of **puppetplay,** a poetic story of two young women who are held captive by a masculine puppet. Pearl Cleage is the dramatist, Seret Scott and Phylicia Ayers-Allen are the women, and Brad Brewer designed and manipulates the puppet. Clinton Turner Davis directed the fine performance for the Negro Ensemble Company. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 3. Special matinées Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 21-22, and Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 1.)

'Night, Mother—Marsha Norman's play about a young woman bent upon committing suicide is an altogether successful work of art and much less dispiriting than one might suppose. With Kathy Bates and Anne Pitoniak, who have been ably directed by Tom Moore. (4/11/83) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance Monday evening, Dec. 26.)

Noises Off—The funniest, fastest-moving farce in many a long year, written by a Martian named Michael Frayn. (12/19/83) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

On Your Toes—Not the least taint of patronizing mars this revival of the Rodgers and Hart classic musical of 1936. The director, George Abbott, helped to write the original book and, at ninety-six, evidently has a tenacious recollection of how things were and how they ought to be. (3/14/83) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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Painting Churches—A disappointing revival of Tina Howe's beautiful play about an artist who goes to Boston to help her old parents close up their house on Beacon Hill, and to paint their portrait. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Fridays and Christmas Eve at 8, and New Year's Eve at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Peg—A one-woman show, in which Peggy Lee tells the story of her life in song, with prose interludes. Why on Broadway, instead of in some nice, dark club? (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Private View—Three sharp satiric comedies by the brave Czech dissident Vaclav Havel. Stephen Keep (a ringer for Joseph Papp) is very good in the leading role of each of them, and everybody else does well, too. Vera Blackwell was the impeccable translator; Lee Grant directed. (12/5/83) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays and Christmas, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

Quartermaine's Terms—The title character of Simon Gray's funny, sad comedy is a teacher whom loneliness has made even more bubble-brained than God did. Lee Richardson plays the leading role, and he is well supported by Roy Poole, Caroline Lagerfelt, Colin Stinton, and Frances Cuka. Kenneth Frankel directed. (3/7/83) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Wednesdays at 2 and 8; Thursdays and Fridays at 8; Saturday, Dec. 24, at 2 and 8; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 26-27, at 8; and New Year's Eve at 7 and 10. Closes Sunday, Jan. 8.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Presenting Charles Ludlam's **galas.** (One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Special performance Tuesday evening, Dec. 27.)

Sound and Beauty—A pair of one-acters by the extremely gifted young playwright David Henry Hwang. The first of them is a fantasy based on a novel by Yasunari Kawabata; the second is a satire about an Oriental warrior who sees himself in more heroic terms than does the unfortunate woman he falls in love with. John Lone, who directed both plays, is very good as the lead in the second. With Victor Wong, Ching Valdes, and Natsuko Ohama. (11/21/83) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays and Christmas, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 1.)

Taking My Turn—A buoyant musical with Margaret Whiting, Marni Nixon, Tiger Haynes, Victor Griffin, Cissy Houston, Ted Thurston, and Mace Barrett, all of them noted singers and dancers who are presumed to be old but whose performances refute that presumption at every turn. The very good songs were written by Will Holt (lyrics) and Gary William Friedman (score). Robert H. Livingston was the able director. (6/20/83) (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, Dec. 30, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Dec. 30, at 3.)

The Tap Dance Kid—A musical based on Louise Fitzhugh's novel "Nobody's Family Is Going to Change," with a book by Charles Blackwell, music by Henry Krieger, and lyrics by Robert Lorick. Vivian Matalan is the director. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 21. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance Monday evening, Dec. 26.)

La Tragédie de Carmen—Peter Brook has picked up Bizet's gorgeous opera and given it a good shaking, with the result that it now lasts but eighty minutes and is assuredly more Brook than Bizet. With several casts, uneven in quality. (11/28/83) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 787-6868. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

You Can't Take It with You—A fine revival of the Kaufman-Hart comedy written in the thirties. Eddie Albert and Colleen Dewhurst head the big and frolicsome cast; the director is Ellis Rabb. (4/18/83) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance Monday evening, Dec. 26.)

Zorba—Anthony Quinn and Lila Kedrova star in this revival of the 1968 musical, based on a movie that Quinn and Kedrova also starred in, back in 1964. A curiously woebegone production. (10/24/83) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—cats: Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **dreamgirls:** The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 9,840 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Sundays at 7:30; Christmas Eve at 7 and 10; and New Year's Eve at 6 and 9. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42nd street:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach and Anne Rogers. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance Monday evening, Dec. 26.) . . . **greater tuna:** Ron Lee Savin and Michael Jeter portray twenty citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Mondays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7 and 10; Christmas Eve at 7; and New Year's Eve at 6 and 9. Special matinée Saturday, Dec. 24, at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 31.) . . . **little shop of horrors:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of

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camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Sundays at 7:30; Christmas Eve at 7; and New Year's Eve at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performances Saturday, Dec. 24, at 2; Monday, Dec. 26, at 8; and Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 2.) . . . **NINE:** A sensationally opulent production of a musical comedy wrenched with little intellectual finesse from the classic movie "8½." Sergio Franchi is the star. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 2.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education; a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Christmas Eve at 7 and 10; and New Year's Eve at 7. Special matinées Wednesdays, Dec. 21 and 28, at 2.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star Jonathan Hadary as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Phillip Astor substitutes for Mr. Hadary at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **TRUE WEST:** Sam Shepard's comedy about two rival brothers in California, which was given an unsatisfactory production originally, has now been transformed by the clowning of Randy Quaid and Dennis Quaid. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays and Christmas Eve at 8, and New Year's Eve at 7 and 10. Special performances Wednesday, Dec. 21, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 23-24, at 2; Monday, Dec. 26, at 2 and 8; and Friday, Dec. 30, at 2.)

MISCELLANY

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and New Year's Eve at 8:30 and 11:30; and Christmas Eve at 8:30.)

SERIOUS BIZNESS—This little show, written by Jennifer Allen, David Babcock, Winnie Holzman, and Don Perman, and performed by Mr. Babcock, Jill Larson, Mr. Perman, and Nealla Spano, is as witty and humorous as anything in town. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd St. 764-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30 and 11; and New Year's Eve at 8 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 5:30; special matinées Tuesday, Dec. 27, and Thursday, Dec. 29.)

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—The annual Christmas show with, of course, the Rockettes. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave., at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, Dec. 22, at 11; Saturday, Dec. 24, at 11 and 2:30; Christmas at 4 and 7:30; Monday, Dec. 26, at 11 and 7:30; Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 7:30; and Thursday and Friday, Dec. 29-30, at 11 and 7:30. Through Wednesday, Jan. 4.)

BIG APPLE CIRCUS—A one-ring circus in a heated tent. Comedy jugglers, acrobats, clowns, trapeze artists, and three elephants are some of the attractions. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 21-23, at 4 and 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 24, at 1; Christmas and Monday, Dec. 26, at 1 and 4; Tuesday, Dec. 27, at 1 and 6:30; Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 28-30, at 1 and 4; and Saturday, Dec. 31, at 1 and 8. Through Monday, Jan. 2. For information about tickets, call 362-2500.)

NEW YORK GILBERT AND SULLIVAN PLAYERS—Presenting the first three of eleven performances of "Princess Ida." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 29-31, at 8.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through Saturday, Dec. 31. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 21-22, at 6; Friday, Dec. 23, at 4 and 8; Saturday, Dec. 24, at 1 and 5; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 26-27, at 6; Wednesday Dec. 28, at 2 and 6; Thursday, Dec. 29, at 6; Friday, Dec. 30, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 31, at 2 and 8. Through Sunday, Feb. 19.)

BALLETFORE—Performances of "Magic Nutcracker." (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 26-28, at 7.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**STEVE ROSS** sings songs from the era when melodies were melodies and lyrics were lyrics. Right now he's doing a tribute to Noël Coward. He's at a piano in the Oak Room Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to one, and in the Rose Room Sundays from five-thirty to eleven. Dining.

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Small, narrow, chatty, and nautical. The weekend jazz crew: Friday and Saturday, Dec. 23-24, bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** and pianist **HILTON RUIZ**, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 30-31, pianist **JAKI BYARD**, the simultaneously free and stride pianist, and his trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one. Dining.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE**, in a small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice, sings from a repertoire that includes such tunes as "When in Rome (I Do as the Romans Do)," "Peel Me a Grape," and "I'm Hip"—which all convey, with help from Miss Dearie's detached delivery, what used to seem in the fifties and early sixties like cool hepness (or hipness) and what now seems more like innocence. Concert-style (sh-h-h!) sets Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty, and a New Year's Eve show that will begin about eight.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—**STANLEY TURRENTINE**, a compelling, funky tenor saxophonist whose music is accessible, fun, and sounds great on a car radio, leads his combo through Sunday, Dec. 25. Monday, Dec. 26, Mark Morganelli and the Jazz Forum All Stars will be on hand; Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 27-29, singer and pianist **SHIRLEY HORN** will be present with her trio; and on Friday, Dec. 30, singer **CARMEN MC RAE** will move in with a quartet that will feature **ZOOT SIMS.** Music from nine-thirty. Every night but Monday, trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after the last set) jam sessions.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied schedule: Friday, Dec. 23, folksinger **TOM PAXTON** and the Carolling Carollers; Saturday, Dec. 24, **ANDY STATMAN'S KLEZMER ORCHESTRA**; Tuesday, Dec. 27, drummer **ELVIN JONES** and drummer **LENNY WHITE** and their respective groups; Wednesday, Dec. 28, folksinger **ERIC ANDERSEN**; and Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 29-31, the Turtles, with Flo & Eddie, and "Weird Al" Yankovic and his band. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. On New Year's Eve, shows at nine-thirty and one-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The epitome of an intimate, dark-wood-panelled, sophisticated New York bar. Hard-bop classicist and ballad spinner **TOMMY FLANAGAN** is at the piano every night but Sunday assisted by bassist **GEORGE MRAZ.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The urbanely swinging **JIMMY LYON**, who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing, smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT**, who looks anything but world weary when he sings that clever Noël Coward song—or, for that matter, when he sings anything—is back in the saddle in the Café Carlyle with his trusty aides, **BEVERLY PEER** and **ROBBIE SCOTT**, and with his repertoire of twentieth-century high popular art. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight; on New Year's Eve at eleven and one. Dining. Closed Friday, Dec. 23. . . . ¶ Bebop pianist and ballad singer **BARBARA CARROLL** will be found in the Bemelmans Bar from nine every night but Sunday.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS**, the delicate, elegant, reclusive pianist, is the star here nightly, except Sundays, from eight to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll: Wednesday, Dec. 21, the Pet Clams; Thursday, Dec. 22, Fly to France, Hi Fi Tie, Miller, Miller, Miller & Sloan, and the Wild; Friday, Dec. 23, the Moot, Mondo Boffo, Cool It Reba, and Certain Generals; Saturday, Dec. 24, Blue Frye, the Young Hegelians, and Helen Wheels; Sunday, Dec. 25, Walter Steding, Linda Hudes, and the Ordinaires; Monday, Dec. 26, the Service, the Spencers, and Band of Outsiders; and Tuesday, Dec. 27, the Race, the Drongoes, the Planets, and the Rudies. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—Currently a singer's room: **CARRIE SMITH** performs at nine and eleven-fifteen through Saturday, Dec. 24; **ALBERTA HUNTER** will return on Wednesday, Dec. 28, and do one show at nine-thirty; and Laura Theodore goes on Sundays through Tuesdays at nine and eleven-fifteen and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven-thirty. Dining.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. Wednesday, Dec. 21, Nancy Crutcher & Jerry O'Sullivan, and Wednesday, Dec. 28, Carol Freeman and Aharon Bensoussan. Music from eight.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—One of the two homes for traditional small-band jazz on the block (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). The house band swings it Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. Mondays belong to Ed Polcer's quintet; the Bill Simon and George Simon quartet is here on Wednesdays from five-thirty to eight-thirty; and on Fridays Danny D'Imperio's trio performs from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A sleek, well-attended basement jazz club with a sleek, can't-miss lineup: **Betty Carter** sings here through Sunday, Dec. 25; and the Master, **Dizzy Gillespie,** will bring in his band on Tuesday, Dec. 27. The first set begins about nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City. Friday, Dec. 23, Jake & the Family Jewels and the Floor Models; Sunday, Dec. 25, comedienne Jane Brucker; Tuesday, Dec. 27, Steve & Mark; Thursday, Dec. 29, Hugo Napier and Jane Brucker; Friday Dec. 30, the Citizen Kafka Band; and Saturday, Dec. 31, the Bermuda Triangle and the Washington Squares. Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Wednesday, when the music starts at ten, and Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins about eight.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—The schedule at this SoHo night club: Wednesday, Dec. 21, guitarist **Jimmy Ponder;** Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 22-24, singer and pianist **Amina Claudine Myers;** Thursday, Dec. 29, pianist Kenny Brawner; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 30-31, Raw Sugar. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one. Dining.

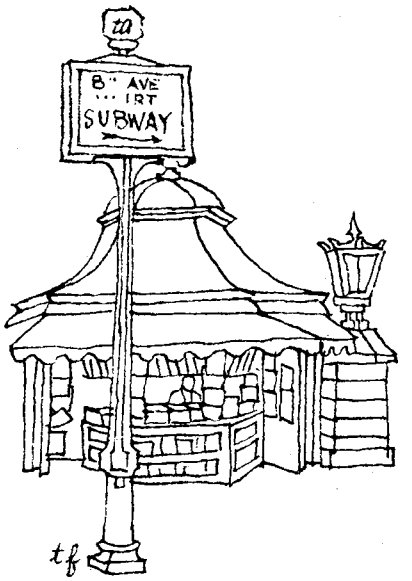
Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Alicia Sherman sings with the Matt McErlean trio Wednesdays through Sundays; Mondays pianist Baba Motta performs with bassist John Belzaguy; and Tuesdays are given over to guitarist **Chuck Wayne.** All these groups perform from ten.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) **Dick Wellstood,** a stride-piano specialist extraordinaire, goes to town Tuesdays through Saturdays. **Dick Hyman** drops in on Mondays, and Keith MacDonald is at the keyboard on Sundays. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Jasmine, 168 W. 96th Street (662-6665)—Contemporary, up-to-date, downtown-quality jazz on the upper West Side. Pianist **Bobby Enriquez** performs with a bassist through Sunday, Dec. 25. Saxophonist **Lew Tabakin** will arrive with a quintet on Tuesday, Dec. 27. Mondays are the property of pianist **Mike Nock** and bassist **Anthony Cox.** Music from about ten until about two-thirty. Dining.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—The tradition-bound house band lets loose under the leadership of trumpeter Spanky Davis for the last times at this address Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 21-23. The club then will close down, the building will be razed, and, presumably, an office building will go up—and it won't be called the Jimmy Ryan Tower. That's progress, folks. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Christmas Eve, Christmas, New Year's Eve, New Year's, . . .

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners listening to piano-bass teams. **Dr. Billy Taylor,** pianist, composer, and National Public Radio star, works with bassist **Victor Gaskin** through Saturday, Dec. 24; the Sunday and Monday men, **Junior Mance** and **Marty Rivera,** will also hold forth all week beginning Dec. 25. Music from ten.



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25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and for French tourists. The music is usually good solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. The lineup: Wednesday, Dec. 21, rock drummer Ginger Baker; Thursday, Dec. 22, New Orleans pianist **Dr. John;** Sunday, Dec. 25, Wood 'n' Strings and Willie and Annie Nininger; Monday, Dec. 26, the Pousette-Dart Band; and Tuesday, Dec. 27, Delbert McClinton. Dining. Closed Christmas Eve.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A comfortable and first-rate jazz club. Trumpeter **Woody Shaw** leads his sextet through Sunday, Dec. 25; on Tuesday, Dec. 27, singer and lyricist **Jon Hendricks & Company** will arrive; and on New Year's Eve the Hendricks group will be joined by Argentine pianist **Jorge Dalto** and his **Inter-American Band.** Sets start at nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**Jackie Cain** and **Roy Kral**—**Jackie & Roy** to their ardent admirers—are devoting themselves to the music of Cy Coleman Tuesdays through Saturdays. Music from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue, which is known for the R. & B. and jazz bands that have been performing here for more than a decade. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. Melanie sings here through Friday, Dec. 23. The rest of the roster: Monday, Dec. 26, M.P.C., Stainglass, and Billy & the Buttons; Tuesday, Dec. 27, Nancy Parker and the Kitty Bruce Band; Wednesday, Dec. 28, the Modulators, Dick Tracey, and Urgence; and Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 29-31, the **Persuasions** and, on Friday and Saturday, Premises Premises. Shows start at ten weeknights and at nine on Sundays. Dining and dancing. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**Jimmy Lyon** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Peppermint Lounge, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll disguised as the Late Show: Wednesday, Dec. 21, the Backbones; Friday, Dec. 23, the Bluebells; Saturday, Dec. 24, Let's Active; and Friday, Dec. 30, Panther Burns. Live music from way past your bedtime. Recorded music for dancing on Wednesdays and Thursdays, and N.Y.U. nights on Tuesdays.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**Sy Oliver,** trumpeter, arranger, and Professor of the Bounce, guides his septet Mondays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935 when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Wednesday, Dec. 21, Beaver Brown; Thursday, Dec. 22, **Grand Master Flash;** Friday, Dec. 23, Glenn Branca; Wednesday, Dec. 28, Aerosmith; Thursday, Dec. 29, the **Ramones;** and Saturday, Dec. 31, Scandal. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A second-floor jazz club in which most of the walls are refreshingly austere. The roster: Wednesday, Dec. 21, pianist and singer **Ben Sidran,** with bassist **Eddie Gomez** and drummer **Peter Erskine;** Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 22-24, trumpeter **Donald Byrd;** Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 26-28, the **Gil Evans Orchestra;** and Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 29-31, trumpeter **Jon Faddis** and his band. Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from nine-thirty. On New Year's Eve, shows will be at ten-thirty and one-thirty. Closed Christmas.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, Dec. 21, Mixed Grill; Thursday, Dec. 22, Obara Wali Rahman Indigo Drum & Spirit; Friday, Dec. 23, percussionist **Daniel Ponce;** Saturday, Dec. 24, **Pé-de-boi;** Tuesday, Dec. 27, Gumbe Sounds; Wednesday, Dec. 28, La Troupe Makandal; Thursday, Dec. 29, **Olatunji;** Friday, Dec. 30, African Connection; and Saturday, Dec. 31, **Loremil Machado & the Sarava Bahia Band.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays and Christmas.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Singer, pianist, and bandleader **Sharon Freeman** is here through Sunday, Dec. 25, with her charming Christmas program; and on Tuesday, Dec. 27, **James Moody,** tenor saxophonist, flutist, singer, and humorist, will take charge. On Mondays, saxophonist **David Murray's** String Orchestra, conducted by Butch Morris, lets loose. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Your simple, basic blues and R. & B. hangout. Mondays through Wednesdays and New Year's Eve belong to Buster Poindexter & the Banshees of Blue. Thursdays, Loup Gurou, a Cajun group, can be heard. Music after nine.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays after nine are salsa nights in the

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barnlike downstairs room: on Monday, Dec. 26, **RAY BARRETTO** and his orchestra, and **JORGE DALTO'S INTER-AMERICAN BAND,** which will feature **CARLOS PATATO VALDEZ** on percussion, will be present along with guest jazz soloist, trumpeter **WOODY SHAW.** On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 30-31, singer **PHYLLIS HYMAN** will be on hand from about nine-thirty. . . . ¶ In the Top of the Gate, on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 30-31, drummer **ART BLAKEY** and his latest batch of **JAZZ MESSENGERS** will perform, along with singer Ruth Brisbane and the New Orleans Serenaders, after nine-thirty. Dancing. . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace after nine-thirty, **ROLAND HANNA** and **RON MC CLURE** trade fours and solos Tuesdays through Saturdays, and jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** still holds forth on Tuesdays, too.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world are attracted to this basement. Intense, whirling, and rhythmic as always, pianist **MC COY TYNER** is here with his quintet every night but Monday, which is **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** blast-off night. Music after ten.

VILLAGE WEST, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A tile floor, a pressed-tin ceiling, brick walls, and an improved sound system—all the makings for bright acoustics. Brazilian jazz singer Leny Andrade works Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On New Year's Eve, the shows will be at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty. Dining. No music Mondays.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A warm atmosphere, authentically prepared collard greens, and jazz pianists. The musicians: Joel Forrester through Saturday, Dec. 24; Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 26-28, Sheree Sano; and Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 29-Jan. 1, Carl Borelli. Music nightly from eight-thirty until two. Closed Christmas.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. Trumpeter **JABBO SMITH** performs through Saturday, Dec. 24; on Sunday, Dec. 25, altoist **LEE KONITZ** and pianist **DICK KATZ** will be here; Monday, Dec. 26, will belong to Shelbo's Jump Band; and starting Tuesday, Dec. 27, **GEORGE KELLY'S JAZZ SULTANS** will occupy the stand. Music from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and jazz musicians in it. **RAY BRYANT** and **JIMMY ROWSER** can be found in the midst of piano-bass duets from about eight. Closed Christmas.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

ANN REINKING—In a program called "One More Song One More Dance." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Wednesday, Dec. 21, through Saturday, Dec. 31. Nightly, except Christmas, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 3.)

WALTER BISHOP, JR., TRIO—With Carter Jefferson. (Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 23-24, at 10, 11:30, and 1.)

STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN & DOUBLE TROUBLE—With Outlaws and Nighthawks. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 8.)

MANHATTAN TRANSFER—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Saturday, Dec. 31, at 7:30 and 11:30.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. Many will be closed Saturday, Dec. 24, or will close early on that day.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

BARBARA ABRAMS / PHILIP LIEBERMAN—Wall sculptures made of sheet brass sometimes illuminated by colored lights. / New photographs, mostly of Greek peasants. Through Thursday, Dec. 29. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

BILLY AL BENGSTON—Three-dimensional watercolor collages, plus five small wood tables. Through Jan. 14. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

PAUL-ÉMILE BORDUAS (1905-60)—*Automatiste* abstractions by this Canadian artist, whose work was characterized by broad swipes of paint, laid on as with a trowel. Through Jan. 27. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, Saturday, Dec. 24, and Christmas, from noon to 6.)

WILLIAM CALFEE AND PATRICIA FRIEND—Paintings (interior scenes with figures, still-lifes with landscapes), each by one of two artists from Washington, D.C. Through Friday, Dec. 30. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

JOSEPH CORNELL (1903-72)—A selection of boxes and collages inspired by ballerinas, past and present. Through Jan. 20. (Feigen, 113 E. 79th St. Closes at 2 on Friday, Dec. 23; closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

ROBERT M. KULICKE—Still-lifes and seascapes, executed in oil, plus jewelry designed and made by Mr. Kulicke and Bessie Jamieson. Through Friday, Dec. 30. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

MARINO MARINI (1901-80)—Sculptures, paintings, and prints dealing primarily with his favored theme of the horse and rider. Through Jan. 14. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

KIKUO SAITO—Recent color-field acrylics on canvas. Through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

BARBARA SCHWARTZ—Colored, cast-bronze abstract wall sculptures. Through Friday, Dec. 30. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Closes at noon on Friday, Dec. 23; closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

BURTON SILVERMAN—Figure studies, Italian beach scenes, and portraits by a realist painter who has a talent for catching the special individuality of each subject. Through Wednesday, Dec. 28. (Sindin, 1035 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **FOURCADE,** 36 E. 75th St.: Bacon, Balthus, and Baselitz are the first three (alphabetically) of the nineteen artists in the current show, dedicated to Willem de Kooning, who, of course, is also represented. Through Jan. 21. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.) . . . **KNOEDLER,** 19 E. 70th St.: Three New York School artists—Adolph Gottlieb and Robert Motherwell (paintings) and David Smith (sculptures). Through Jan. 4. . . . **LEFEBRE,** 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings by a half-dozen Cobra artists. Through Jan. 14. . . . **MATHES,** 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Works on paper by Léger, Matisse, Dubuffet, Picasso, et al. Through Jan. 14. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.) . . . **SCULPTURE CENTER,** 167 E. 69th St.: Two small works apiece by forty-two artists, among them Kit-Yin Snyder, Mary Ann Unger, and Charles Seplowin. Through Jan. 3. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.) . . . **VANDERWOUDE TANANBAUM,** 24 E. 81st St.: Toys designed and made by more than fifty artists, among them Judy Rifka, John Willenbecher, Louise Bourgeois, and Victor Faccinto. Through Jan. 7.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

JOAN BRADY—Realist watercolors—flowers, tea things, fruit, and a young girl. Through Friday, Dec. 30. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

PAUL CADMUS—A selection of drawings, mostly figure studies, ranging over a period of nearly sixty years. Through Jan. 7. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

RALSTON CRAWFORD (1906-78)—Abstractions in oil. Through Friday, Dec. 30. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

WILLEM DE KOONING—A show of paintings from 1969 to the present which coincides with his retrospective at the Whitney. Through Jan. 27. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

MARTHA DIAMOND / JOSEPH NECHVATAL—Abstractions from cityscapes. / Drawings of a political nature in which an endless stream of figures seems to be welling up into the picture plane. Through Jan. 7. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St. Closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 23-24.)

HELEN FRANKENTHALER—Large new works in which streaks of thick, poured-on paint are superimposed on the colorful stains characteristic of her canvases. Through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

SONIA GECHTOFF—Hard-edge semi-abstract works in pencil and acrylic depicting the Brooklyn Bridge, the sea, and the Greek ruins at Paestum. Through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

JOSEP GRAU-GARRIGA—Drawings and collages by a Spanish artist known primarily for his tapestries, two of which are on view. Through Jan. 31. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

JOHN HELD, JR. (1889-1958)—Linocuts from the twenties which were done for some of the popular magazines of the day, including this one. Through Friday, Dec. 30. (Sumers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

WILLIAM HOGARTH (1697-1764)—A retrospective of prints. Through Friday, Dec. 30. (Donson, now located at 24 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

GERSHON ISKOWITZ—Twenty new abstract paintings; also, six drawings done during the forties, while this Polish-born artist was interned at Auschwitz and at Buchenwald. Through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

PAUL JENKINS—Collage paintings, most of them incorporating found objects from Tibet (pieces of old rugs, of manuscripts). Through Jan. 3. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

ALFRED JENSEN (1903-81)—Astronomical notations and arithmetic progressions painted in heavily impastoed, vivid colors. Through Jan. 7. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closes at 3 on Friday, Dec. 23; closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

PHILIP JOHNSON—Photographs and original models, both of his designs for private residences (including his own) and for public buildings (the A.T. & T. headquarters nearing completion in New York). Through Saturday, Dec. 31. (The Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. Open Mondays; closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

STEVE KEISTER / DONALD SULTAN—Sculptures. / Charcoal drawings. Through Jan. 7. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

STEPHANIE KIRSCHEN-COLE / FORREST MOSES—Collages fashioned from handmade paper, stamps, bits of thread, and pieces of canvas. / Paintings that are closeups of water flowing over rocks in the Rio Grande and other rivers in New Mexico. Through Jan. 4. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

KAY KURT—Christmas candy is the subject of realist pencil drawings, and one oil. Through Friday, Dec. 23. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

ROBERT KUSHNER / KEVIN BOYLE—Large-scale fabric collages, large-scale drawings of male and

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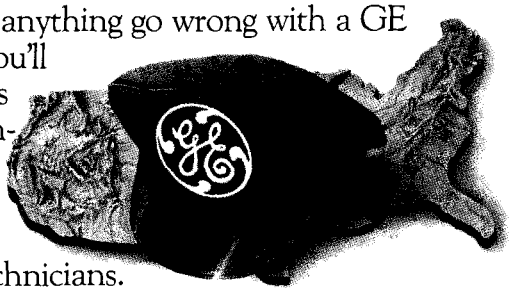

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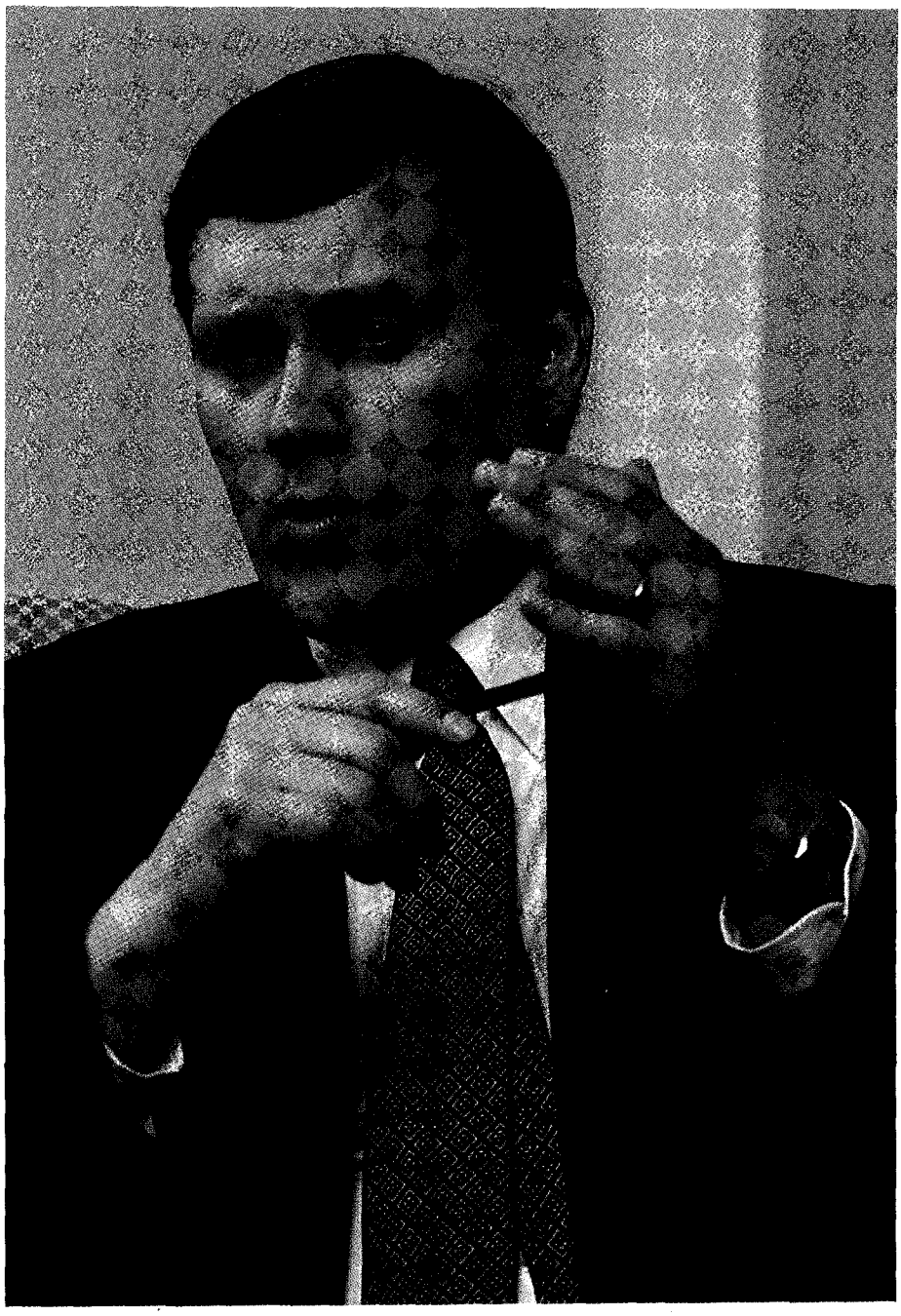

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

female nudes, and figurative and floral grillwork. / Photographic portraits. Through Saturday, Dec. 24. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Frank Lobdell—Recent abstract paintings and monotypes. Through Jan. 7. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

Paula Modersohn-Becker (1876-1907)—A hundred paintings, drawings, and prints by a German modernist. Through Jan. 7. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

Alice Neel and Elaine de Kooning—Portraits by both, plus a selection of paintings by the latter from her series based on a public statue of Bacchus, located in Paris. Through Jan. 14. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

Daniel Quintero—Oils and drawings by a Spanish realist. Through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Chaim Soutine (1893-1943)—A retrospective of landscapes, still-lifes, and portraits by this School of Paris painter. Through Jan. 28. (Bellman, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

Richard Stankiewicz (1922-83)—Early constructions (of wire, plaster, and twine) and late welded-steel sculptures (these seen in public for the first time) bracket a memorial exhibition of twenty-five works. Through Jan. 21. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

Michael Torlen—A series of drawings, based on the Book of Revelations, done in mixed mediums and combining abstractions and figures. Through Friday, Dec. 30. (Ross, a recently opened gallery at 162 W. 56th St. Opens at noon; closed Saturdays.) . . . ¶ Other drawings—and paintings—in this series are being shown at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St.

Joaquín Torres-García (1874-1949)—Late paintings. Through Jan. 28. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

George Woodman—Large paintings and screens in which human figures are seen among decorative patterns, usually floral. Through Jan. 7. (Haber Theodore, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

Group Shows—At **pam adler**, 37 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Sarah Canright and D. Jack Solomon, and two wall installations by Don Dudley. Through Jan. 7. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 24, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 30-31.) . . . **frumkin**, 50 W. 57th St.: A pastel by William Beckman and a painting by Jack Beal are two works in a show of gallery artists. Through Jan. 5. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.) . . . **heidenberg**, 50 W. 57th St.: A small sterling-silver reclining figure by Henry Moore is included in an exhibit of primarily twentieth-century paintings, sculptures, and

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graphics. Through Jan. 10. . . . **janis**, 110 W. 57th St.: "Post-Graffiti" has paintings and sculptures by eighteen young artists who, as the title suggests, first practiced their talents on city streets and subways. Keith Haring, Jean-Michel Basquiat, Futura 2000, and others. Through Jan. 7. . . . **pearl**, 38 E. 57th St.: *Paintings and drawings by New York artists of Latin-American or Caribbean heritage*, including Luis Cruz Azaceta, Rafael Ferrer, and Pedro Perez. Through Jan. 7. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.) . . . **protetch**, 37 W. 57th St.: Siah Armajani, Scott Burton, Jackie Ferrara, Richard Fleischner, and Mary Miss, five sculptors exhibiting models, drawings, and small sculptures representing their outdoor commissions; Burton has a *prototype for a terrazzo subway bench*. Through Jan. 6.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Eleanor Antin—This artist's latest fantasy work revolves around a medieval loser—a quixotic knight in armor called "El Desdichado" ("The Unlucky One"), who is almost life-size and made of corrugated cardboard, as are his horse and his surroundings. Through Friday, Dec. 30. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

Howard Buchwald—Abstract oils on linen; the surfaces are perforated in a pattern of conic sections. Through Jan. 11. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closes at 3 on Friday, Dec. 23; closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

Dale Chihuly / Jacques Henri Lartigue—Abstract blown-glass sculptures. / Photographs, recently printed from the original negatives, of life in France from La Belle Époque to the mid-thirties. Through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway. Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

Masao Gozu—Twenty photographs of a Bowery bar window, taken over six years, during which time an aspidistra waxes and dies and the owner changes the name from Harry's to Harold's, perhaps to avoid confusion with the Harry's in Venice. Through Jan. 7. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway. Closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 23-24.)

Keith Haring—Totem sculptures fourteen feet tall, wood cutouts of figures and abstractions, and paintings in vinyl ink, crowding walls that the artist has covered with red candy-striped decorations. Through Jan. 7. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Ronald America Kleeman / Murray Alcosser—Photo-Realist paintings in which, for instance, every highlight on the fire truck gleams, by an artist whose newly acquired middle name is a patriotic gesture. / Color photographs of things like bacon and eggs, doll heads, and a pile of nails. Through Jan. 7. (Meisel, 141 Prince St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

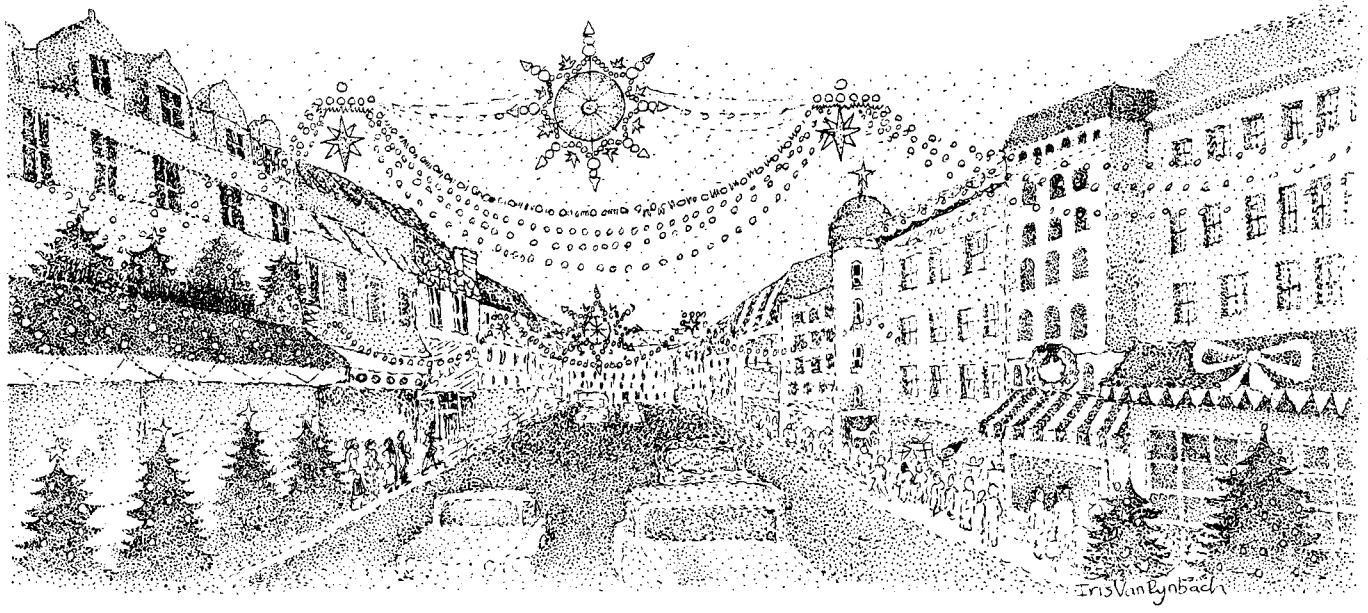
Lizbeth Mitty—Landscapes of middle-class urban areas painted in a funky style on acrylic-stained canvas. Through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Esman, 121 Spring St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

Shari Urquhart / Frances Cohen Gillespie—*Hooked rugs with a garish, Punk-art quality.* / Paintings of still-lifes of flower arrangements and their reflections in mirrors. Through Jan. 7. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St. Closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 23-24.)

Daisy Youngblood / David Nelson—Figurative sculptures done in unglazed, low-fired clay. / Sculptural lamps combining welded steel and Plexiglas. Through Jan. 5. (Gladstone, 152 Wooster St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts.: Nuclear war, the aftermath of nuclear war, natural disasters, doomsday, and just impending doom are the subjects for a large group of works by a great many contemporary artists. Through Jan. 22. (Tuesdays through Sundays, except Christmas, noon to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Group Shows—At the **bonnier**, 420 West Broadway: Small works by big names—Rauschenberg, Oldenburg, Warhol, Eva Hesse, and dozens of others. Through Saturday, Dec. 24. . . . **boone**, 417 West Broadway: Paintings by a dozen gallery artists, among them Eric Fischl, Markus Lüpertz, and Julian Schnabel. Through Saturday, Dec. 24. . . . **the drawing center**, 137 Greene St.: Works either on or of paper by eight new artists, including Joseph Goodwin's small abstracts and Scott Sherk's striking shadow works, in which paper cutouts, deployed on a transparent shelf and lighted from beneath, cast images of landscapes and still-lifes on the wall. Through Thursday, Dec. 29. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **eno**, 101 Wooster St.: This ten-year-old coöperative gallery is showing all kinds of works by its members. Through Jan. 28. (Opens at noon.) . . . **14 sculptors**, 164 Mercer St.: A tenth-anniversary exhibit of works by founding and present members of this coöperative. Accounted for are Margaret Miller, Allan Cyprys, and David Brooks, among others. Through Jan. 7. . . . **manhattan art**, 81 Greene St.: A mechanical installation called "Thought Drain," by Dennis Oppenheim, and a portrait of William Burroughs by Les Levine are two of the works in



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

this show of twenty-nine artists. Through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Arch Connelly—Abstractions from nature painted on panels, some of them punctuated by fake gems glued to the surface. Through Saturday, Dec. 24. (Garet Kohn, 204 E. 10th St.)

Joseph Maresca—Paintings of industrial landscapes with special focus on dazzling lights from automobiles and trucks. Through Friday, Dec. 30. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.) . . . ¶ In the front gallery are representative works by Hunt Slonem, Philip Tsiaras, and Jonathan Weinberg.

Christopher Sproat—Abstract sculptures derived from fish, birds, iguanas, dogs—all made of black-painted wood sometimes accented with neon tubes. Through Friday, Dec. 30. (Stoler, 13 White St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

Kate Sutphin—Religious figures are prominent in these semi-abstract paintings. First solo show in New York. Through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Greenwald, 181 Mott St. Closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 23-24.)

Michael Tracy—Textured sculptural works centered on religious symbols and intended by the artist as commentary on Latin-American political events. Through Jan. 21. (Delahunty, 291 Church St., two blocks below Canal St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

Alison Wilding—Sculptures made of rubber, copper, brass, slate, lead, and other elements by this British artist. First solo show in New York. Through Jan. 14. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

Group Shows—At the **Hebrew Union College**, 1 West Fourth St., just west of Broadway: Jim Dine, Jack Levine, and Saul Steinberg are among the eighteen artists represented by a single painting or sculpture each. Through Jan. 6. (Closes at 3 on Friday, Dec. 23; closed Saturday, Dec. 24.) . . . **Martin**, 213 E. 49th St.: Paintings by ten Mexican artists, among them Alfredo Castañeda, José Luis Cuevas, and Francisco Toledo. Through Friday, Dec. 23.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Edward S. Curtis (1868-1952)—Eleven vintage prints, among other works. Through Jan. 7. (Ledel, 168 Mercer St. Opens at noon; closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

Frank Gohlke—About forty aerial views of the Midwest, from snow-blanketed farms in Minnesota to the small towns lining the Mississippi. Through Friday, Dec. 30. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

André Kertész—Twenty-two recently printed color photographs; some of the original transparencies reach back into the early fifties. Through Jan. 14. (Harder, 37 W. 57th St.)

Doug Prince—Photographic works (some surreal, some just straight prints) from the past dozen years. Through Jan. 14. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Aaron Siskind—An eightieth-birthday show of photographs completed in the past four years, plus a few earlier prints. Through Jan. 7. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

Roman Vishniac—About fifty prints by a photographer who, at risk to himself, recorded life in Jewish communities of Eastern Europe between 1934 and 1939. Through Jan. 29. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, except Christmas, noon to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **Jewish Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.: Two exhibits representing recent efforts to document Jewish experience in the Soviet Union: "Hidden Lives," a collaboration by Nodar Djindjihashvili and Albert Ben-Zion, has fifty-five prints and is the realization of a two-year, twenty-thousand-mile surreptitious odyssey. . . . ¶ Twenty-eight works by Bill Aron, whose subjects live in Leningrad, Minsk, and Moscow. Through March 4. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.) . . . **Schomburg Center**, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St.: "14 Photographers," a

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show with ten times that many works, either allegorical (Albert Chong, Jon Thomas) or documentary (Marilyn Nance, Jeanne Moutoussamy-Ashe). Through Jan. 24. (Mondays, except Dec. 26, through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, except Dec. 24, from 10 to 6.) . . . **Staley-Wise**, 177 Prince St.: Prints by fourteen well-known photographers (Bill Brandt, Elliott Erwitt, Louise Dahl-Wolfe) accompanied by portraits of the artists by Pat Booth. Through Jan. 7. (Opens at noon; closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Costume Institute's twelfth annual revel is devoted to the designs of Yves Saint Laurent. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the paintings and works on paper of J. Alden Weir, a late-nineteenth-century American painter and exponent of Impressionism. Through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ A show of Chinese garden and flower paintings, twelfth century to eighteenth, from the museum's collection. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—A hundred drawings from the museum's collection which are eminent examples of all the major artistic movements from Post-Impressionism to the abstract figurative styles of the fifties. Seurat, Ernst, Dali, Pollock, Diebenkorn, others. Through Jan. 3, after which the museum's welcome mat will be rolled up and its front doors closed until late spring. (Open daily, except Wednesdays and Christmas, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Kandinsky: Russian and Bauhaus Years, 1915-1933," the second of three exhibits (being held at two-year intervals) examining his output in the context of the artistic milieu of his period. Supplementary works by Russian avant-garde artists and Kandinsky's Bauhaus colleagues. Through Feb. 12. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Two concurrent shows of the works of Willem de Kooning: Drawings (close to a hundred and thirty) from the past six decades have been mounted on the second floor. Through Feb. 19. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings and sculptures from the past fifty years occupies the fourth-floor galleries. Through Feb. 26. A complementary show of recent paintings is at Galerie Maeght Lelong, 9 W. 57th St. (The museum is open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—More than two hundred and fifty prints by Picasso from the collection of Marina Ruiz Picasso, none of which have been exhibited in public before. Through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ A show of prints from the past two years by American artists Robert Longo, Laurie Anderson, Helen Frankenthaler, and many others. Through Jan. 22. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, except Christmas, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Something from the Sky Is Falling Department: Wethersfield (1971) and Wethersfield (1982), the meteorites named after the town in Connecticut where they landed, are on display in the Arthur Ross Hall of Meteorites. Their travelling days are over. Through March 31. (Open daily except Christmas. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, except Dec. 24 and Dec. 31, from 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; closes at 6 on Saturday, Dec. 24, and Saturday, Dec. 31.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A loan show of Korean folk art. Through Jan. 22. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Frank Lloyd Wright and the Prairie School," an exhibit examining the evolution of that style, as well as the results of Wright's collaborations with artists and other architects in designing, furnishing, and embellishing such structures as the Robie house, Midway Gardens, and the Imperial Hotel. Drawings, photographs, sculptures, furniture, decorative glass, and silverware. Through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of a hundred drawings and watercolors of flowers which date from the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries; most of the painters of these botanical studies were either Dutch, French, or German. From the Fitzwilliam Museum of Great Britain. Through Jan. 8. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show of folk dolls dating back to the early eighteen-hundreds; most of them, in their simplicity and their distance from the factory-made mannequins of today, will probably captivate adults more than children. But take the kids anyway. Through Feb. 26. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Seventy-two portraits of artist-members (such as Asher B. Durand, Thomas Eakins, and Andrew Wyeth) provide a survey of the academy's collection and, by extension, of portrait styles since 1826. Through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Photographs of New York a century ago by Robert L. Bracklow, a businessman who pursued photography as an avocation between 1882 and 1918. (Open daily except Mondays and Christmas. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A Berg Collection exhibit, arranged chronologically, of more than forty poems in their original manuscript forms, including T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land" (with corrections by Ezra Pound) and other classics, by Byron, Whitman, and others. (Open Wednesday, Dec. 21; Friday, Dec. 23; and Tuesday through Saturday, Dec. 27-31, from 10 to 6.)

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New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—An exhibit fêting the Metropolitan Opera in its hundredth year. Among the close to a thousand items (primarily from the Met's own collections) are thirty-five costumes (such as Caruso's from "Pagliacci"), pieces of scenery, props, letters, contracts, and sketches. Through Feb. 18. (Open daily except Sundays, Saturday, Dec. 24, and Monday, Dec. 26. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays, 10 to 6; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—More than fifty of Jack Whitten's abstract paintings from the nineteen-seventies. Through March 18. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

The Kitchen, 59 Wooster St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Collaborative performance pieces by dancers and composers, Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 21-23, at 8:30. . . . ¶ An installation, by Kiki Smith, which contains the kinds of photographs usually found in medical offices—X-rays, for instance. Through Saturday, Dec. 24.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Dec. 21, at 8: "Fidelio," with Eva Marton, Jon Vickers, Franz Mazura, and Matti Salminen; conducted by Klaus Tennstedt. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 22, at 7: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Gail Robinson, Hilda Harris, Sheila Nadler, and Peter Glossop; Thomas Fulton. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 23, at 8: "Ernani," with Leona Mitchell, Ermanno Mauro, Sherrill Milnes, and Ruggero Raimondi; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 24, at 1: "Tristan und Isolde," with Hildegard Behrens, Tatiana Troyanos, Manfred Jung, and Richard J. Clark; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 26, at 7: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Gail Robinson, Hilda Harris, Sheila Nadler, and Mignon Dunn; Thomas Fulton. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 27, at 8: "Fidelio," with Eva Marton, Edward Sooter, Franz Mazura, and Matti Salminen; Klaus Tennstedt. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 8: "Ernani," with Leona Mitchell, Ermanno Mauro, Sherrill Milnes, and Ruggero Raimondi; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 29, at 7: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Gail Robinson, Hilda Harris, Rosalind Elias, and Mignon Dunn; Thomas Fulton. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 30, at 7: "Tristan und Isolde," with Hildegard Behrens, Tatiana Troyanos, Manfred Jung, and Richard J. Clark; James Levine. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 31, at 2: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Gail Robinson, Hilda Harris, Rosalind Elias, and Mignon Dunn; Thomas Fulton. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 31, at 8: "Fidelio," with Eva Marton, Jon Vickers, Franz Mazura, and Matti Salminen; Klaus Tennstedt. (A nonsubscription performance.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Following a brief vacation, the orchestra will resume its concerts at Avery Fisher Hall next week, with Kurt Sanderling conducting a program of music by Moussorgsky-Shostakovich, Prokofieff, and Schubert on Thursday, Dec. 29, at 8; Friday, Dec. 30, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 31, at 8 (a nonsubscription concert); and Tuesday, Jan. 3, at 7:30 (all with Shlomo Mintz, violin).

New York String Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Alexander Schneider conducting—Saturday, Dec. 24, at midnight: A program of baroque music. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 29, at 8: A Brahms-Beethoven program, with Isaac Stern, violin, and Yo-Yo Ma, cello.

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting four performances of the complete Bach Brandenburg concertos. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave., at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 26-27; Thursday, Dec. 29; and Saturday, Dec. 31, all at 8.)

Sing-In at Avery Fisher Hall—Handel's "Messiah," directed (seriatim, fortunately) by twenty-one directors. Lila Deis, soprano; Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor; Mukumd Marathe, tenor; and David Hamilton, bass, will appear as soloists, and the audience itself will serve as the chorus. With Kenneth Bowen, organ. (Wednesday, Dec. 21, at 7:30.)

Zamir Chorale—Matthew Lazar directing a program of Jewish choral music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Dec. 24, at 8.)

RECITALS

Bethany Beardslee and Richard Goode—Soprano and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Dec. 21, at 8.)

Peter Wolf—Harpsichord. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Dec. 22, at 8.)

Calliope: A Renaissance Band—A program of Christmas music, with Jane Bryden, soprano. (Christ Church United Methodist, Park Ave. at 60th St. 838-3036. Friday, Dec. 23, at 8.)

Marilyn Horne—Mezzo-soprano, in a program of songs by American composers. With the American Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Leonard Slatkin, and the New York Choral Artists. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 8:30.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Members of the Ensemble, under the name of Guido's Other Hand, performing a program of Renaissance music called "The Age of Josquin." With Maryanne Hart, mezzo-soprano; Frank Hoffmeister, tenor; Richard Taruskin, viola da gamba; and others. (Synod Hall, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 110th St. Saturday, Dec. 31, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 1, at 4. For information about tickets, call 226-1115.)

MISCELLANY

The Gospel at Colonus—Performed by Morgan Freeman, the Institutional Radio Choir, the J. D. Steele Singers, and others. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 31.)

New Year's Eve Concert—Participants in a concert to benefit Carnegie Hall will include Marilyn Horne, Yo-Yo Ma, Isaac Stern, Pinchas Zukerman, and Orpheus. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 31, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Nets, Sunday, Dec. 25, at 3:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Detroit, Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 7:35. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs Dallas, Thursday, Dec. 22, at 8. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Milwaukee, Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Indiana, Friday, Dec. 30, at 7:35.

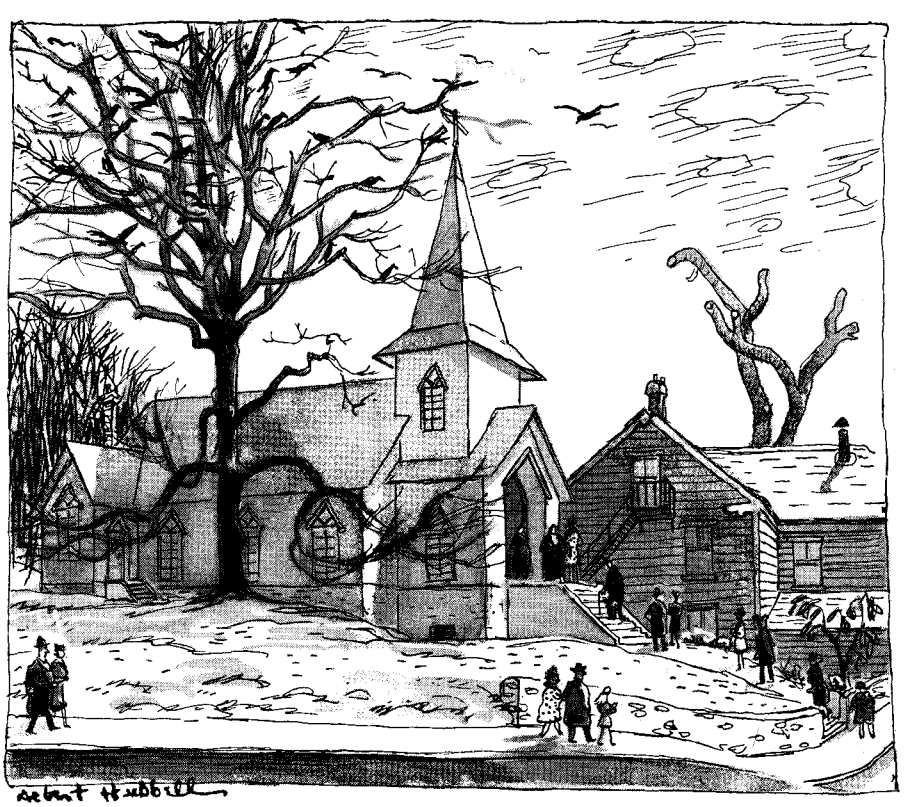
Hockey—At **madison square garden** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Wednesday, Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Friday, Dec. 23. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Friday, Dec. 30. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Thursday, Dec. 22, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Friday, Dec. 23, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. St. Louis Blues, Tuesday, Dec. 27, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Detroit Red Wings, Thursday, Dec. 29, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Washington Capitals, Saturday, Dec. 31, at 5:05.

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 12:30. Post time will be 11 A.M. on Saturday, Dec. 24. The Display Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 31. . . . **meadowlands:** Wednesday, Dec. 21, at 8; Monday, Dec. 26, at 1:30 and 8; Tuesday through Friday, Dec. 27-30, at 8; and final day Saturday, Dec. 31, at 1:30. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays, except Saturday, Dec. 24, at 12:30; through Tuesday, March 13.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weeknights, except Saturday, Dec. 24, at 8; through Saturday, Jan. 14.

ET ALIA

Prose Readings—The tenth annual non-stop reading of Gertrude Stein's "The Making of Americans," by more than a hundred tireless readers. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Saturday, Dec. 31, at noon, through the early afternoon of Monday, Jan. 2. No tickets necessary.)



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; *theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.*)
Through Dec. 22: "The Sea Gull" (1977; directed by Marco Bellocchio; in Italian); and "In the Name of the Father" (1971; Marco Bellocchio; in Italian).
Dec. 23-25: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 27: "Wuthering Heights" (1954; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

R.K.O. CENTURY ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"The Man Who Loved Women" (Blake Edwards), with Burt Reynolds and Julie Andrews.

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Dec. 22: "Richard Pryor Here and Now" (Pryor), a concert film; and "Blue Thunder" (†).
From Dec. 23: "Return of the Jedi" (†).

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Educating Rita" (†).

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Sudden Impact" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Two of a Kind" (John Herzfeld), with John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John.

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "The Man Who Loved Women" (Blake Edwards), with Burt Reynolds and Julie Andrews.
Theatre 2: "Uncommon Valor" (Ted Kotcheff), with Gene Hackman and Fred Ward.
Theatre 3: "To Be or Not to Be" (Alan Johnson), with Mel Brooks and Anne Bancroft.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Christine" (John Carpenter), with Keith Gordon.

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Rescuers" (1977), a full-length animated feature from the Disney Studios.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Reuben, Reuben" (Robert Ellis Miller), with Tom Conti.

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"To Be or Not to Be" (Alan Johnson), with Mel Brooks and Anne Bancroft.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Carmen" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.

MANHATTAN 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Sudden Impact" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.
Theatre 2: "D.C. Cab" (Joel Schumacher), with Adam Baldwin.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Terms of Endearment" (†).
Theatre 2: "Terms of Endearment" (†).

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Dec. 24: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.
From Dec. 25: "Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes.

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Star 80" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Dresser" (Peter Yates), with Albert Finney and Tom Courtenay.

GEMINI 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Two of a Kind" (John Herzfeld), with John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John.
Theatre 2: "Scarface" (†).

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Right Stuff" (†).

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Man Who Loved Women" (Blake Edwards), with Burt Reynolds and Julie Andrews.
Theatre 2: "Gorky Park" (Michael Apted), with William Hurt and Lee Marvin.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Can She Bake a Cherry Pie?" (Henry Jaglom), with Karen Black and Michael Emil.

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Silkwood" (Mike Nichols), with Meryl Streep and Kurt Russell.

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
"Uncommon Valor" (Ted Kotcheff), with Gene Hackman and Fred Ward.

U. A. 85TH ST. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"D.C. Cab" (Joel Schumacher), with Adam Baldwin.

LOEWS ORPHEUM 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Christine" (John Carpenter), with Keith Gordon.
Theatre 2: "The Keep" (Michael Mann), with Ian McKellen and Jürgen Prochnow.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Scarface" (†).

R.K.O. CENTURY 86TH ST. TWIN, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Sudden Impact" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.
Theatre 2: "Two of a Kind" (John Herzfeld), with John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John.

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 19.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM 1 AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Dear Mr. Wonderful" (1982; directed by Peter Lilienthal), with Joe Pesci.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 22: "Nights of Cabiria" (1957; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina; and "The Bicycle Thief" (1949; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian). Dec. 23-24: "Luna" (1979; Bernardo Bertolucci), with Jill Clayburgh and Matthew Barry; and "Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man" (1981; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Ugo Tognazzi, Anouk Aimée, and Laura Morante. Dec. 25-26: "Citizen Kane" (†) and "The Magnificent Ambersons" (†). Dec. 27: "Airplane!" (†) and "Used Cars" (†). Dec. 28-29: "Ulysses" (†) and "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" (†). Dec. 30-31: "Smithereens" (1982; Susan Seidelman), with Susan Berman; and "Vortex" (Scott B and Beth B), with Lydia Lunch.

WAVERLY 1 AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Liquid Sky" (Slava Tsukerman).
Theatre 2: "The Big Chill" (†).

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE 1 AND 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Gorky Park" (Michael Apted), with William Hurt and Lee Marvin.
Theatre 2: "Scarface" (†).

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 22: "Heat and Dust" (James Ivory), with Julie Christie and Shashi Kapoor. From Dec. 23: "Experience Preferred . . . But Not Essential" (Peter Duffell).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 24: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey. From Dec. 25: "Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes.
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 27: "Beyond Reasonable Doubt" (John Laing), with David Hemmings and John Hargreaves. From Dec. 28 (tentative): "Danton" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 24: "Under Fire" (†). From Dec. 25: "Vertigo."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Uncommon Valor" (Ted Kotcheff), with Gene Hackman and Fred Ward.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Yentl" (†).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Educating Rita" (†).

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Dec. 22: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 23: "Gospel" (David Leivick and Frederick A. Ritzenberg), a concert film.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"La Balance" (Bob Swaim; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Philippe Léotard.

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Star 80" (†).

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Gorky Park" (Michael Apted), with William Hurt and Lee Marvin.

LINCOLN PLAZA 1, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "The Eyes, the Mouth" (Marco Bellocchio; in Italian), with Lou Castel and Angela Molina.
Theatre 2: "Danton" (†).
Theatre 3: "Pauline at the Beach" (†).

CINEMA STUDIO 1 AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 24: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey. From Dec. 25: "Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes.
Theatre 2: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.

EMBASSY 72ND ST. 1 AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Dec. 21: "Heart Like a Wheel" (†). From Dec. 22: "Malou" (Jeanine Meerapfel; in German).
Theatre 2: "Experience Preferred . . . But Not Essential" (Peter Duffell).

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Scarface" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Man Who Loved Women" (Blake Edwards), with Burt Reynolds and Julie Andrews.
Theatre 3: "Gorky Park" (Michael Apted), with William Hurt and Lee Marvin.
Theatre 4: "Sudden Impact" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.

NEW YORKER 1 AND 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "The Rescuers" (1977), a full-length animated feature from the Disney Studios.
Theatre 2: "D.C. Cab" (Joel Schumacher), with Adam Baldwin.

OLYMPIA QUAD, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 22: "A Christmas Story" (Bob Clark), with Melinda Dillon

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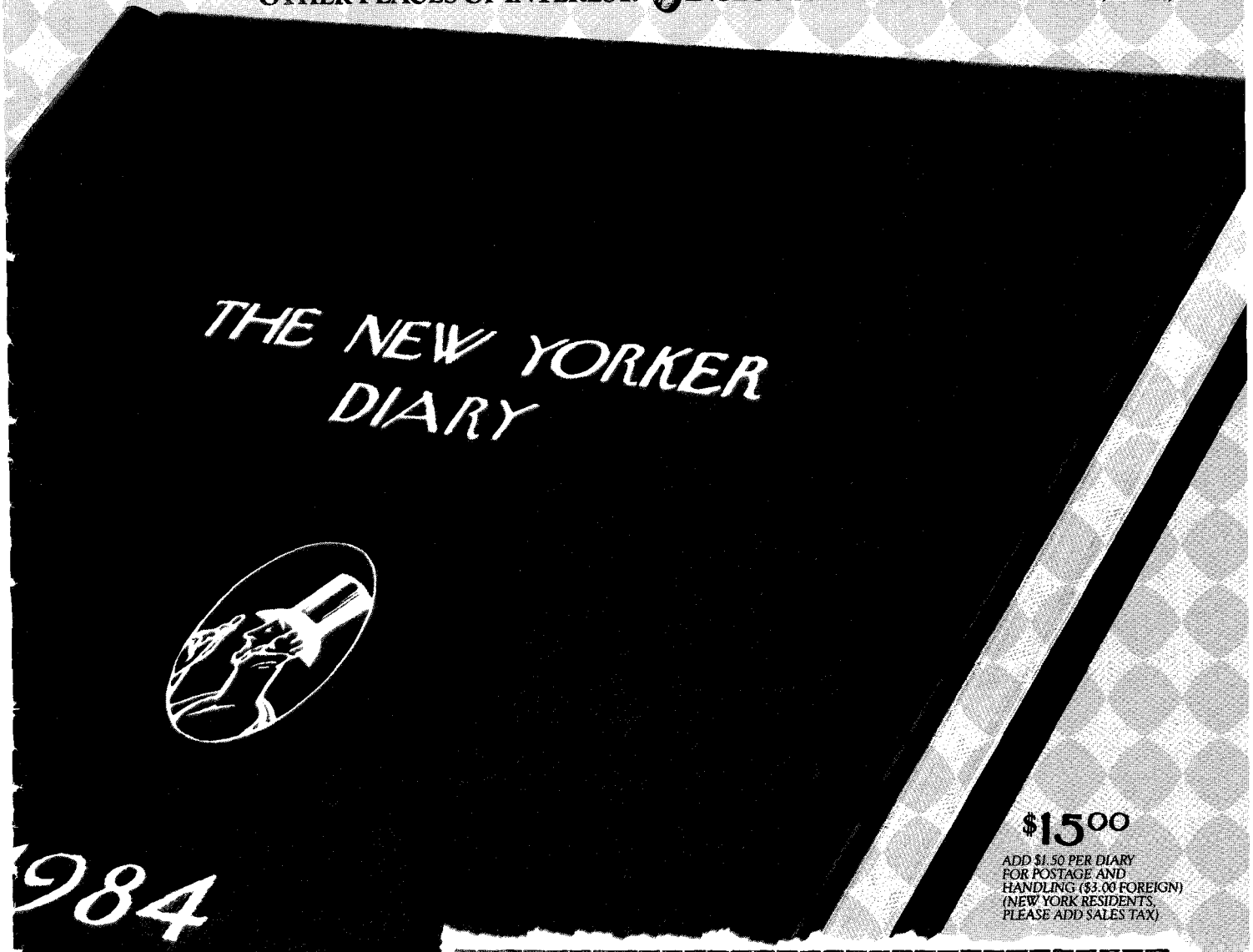

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Darren McGavin. From Dec. 23: "Return of the Jedi" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Big Chill" (†).
Theatre 4: "Educating Rita" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "The Right Stuff" (†).
Theatre 2: "To Be or Not to Be" (directed by Alan Johnson), with Mel Brooks and Anne Bancroft.
Theatre 3: "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.
Theatre 4: "A Night in Heaven" (John Avildsen), with Lesley Ann Warren and Christopher Atkins.
Theatre 5: "A Christmas Story" (Bob Clark), with Melinda Dillon and Darren McGavin.
Theatre 6: "Richard Pryor Here and Now" (Pryor), a concert film.

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Uncommon Valor" (Ted Kotcheff), with Gene Hackman and Fred Ward.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Uncommon Valor" (Ted Kotcheff), with Gene Hackman and Fred Ward.
Theatre 3: "Wild Style" (Charlie Ahearn).
Theatre 4: "The Big Chill" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Terms of Endearment" (†).

Loews State I and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "The Keep" (Michael Mann), with Ian McKellen and Jürgen Prochnow.
Theatre 2: "Christine" (John Carpenter), with Keith Gordon.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"The Man Who Loved Women" (Blake Edwards), with Burt Reynolds and Julie Andrews.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"The Rescuers" (1977), a full-length animated feature from the Disney Studios.

Rivoli I and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: "D.C. Cab" (Joel Schumacher), with Adam Baldwin.
Theatre 2: "Two of a Kind" (John Herzfeld), with John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Silkwood" (Mike Nichols), with Meryl Streep and Kurt Russell.
Theatre 2: "Scarface" (†).

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 22: "Sudden Impact" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood. From Dec. 23: "Return of the Jedi" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sudden Impact."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"In the Realm of the Senses" (1977; directed by Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese).

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Dec. 22: "The Ruling Class" (1972; Peter Medak), with Peter O'Toole and Arthur Lowe.
From Dec. 23: "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

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"Fanny and Alexander" (1983; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Dec. 22: "Bread and Chocolate" (1974; Franco Brusati; in Italian), with Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina; and "The Last Metro" (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiret.
Dec. 23-24: "Gallipoli" (1981: Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee, and Bill Kerr; and "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford, an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.
Dec. 25-27: "The Godfather, Part II" (1974; Francis Ford Coppola), with Al Pacino and Robert De Niro.
Dec. 28-29: "The Lord of the Rings" (1978; Ralph Bakshi) and "Wizards" (1977; Ralph Bakshi), both animated films.
Dec. 30-31: "Straw Dogs" (Sam Peckinpah), with Dustin Hoffman and Susan George; and "The Wild Bunch" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Dec. 22: An erotic film festival.
From Dec. 23: "Ziggy Stardust."

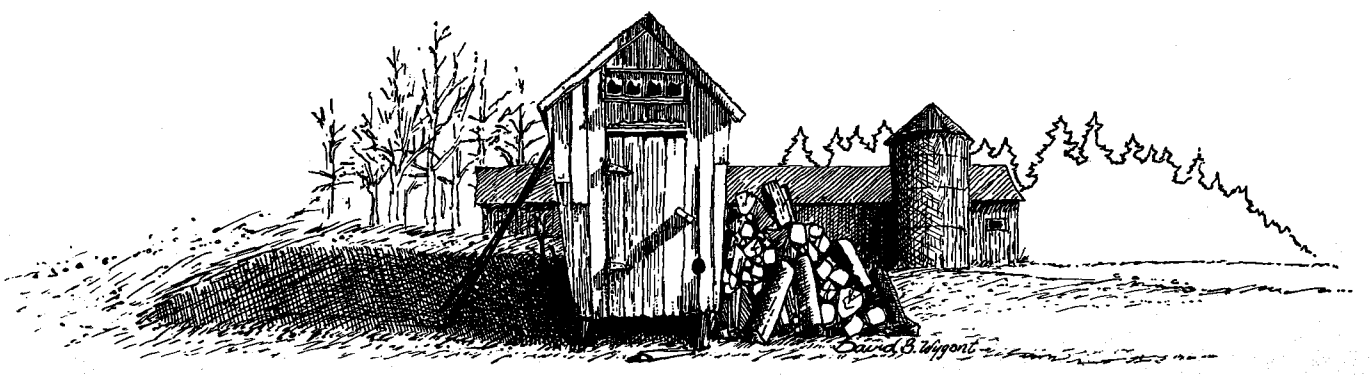
Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Dec. 21: "Swept Away" (1975; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato; and "Seven Beauties" (1976; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Fernando Rey.
Dec. 22-24: "Jesus Christ Superstar" (1973; Norman Jewison), with Ted Neeley; and "Hair" (1979; Miloš Forman), with John Savage, Treat Williams, and Beverly D'Angelo.
Dec. 25-26: "Gone with the Wind" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable.
Dec. 27-28: "Frankenstein" (†); "Dracula" (†); "The Wolf Man" (1941; George Waggner), with Lon Chaney and Bela Lugosi; and "The Mummy" (†).
Dec. 29-31: "Pink Floyd, The Wall" (1982; Alan Parker); and "Tommy" (1975; Ken Russell), with Ann-Margret, Oliver Reed, and Roger Daltrey.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Dec. 22: "Fritz the Cat" (1972) and "Heavy Traffic" (1973), both animated cartoons, directed by Ralph Bakshi.
Dec. 23-24: "Blue Thunder" (†); and "WarGames" (1983; John Badham), with Matthew Broderick and Dabney Coleman.
Dec. 25: "The Ten Commandments" (†).
Dec. 26-27: "The Warriors" (†) and "Bad Boys" (†).
Dec. 28-29: "Supervixens" (1975) and "Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens" (1979), both directed by Russ Meyer.
Dec. 30-31: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (1983; Terry Jones); and "And Now for Something Completely Different" (1972), selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus."

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Dec. 21: "The Sorrow and the Pity" (1970; Marcel Ophuls), a documentary on the German Occupation of France.
Dec. 22: "Memories of Underdevelopment" (1973; Tomás Gutiérrez Alea; in Spanish), with Sergio Corrieri; and "Death of a Bureaucrat" (1966; Tomás Gutiérrez Alea; in Spanish), with Salvador Wood.
Dec. 23: "The King of Comedy" (1983; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Jerry Lewis; and "American Gigolo" (1980; Paul Schrader), with Richard Gere, Lauren Hutton, Nina Van Pallandt, and Hector Elizondo.
Dec. 24: "The Shop Around the Corner" (1940; Ernst Lubitsch), with Margaret Sullavan and James Stewart; and "Christmas in July" (1940; Preston Sturges), with Ellen Drew and Dick Powell.
Dec. 25: "Meet Me in St. Louis" (†) and "Summer Stock" (†).
Dec. 26: "The Human Condition, Part I" (1959; Masaki Kobayashi; in Japanese).
Dec. 27: "The Last Metro" (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiret; and "La Femme Infidèle" (1969; Claude Chabrol; in French), with Stéphane Audran, Michel Bouquet, and Maurice Ronet.
Dec. 28: "Don Giovanni" (1979; Joseph Losey; in Italian).
Dec. 29: "Pixote" (1980; Hector Babenco; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Jorge Julião and Marília Pera; and "They Don't Wear Black Tie" (1983; Leon Hirszman; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).
Dec. 30: "The Damned" (1969; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger; and "The Marriage of Maria Braun" (1979; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla.
Dec. 31: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (1982; Taylor Hackford), with Richard Gere, Debra Winger, and Louis Gossett, Jr.; and "The Great Santini" ("The Ace;" 1980; Lewis John Carlino), with Robert Duvall, Blythe Danner, and Michael O'Keefe.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Dec. 24: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962; David Lean), with Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, Peter O'Toole, Anthony Quayle, Omar Sharif, and José Ferrer.
Dec. 25-27: "Show Boat" (1936; James Whale), with Irene Dunne, Helen Morgan, Allan Jones, and Paul Robeson; and "Till the Clouds Roll By" (1946; Richard Whorf), with Robert Walker.
Dec. 28-31: "Stage Door" (1937; Gregory La Cava), with Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, Adolphe Menjou, and Franklin Pangborn; and "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Dec. 21: "Shogun Samurai" (1979; in Japanese), with Kinnosuke Yorozuya, Sonny Chiba, and Toshiro Mifune; and "School for Spies" (1970; in Japanese), with Sonny Chiba.
Dec. 22: "Good Sam" (1948; Leo McCarey), with Gary Cooper and Ann Sheridan; and "In Name Only" (1939; John Cromwell), with Carole Lombard, Cary Grant, and Kay Francis.



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Dec. 23-24: "His Girl Friday" (1940; Howard Hawks), with Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "My Man Godfrey" (1936; Gregory La Cava), with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady.
Dec. 25: "Top Hat" (1935; Mark Sandrich), with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire; and "A Damsel in Distress" (1937; George Stevens), with Fred Astaire, Joan Fontaine, and Burns and Allen.
Dec. 26: "The Gold Rush" (†); and four short Chaplin comedies from 1917, "Easy Street," "The Cure," "The Immigrant," and "The Adventurer."
Dec. 27: "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (1953) and "Jour de Fête" (1950), both films in French, directed by, and with, Jacques Tati.
Dec. 28: "Dersu Uzala" (1978; Akira Kurosawa; a Soviet-Japanese co-production, in Russian); and "Last Days of the Samurai" (1957; Hiromichi Horikawa; in Japanese).
Dec. 29: "The Red Shoes" (†); and "Black Tights" (1962), a dance film, with Cyd Charisse, Moira Shearer, Zizi Jeanmaire, and Roland Petit, narrated by Maurice Chevalier.
From Dec. 30: A program of surrealistic films.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Dec. 24: Theatre closed.
Dec. 25-26: "Pride and Prejudice" (†); and "Little Women" (1933; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Joan Bennett, Edna May Oliver, Frances Dee, and Spring Byington.
Dec. 27: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley; and "Singin' in the Rain" (1952; Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, Jean Hagen, and Millard Mitchell.
Dec. 28: "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos; and "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams.
Dec. 29: "Duck Soup" (†); and "Monkey Business" (1931; Norman McLeod), with the Marx Brothers.
Dec. 30: "Dial M for Murder" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, Anthony Dawson, and John Williams; and "I Confess" (†).
From Dec. 31: "That Uncertain Feeling" (1941; Ernst Lubitsch), with Merle Oberon, Melvyn Douglas, and Burgess Meredith; and "Desire" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—Dec. 22 at 2:30: "Helen, Queen of the Nautch Girls" (1973; directed by Anthony Korner), with Helen; and "Adventures of a Brown Man in Search of Civilization" (1972; James Ivory), with Nirad C. Chaudhuri. . . . ¶ Dec. 22 at 6: "The Creation of Woman" (1960; Charles Schwep), and "The Householder" (1963; James Ivory), with Shashi Kapoor. . . . ¶ Dec. 23 at 2:30: "Venice: Theme and Variations" (1957; James Ivory); and "The Europeans" (1979; James Ivory), with Lee Remick, Robin Ellis, and Lisa Eichhorn. . . . ¶ Dec. 23 at 6: "Sweet Sounds" (1976; James Ivory); and "The Five-Forty-Eight" (1979; James Ivory), with Mary Beth Hurt and Laurence Luckinbill. . . . ¶ Dec. 24 at noon: "Miracle on 34th Street" (1947; George Seaton), with Edmund Gwenn, Maureen O'Hara, John Payne, and Natalie Wood. . . . ¶ Dec. 24 at 2:30: "Helen, Queen of the Nautch Girls" and "Adventures of a Brown Man in Search of Civilization." . . . ¶ Dec. 26 at 2:30: "The Sword and the Flute" (1959; James Ivory); and "Hullabaloo Over Georgie and Bonnie's Pictures" (1978; James Ivory), with Peggy Ashcroft, Saeed Jaffrey, Victor Banerjee, and Aparna Sen. . . . ¶ Dec. 26 at 6: "Heat and Dust" (1983; James Ivory), with Julie Christie and Shashi Kapoor. . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 2:30: "The Wild Party" (1974; James Ivory), with James Coco, Raquel Welch, and Perry King. . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 6: "Doctora" (1983; Linda Post and Eugene Rosow), a documentary. . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 2:30: "Jane Austen in Manhattan" (1980; James Ivory), with Anne Baxter, Robert Powell, and Sean Young. . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 6: "The Guru" (1969; James Ivory), with Michael York, Rita Tushingham, Utpal Dutt, and Saeed Jaffrey. . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 2:30: "Heat and Dust." . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 6: "Savages" (1972; James Ivory), with Kathleen Widdoes, Sam Waterston, Salome Jens, Susan Blakely, and Ultra Violet. . . . ¶ Dec. 31 at noon: "Louisiana Story" (1948; Robert Flaherty). . . . ¶ Dec. 31 at 2:30: "Man of Aran" (1934; Robert Flaherty). (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Starting Dec. 21: "Seesaw" (1983; Alvin Lucier), a sound installation. Continuous showings from noon to 6 (Tuesday evenings until 8). Mr. Lucier will be present on Thursday, Dec. 22, at 2. Closed Mondays and Christmas.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Airplane! (1980)—If you were a teen-ager in the late fifties and read the movie lampoons in *Mad* and watched a lot of TV series shows and a lot of cheapie old movies on television and remembered parts of all of them, jumbled together into one dumb movie—that's "Airplane!" It's compiled like a joke-book. Except for a genuinely funny sequence that parodies "Saturday Night Fever," it has the kind of pacing that goes with a laugh track. But the three writer-directors (Jim Abrahams and David and Jerry Zucker) keep the gags coming pop pop pop, and the picture is over blessedly fast. With Julie Hagerty and Robert Hays as the young lovers, and Leslie Nielsen, Peter Graves, Robert Stack, Lloyd Bridges, and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar; celebrities such as Howard Jarvis, Maureen McGovern, Jimmie Walker, and Ethel Merman turn up in bits. Based on the 1957 movie "Zero Hour." (Film Forum; Dec. 27.)

Bad Boys—At twenty-two, Sean Penn is probably the best actor in American movies who is still young enough to play adolescents. He gets so far inside a role that he can make even a sociological confection such as the sixteen-year-old hero, Mick—a proud, tough juvenile delinquent who commits crude, reckless crimes—someone an audience can care about. Penn is given so little to work with here that it's practically a pantomime performance: he holds us by the depth of Mick's grief over the way things have worked out in his life. He sits in his cell at the reformatory—hypersensitive, intelligent, and bitter. He's worth watching, even though the picture is singularly unimaginative. Directed by Rick Rosenthal, from a script by Richard DiLello, it has been made in a brutal, realistic, neo-Warners style, with shock cuts, a pungent visual surface (using Chicago locations and Illinois correctional institutions), and Bill Conti's snazzy, aren't-you-lucky-I'm-here music, which gets anxious and excited for us, whipping itself into snits and furies. Even when episodes are powerful, they're banal. With Eric Gurry, Esai Morales, Ally Sheedy, Reni Santoni, and Jim Moody. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/4/83.) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Dec. 26-27.)

The Big Chill—An amiable, slick comedy that's ostensibly about how the late-sixties campus activists have adjusted to becoming the kind of people they used to insult—but it isn't really political. Directed by Lawrence Kasdan, who wrote the script with Barbara Benedek, it's set in South Carolina, where a group of seven former friends from the University of Michigan gather for the funeral of Alex, the campus radical who brought them together. The friends bury the sixties (which Alex symbolizes) and then dredge them up to talk about during the weekend. The movie may pretend to be about "life," but it's really about being clever (even the title tells you that), and about the fun of ensemble acting. Jeff Goldblum, William Hurt, and Kevin Kline do some of their best work here; Tom Berenger, Glenn Close, Mary Kay Place, and JoBeth Williams do remarkably well with what they've got to work with. And Meg Tilly, who plays Alex's young girlfriend, is an extraordinarily lovely presence. (10/17/83) (Waverly, Olympia Quad, and Embassy.)

Blue Thunder—There's electricity in the air, and L.A. at night has a psychedelic, futuristic quality, like Godard's Alphaville. But the plot is no more than hints and eavesdroppings about a sinister right-wing conspiracy within the government—it involves the use of a sumptuous test-model helicopter with the deceptively romantic name "Blue Thunder." The director, John Badham, does a glamorous, showy job, and, what with all the stunt flying and the hair-trigger editing (by Frank Morriss and Edward Abroms), this is the sort of action film that can make you feel sick with excitement, yet it's all technique—suspense in a void. The battle between good and evil rages in the dirty looks that Roy Scheider, a police-officer pilot, exchanges with Malcolm McDowell as an Army colonel, a mad-twit racist. With Daniel Stern in an engaging performance as a rookie police pilot, Warren Oates as a scowling, good-guy police captain, and Candy Clark. The cinematography is by John A. Alonzo; the script is by Dan O'Bannon and Don Jakoby—they obviously don't do people. (5/30/83) (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 22. . . . ¶ Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Dec. 23-24.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—The Orson Welles film is generally considered the greatest American film of the sound period, and it may be more fun than any other great movie. Based on the life of William Randolph Hearst, it's an exuberant, muckraking attack on an archetypal economic baron. With Welles, of course, and Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, Everett Sloane, George Coulouris, Ruth Warrick, Ray Collins, Erskine Sanford, William Alland, Paul Stewart, Fortunio Bonanova, Gus Schilling, and Philip Van Zandt. Screenplay by Herman J. Mankiewicz and Welles; cinematography by Gregg Toland; editing by Robert Wise and Mark Robson; music by Bernard Herrmann; art direction by Van Nest Polglase and Perry Ferguson. (Film Forum; Dec. 25-26.)

Danton—Andrzej Wajda and his screenwriter, Jean-Claude Carrière, make Robespierre (Wojciech Pszoniak) into a sociopath who soaks his bed with sweat and cringes if a woman touches him, and Danton (Gérard Depardieu) into a slob and a libertine and a lush who in the end would rather be executed than executioner, and defies the Terror he helped to theorize. In France, where the movie was partially financed by the Socialist government, right and left divided over whether Wajda had a correct appreciation of the French Revolution, not over whether it was a good film or a bad one. By any reasonable standard, "Danton" is terrible. In French. (2/28/83; under Letter from Europe.) (Lincoln Plaza. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Dec. 28, tentative.)

Desire (1936)—Marlene Dietrich, with her pencil-line arched eyebrows, as the most elegantly amusing international jewel thief ever. She steals a pearl necklace in Paris and speeds toward Spain; on her way she has a series of encounters with Gary Cooper, a motor engineer from Detroit who is on holiday. Produced by Ernst Lubitsch, for Paramount, and directed by Frank Borzage, this is a polished light comedy in the "Continental" style—a sophisticated romantic trifle, with Dietrich more chic and modern than in her von Sternberg pictures. When she eyes Cooper she's so captivating you almost feel sorry for him; there's a moment when she's standing against French doors when she's simply peerlessly sexy. But you can also see why this European sophisticate longs for the American innocent. Cooper is a bit coy and rambunctious in his Americanness, but wearing narrow-tailored suits and with his hair sleek he's the ideal Art Deco hero. And he's great when he leans close

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

to Dietrich and says, dreamily, "All I know about you is you stole my car and I'm insane about you." When he's being threatened by her crooked associate (John Halliday), who remarks, tauntingly, "One mustn't underestimate America—it's a big country," he bends forward and says, "Six foot three." With William Frawley, Ernest Cossart, Alan Mowbray, Zeffie Tilbury, Akim Tamiroff, and Marc Lawrence. The script, by Edwin Justus Mayer, Waldemar Young, and Samuel Hoffenstein, is based on a play by Hans Szekely and R. A. Stemmle; cinematography by Charles Lang. Dietrich sings "Awake in a Dream," by Leo Robin and Frederick Hollander. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Dec. 31.)

Dracula (1931)—It begins well, wandering around the crypt of Dracula's castle in the Carpathian Mountains as the vampires get up from their coffins. But this first American version, directed by Tod Browning, was adapted from a play based on the Bram Stoker novel rather than from the novel itself, and it becomes too stagy. It was a tremendous popular success, however (it was advertised as "The Strangest Love Story of All"), and spawned many sequels. As Count Dracula, Bela Lugosi is the courtly personification of evil. He had played the role on Broadway in 1927 and had toured in it for years, and he seemed inside it in a wonderfully hammy, slightly demented way; his stilted manner and his ripe Hungarian accent have been imitated and parodied by subsequent Draculas. With pale Helen Chandler, who seems too anemic to attract a vampire, David Manners, Frances Dade, Edward Van Sloan, and the supremely degraded Dwight Frye. Cinematography by Karl Freund, script by Garrett Fort, with dialogue by Dudley Murphy, and play by Hamilton Deane and John L. Balderston. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Dec. 27-28.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers in their greatest movie—a semi-surrealist farce about war. With Margaret Dumont, Edgar Kennedy, and Louis Calhern. The unsentimental screenplay is by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, who also did the songs. Directed by Leo McCarey. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 29.)

Educating Rita—It's no more than a duet "opened up" a bit for the screen, but the lines have surprise and wit. Michael Caine plays a dispirited, burned-out slob of a college professor who tries to conceal his mediocrity by carrying on as if he were Dylan Thomas. Rita, played by Julie Walters, is a street-smart young hairdresser in Liverpool who wants the education that he, with his doctorate and his fancy turns of speech, has decided is worthless. Rita is Julie Walters' role in the way that Billie Dawn in "Born Yesterday" was Judy Holliday's role. The material isn't sustained—Rita, like Billie Dawn, is inevitably less entertaining after she's transformed—but Caine gives a master film actor's performance. Directed by Lewis Gilbert; Willy Russell adapted his own play. (11/14/83) (Gramercy, Festival, and Olympia Quad.)

Frankenstein (1931)—Probably the most famous of all horror films, and one of the best. It was not the first version of the Mary Shelley novel (there had been a "Frankenstein" as early as 1910), but this version, directed by James Whale, with Boris Karloff as the sad, lumbering monster and Colin Clive as the high-strung, tormented Baron Frankenstein, caught the imagination of a large public—and has held it for decades. With Mae Clarke, John Boles, Edward Van Sloan, and Dwight Frye as the monster's first victim. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Dec. 27-28.)

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The Gold Rush (1925)—He enters "pursued by a bear"—the man who for generations of filmgoers has been the embodiment of "the little fellow": humanity. In this extraordinarily sweet and graceful comedy, Chaplin is the weak and helpless perfect gentleman in the Klondike world of bears and brutes; yet his gallantry wins him the gold and the girl, too. In 1958, an international jury at Brussels selected this work as the second-greatest film of all time (after "Potemkin"). With Mack Swain as Big Jim, and with Georgia Hale, Tom Murray, and Henry Bergman. Produced, written, and directed by Chaplin; the assisting directors were Charles Riesner and H. d'Abbadie d'Arrast; the cinematographer was Rollie Totheroh. (The snowy exteriors were filmed in Nevada.) Silent; Chaplin later added music and a narration. (Thalia; Dec. 26.)

Heart Like a Wheel—A friendly movie with a cold center, this biographical film is about what it cost the drag racer Shirley Muldowney to win out over men in what was previously considered the domain of macho daredevils. Hoyt Axton plays Shirley's earthy and congenial father; Leo Rossi plays the mechanic-husband who tools up the cars she races; and Beau Bridges brings his marvellous radiance to the role of the impulsive, rowdy Connie Kalitta, who becomes Shirley's partner. Bonnie Bedelia, who plays Shirley from sixteen to forty, brings to the role a dry and precise irony. But her Shirley is a planner and a pusher who thinks everything out—the thrill sport of drag racing is a fulfillment of nothing visible in her character. Directed by Jonathan Kaplan from a script by Ken Friedman. With Anthony Edwards, Paul Bartel, Dean Paul Martin, and Dick Miller. (11/14/83) (Embassy 72nd St.; Dec. 21.)

I Confess (1953)—A priest with a past (Montgomery Clift), caught in a trap; either he must betray the secrets of a murderer's confession or he himself will be convicted of the murder. The premise of this Hitchcock thriller is promising, but the movie, set in Quebec and partly shot there, is so reticent it's mostly dull. Clift seems determined not to move more than the tiniest facial muscles. With a miscast Anne Baxter, and Brian Aherne, O. E. Hasse, Karl Malden, and Dolly Haas. From a play by Paul Anthelme, adapted by George Tabori and William Archibald. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 30.)

The Magnificent Ambersons (1942)—Orson Welles' second film has greater depth than "Citizen Kane," though it doesn't have the driving force that might have held it together. Working from the Booth Tarkington novel, Welles achieved some great sequences of family life—intense, harrowing squabbles. Tim Holt plays the arrogant, mother-fixated son who falls from the American aristocracy to the working class; Dolores Costello, the fragile blond beauty of the silent era, is his soft, yielding mother; and as the nervous, bitter hysterical-spinster aunt, Agnes Moorehead is uncannily powerful, in a hyper-realistic way. (It's a classic performance.) With the amazing old Richard Bennett as the family patriarch, Joseph Cotten, Anne Baxter, and Ray Collins. The film wasn't completed in the form that Welles originally intended, and there are pictorial effects that seem scaled for a much fuller work, but even in this truncated form it's astonishing and memorable. Cinematography by Stanley Cortez; edited by Robert Wise. (Film Forum; Dec. 25-26.)

Meet Me in St. Louis (1944)—Judy Garland, sprightly and vocal, in an excellent musical-comedy adaptation of Sally Benson's stories. With Margaret O'Brien as Tootie, whose Halloween adventure is the high point of the movie. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. (Metro Cinema; Dec. 25.)

The Mummy (1932)—When Karl Freund, the great U.F.A. cinematographer, came to the United States, he shot both "Dracula" and "Murders in the Rue Morgue" for Universal, and then the studio offered him the chance to direct "The Mummy." What he did was so elegant and uncommercial that he got only one other chance to direct ("Mad Love," in 1935) and that was for a different studio, and in a far more obvious macabre style. "The Mummy" unnerves one because instead of fast chills there are long, quiet, ominous scenes; the lighting is so masterly and the moods are so effectively sustained that the picture gives one prickly sensations. Boris Karloff is the three-thousand-year-old mummy brought back to life, and the dark, arresting Zita Johann is the English girl whom he stalks in the streets of Cairo because she is the incarnation of the princess he loved. It's silly but it's also disturbingly beautiful. No other horror film has ever achieved so many emotional effects by lighting; this inexpensively made film has a languorous, poetic feeling, and the eroticism that lives on under Karloff's wrinkled parchment skin is like a bad dream of undying love. With Bramwell Fletcher, David Manners, Arthur Byron, Noble Johnson, Leonard Mudie, and the inevitable Edward Van Sloan. The screenplay, by John L. Balderston, is based on a story by Nina Wilcox Putnam and Richard Schayer; the cinematography is credited to Charles Stumar. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Dec. 27-28.)

Pauline at the Beach—The writer-director Eric Rohmer contrasts the belle of the beach, the voluptuous blond divorcée Marion (Arielle Dombasle), with her dark-eyed fifteen-year-old cousin Pauline (Amanda Langlet).

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Rohmer has an amazing gift for finding (or creating) actors who embody the tiny, precise psychological observations that he wants to make, and, with the help of the cinematographer Nestor Almendros, he establishes a loose, summery atmosphere that the characters fit right into. But he offers a tedious message ("A wagging tongue bites itself"), and he can't resist setting up the little girl as our moral instructor. The six characters involved in the bedroom-farce misunderstandings include a suave, fortyish stud (Féodor Atkine); a handsome young windsurfer (Pascal Greggory), who's a ninny; and a girl (Rosette) who sells candy on the beach. In French. (9/5/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

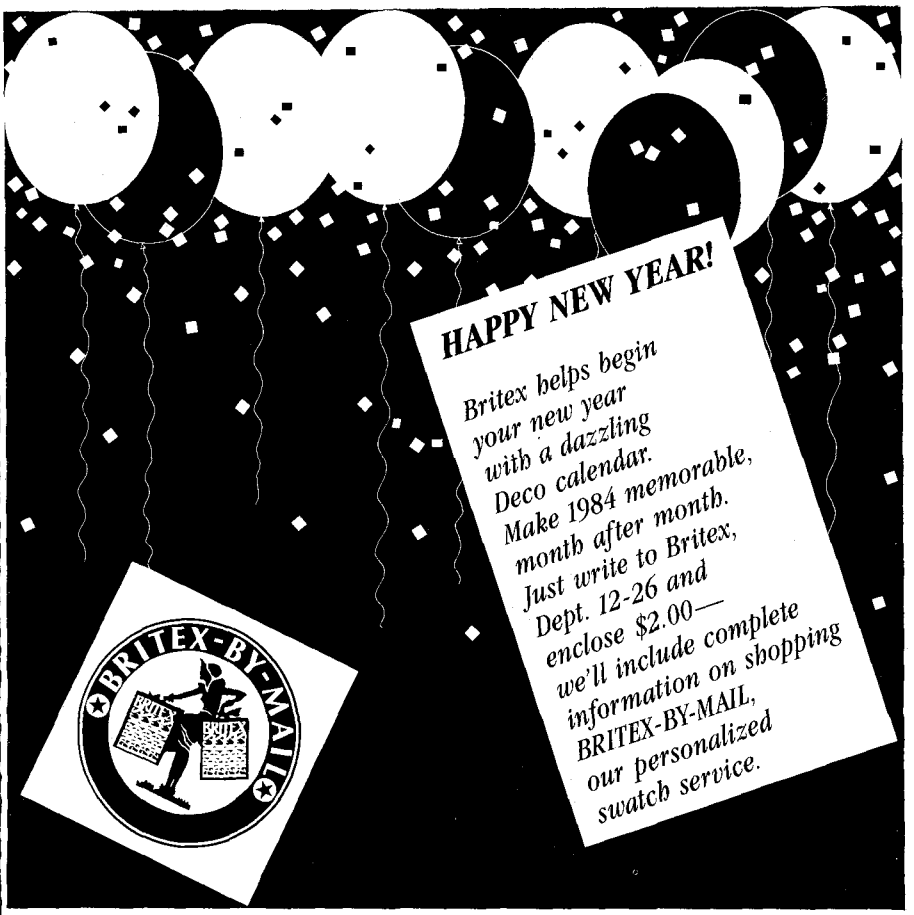
A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man (1979)—A film by Joseph Strick (who made "Ulysses," see below) of James Joyce's crucial and innovative work. One remembers many things: the beguiling performance by Luke Johnston as the ten-year-old Stephen Dedalus; the keenness of spirit that cuts through the film; the vivacity of thought; the clear air of Joyce's insight into Dublin's fustiness, exemplified by Simon Dedalus. This book is in our bones, and Strick makes us know that Stephen Dedalus is indeed an artist, civilization's lay soothsayer. (Film Forum; Dec. 28-29.)

Pride and Prejudice (1940)—This literate movie is a reasonably faithful transcription of Jane Austen's sparkling comedy of manners, adapted by Aldous Huxley and Jane Murfin from Helen Jerome's play. But when Jane Austen's characters are brought to life at M-G-M, everything is changed—broadened. Animated and bouncing, the movie is more Dickens than Austen; once one adjusts to this, it's a happy and carefree viewing experience. The movie belongs to Laurence Olivier, who plays Darcy, and to that great old dragon Edna May Oliver, as Lady Catherine. In the role of Elizabeth Bennet, Greer Garson is not as intolerably noble as she became later. She's effective and has nice diction, though she's arch and incapable of subtlety, and a viewer can get weary watching that eyebrow that goes up like the gold curtain at the old Met. The cast includes Mary Boland, Edmund Gwenn, Melville Cooper, E. E. Clive, Bruce Lester, and a batch of girls in overstarched dresses (Marsha Hunt, Maureen O'Sullivan, Karen Morley, Ann Rutherford, Heather Angel), and a villain (Edward Ashley) and a villainess (Frieda Inescort, of the slurpy voice). Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. (Those dresses, which are plastered with ribbons and bows, look as if they were designed for an operetta.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 25-26.)

The Red Shoes (1948)—The most "imaginative" and elaborate backstage musical ever filmed, and many have called it great. The film contains a fourteen-minute ballet, also entitled "The Red Shoes," based on a Hans Christian Andersen story about a wicked shoemaker who sells an enchanted pair of slippers to a young girl. Delighted at first with the slippers, in which she dances joyously, she discovers they will not let her stop dancing—and the bewitched, exhausted girl dies. The film's story is, of course, the same story, spelled out in more complicated terms, with the shoemaker of the ballet (Léonide Massine) replaced by the megalomaniac ballet impresario (Anton Walbrook). The exquisite young Moira Shearer is the ballerina; the cast includes Marius Goring as the young composer, Robert Helpmann, Albert Basserman, Ludmilla Tcherina, and Esmond Knight. Blubbery and self-conscious, but it affects some people *passionately*, and it's undeniably some kind of classic. Written, produced, and directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger—master purveyors of high kitsch. Choreography by Helpmann; music by Brian Easdale; conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham. (Thalia; Dec. 29.)

Return of the Jedi—Some of the trick effects in this concluding film of the "Star Wars" trilogy might seem miraculous if the imagery had any lustre, but this is an impersonal and rather junky piece of moviemaking. And every time there's a possibility of a dramatic climax, the director, Richard Marquand, trashes it. But children who have lived their imaginative lives with the Star Wars characters for six years may be so eager to get the payoffs to the story that they'll hardly notice. (5/30/83) (St. Marks Cinema, Olympia Quad, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin; starting Dec. 23.)

The Right Stuff—Based on Tom Wolfe's 1979 book, this often satirical epic—a reënactment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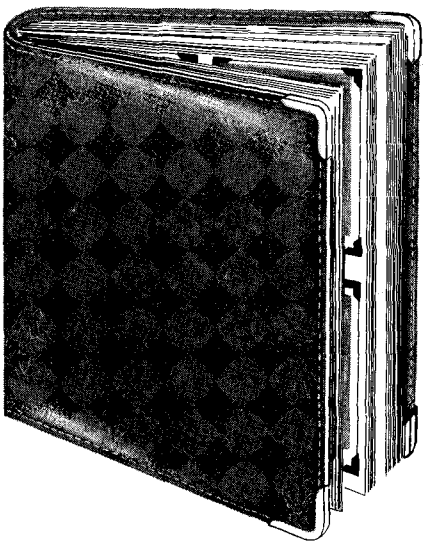

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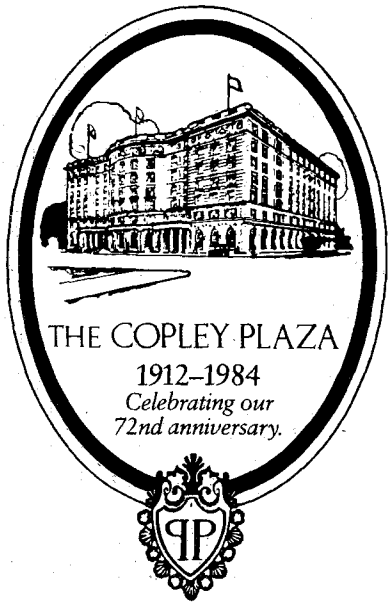

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of the early years of the space program (1947-63)—gives off a pleasurable hum. The writer-director Philip Kaufman is working on a broad canvas and it excites him. The movie contrasts Chuck Yeager (Sam Shepard) and the other early test pilots who risk their lives in secrecy with the seven publicly acclaimed astronauts who replace the chimps that were sent up in the first American space capsules. The movie is more than a little skewed: it's Kaufman's—and Tom Wolfe's—dreamy vision of the nonchalant Yeager and a past that never was, set against a comic view of the modern hype-bound world. With Dennis Quaid, Ed Harris, Fred Ward, Scott Glenn, Pamela Reed, Veronica Cartwright, Jeff Goldblum, Barbara Hershey, Mary Jo Deschanel, Kim Stanley, Brigadier General Chuck Yeager as a bartender, Donald Moffat as Lyndon Johnson, and Robert Beer as Eisenhower. Cinematography by Caleb Deschanel; special visual effects by Jordan Belson. (10/17/83) (Beekman, and Criterion Theatres.)

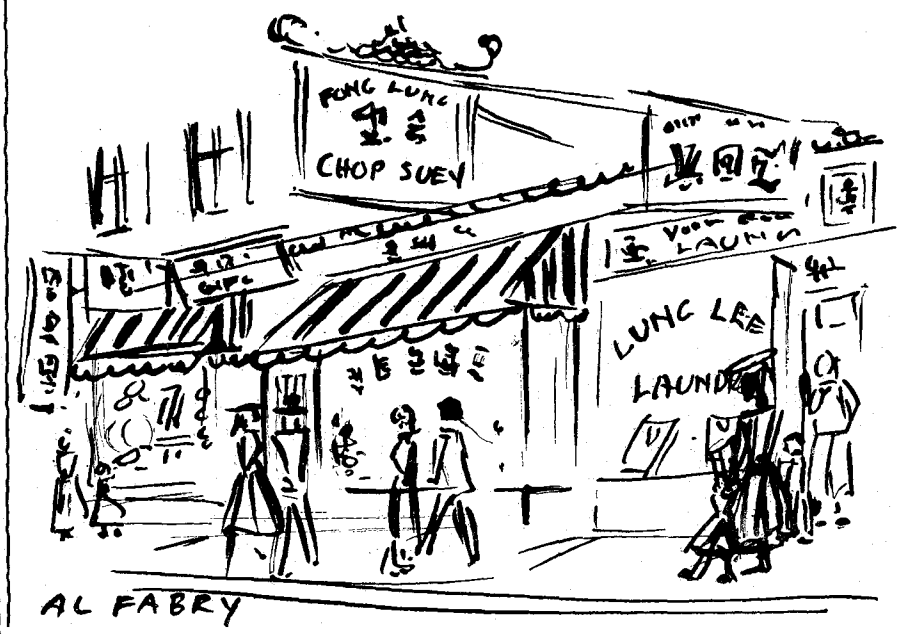
Scarface—With Al Pacino, directed by Brian De Palma. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Gemini, 86th St. East, Greenwich Playhouse, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Century National Twin.)

Star 80—Written and directed by Bob Fosse, this movie is based on accounts of the murder of the *Playboy* playmate Dorothy Stratten by her estranged bodybuilder husband, Paul Snider, who, after killing her, sodomized the corpse and then shot himself. Fosse uses the case as evidence that murder is inherent in pornography and that the whole world is scummy. As Snider, Eric Roberts gets the film's central idea across: that Snider represents a mutation of the *Playboy* "philosophy," and that it's his frustration at not becoming a success like his idol, Hugh Hefner, that's driving him crazy. Mariel Hemingway tries hard as Dorothy, but she's all wrong for the part—she's simply not a Bunny type. Fosse has gone so far that the question arises: Can a movie get by with total disgust for its subject? Fosse piles up such an accumulation of sordid scenes that the movie is nauseated by itself. With Carroll Baker, Josh Mostel, Cliff Robertson, and Roger Rees. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. (11/28/83) (Cinema I, and Cinema 3.)

Summer Stock (1950)—The emotional rapport of Judy Garland and Gene Kelly transforms the corny, simpleminded story material—a reworking of the Judy Garland–Mickey Rooney pictures about adolescents staging a show in a barn. Though Garland is overweight and obviously uncomfortable in much of the picture, she and Kelly bring conviction to their love scenes and make them naïvely fresh. As a team, they balance each other's talents: she joins her odd and undervalued cakewalker's prance to his large-spirited hoofing, and he joins his odd, light, high voice to her sweet deep one. Their duet on "You Wonderful You" has a plaintive richness that stays with one. The most famous sequence is Garland's rakish "Get Happy," shot almost three months after the rest of the picture; exultantly thin, in a black hat and short jacket, she flaunts her spectacular long legs. It is one of the great cheerful numbers of her career. For all the messiness, this is a likable picture, with lots of good songs and dances; they were staged by different hands—Kelly, Nick Castle, and the director, Charles Walters (he choreographed "Get Happy"). With Phil Silvers, Gloria De Haven, Eddie Bracken, Marjorie Main, Hans Conried, and Carleton Carpenter; the dancers include Carol Haney and Jeannie Coyne. Most of the songs are by Harry Warren and Mack Gordon. From a screenplay by George Wells and Sy Gomberg. (Metro Cinema; Dec. 25.)

The Ten Commandments (1956)—Charlton Heston is the highly athletic Moses; Anne Baxter is the kittenish princess who loves him; Judith Anderson is the sinister slave who knows the secret of his Jewish birth; Cedric Hardwicke is the likable old Pharaoh; Yul Brynner is the prince who beats Moses to the Egyptian throne; Edward G. Robinson is the traitor to the Jews; Debra Paget is the young slave old Robinson has got his eyes on. Stir them all together, throw in stone tablets, a whopping big Golden Calf, part the Red Sea, and you've got Cecil B. De Mille's epic—three hours and thirty-eight minutes of it. As old-fashioned hokum, it's palatable and rather tasty. Also with Yvonne de Carlo, John Derek, John Carradine, Nina Foch, Douglass Dumbrille, Martha Scott, Vincent Price, Henry Wilcoxon, and H. B. Warner. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Dec. 25.)

Terms of Endearment—Retro-forties virtue piled on the cartoon underpinnings of TV comedy shows. The movie—which spans thirty years—is a Freudian story of role reversals between mother (Shirley MacLaine) and daughter (Debra Winger), told in a slap-happy style. The mother comes across as a parody of an anti-life monster and the daughter as a natural woman—a life force. The two actresses might be playing in two different movies. Adapted (from Larry McMurtry's novel) and directed by James L. Brooks, this is the kind of bogus picture that gets people to say, "I saw myself in those characters." Of course they see themselves in it; Brooks guides the actors with both his eyes on the audience. The film has an inspirational psychology. The mother is a pixie horror—a rich skinflint with a blond dye job and pastel frills. She's a TV-museum piece, like the characters in "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" or "Soap;" she's warped. And so is the pie-eyed lecher who's her next-door neighbor—a former astronaut, played by Jack Nicholson. But the emotion she feels for him transforms her, and when a tragic illness strikes her



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family she shows her mettle, and his fundamental decency rises to the surface. This real-life tragedy movie uses cancer like a seal of approval. Cancer gives the movie its message: "Don't take people for granted; you never know when you're going to lose them." At the end, the picture says, "You can go home now—you've laughed, you've cried." What's infuriating about it is its calculated humanity. What makes it tolerable are the performers. Debra Winger is incredibly vivid; Nicholson is alert and polished. And the cast includes John Lithgow, Jeff Daniels, and Troy Bishop and Huckleberry Fox as Tommy and Teddy. (12/12/83) (Baronet, Coronet, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Ulysses (1967)—No doubt the director, Joseph Strick, hoped for a great deal more, but the film he made is merely an act of homage to Joyce's novel in the form of readings from the book plus illustrated slides. A surface map of the comings and goings in town and "Nighttown," with some plausible facsimiles of Joyce's characters (Buck Mulligan, particularly), it seems both static and jerky. On the soundtrack are the lines we want to hear, and it's good to be reminded of them, but they don't have the sensuality or the weight that they had in the novel; they're merely quotations from a classic—well selected and intelligently read. Joyce gives us the drama within Stephen's consciousness; the film stays on the outside, and so Leopold Bloom, who is easier to represent, takes over. With Maurice Roeves as Stephen, Milo O'Shea as Bloom, Barbara Jefford as Molly, and T. P. McKenna, Anna Manahan, and Maureen Potter. Adapted by Strick and Fred Haines. Shot in Dublin. (Film Forum; Dec. 28-29.)

Under Fire—A beautiful piece of new-style classical moviemaking. Set in Nicaragua in 1979, during the last days of Somoza's dictatorship, the film is a little like Peter Weir's "The Year of Living Dangerously," but visually and in its romantic revolutionary spirit it's more like Pontecorvo's "The Battle of Algiers." The director, Roger Spottiswoode, brings the Nicaragua of countless news stories right to the center of our consciousness by showing us how three grownup Americans react to the Sandinist revolution. The stars are the unostentatiously fine actor Nick Nolte as the photojournalist hero—part artist, part automaton; Joanna Cassidy, strong and stunning as a radio reporter; and Gene Hackman in one of his wonderfully expansive performances as a jaunty, professionally likable war correspondent. With Jean-Louis Trintignant, Ed Harris, René Enriquez, and Richard Masur. The often edgy and maliciously smart script, by Ron Shelton (working from a first draft by Clayton Frohman), gives the actors some very knowing material. The cinematography is by John Alcott; the Jerry Goldsmith score, which features a bamboo flute from the Andes with a barely perceptible electronic shadow effect, is a beauty. Shot in Mexico. (10/31/83) (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 24.)

Used Cars (1980)—A classic screwball fantasy—a neglected modern comedy that's like a more restless and visually higher-spirited version of the W. C. Fields pictures. (The Fields title "Never Give a Sucker an Even Break" sums up the theme.) The director, Robert Zemeckis, and his co-writer and producer, Bob Gale, have developed a homegrown surrealism out of earlier American slapstick routines. Set in the world of competing used-car dealers in the booming Southwest, this picture has a wonderful, energetic heartlessness; it's an American tall-tale movie in a Pop Art form. The premise is that honesty doesn't exist; if you develop a liking for some of the characters, it's not because of their freedom from avarice but because of their style of avarice. Kurt Russell is the hero: a fast-talking supersalesman who's so rambunctiously, ingeniously crooked that he's a standout—a star in the world of the mendacious. With Jack Warden as twin brothers who run rival lots across the street from each other, and Gerrit Graham, Frank McRae, Deborah Harmon, Al Lewis, Alfonso Arau, Harry Northup, and David L. Lander and Michael McKean as the electronics wizards who devise a way to cut into a Presidential address with used-car commercials. Cinematography by Donald M. Morgan; editing by Michael Kahn. (Film Forum; Dec. 27.)

The Warriors (1979)—Walter Hill's spectacle takes its story from Xenophon's Anabasis and its style from the taste of the modern urban dispossessed—in neon signs, graffiti, and the thrill of gaudiness. The film enters into the spirit of urban-male tribalism and the feelings of kids who believe that they own the streets because they keep other kids off them. In this vision, cops and kids are all there is, and the worst crime is to be chicken. It has—in visual terms—the kind of impact that "Rock Around the Clock" had when it was played behind the titles of "Blackboard Jungle." It's like visual rock. The action runs from night until dawn, and most of it is in crisp, bright Day-Glo colors against the terrifying New York blackness; the figures stand out like a jukebox in a dark bar. There's a night-blooming, psychedelic shine to the whole baroque movie. Adapted from the Sol Yurick novel. With Michael Beck, Deborah Van Valkenburgh, David Patrick Kelly, David Harris, Dorsey Wright, James Remar, Thomas Waites, Roger Hill, and Marcelino Sanchez. Cinematography by Andrew Laszlo; art direction by Don Swanagan and Bob Wightman. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Dec. 26-27.)

The Wild Bunch (1969)—It's a traumatic poem of violence, with imagery as ambivalent as Goya's. By a supreme burst of filmmaking energy, Sam Peckinpah is able to convert chaotic romanticism into exaltation; the film is perched right on the edge of incoherence, yet it's comparable in scale and sheer poetic force to Kurosawa's "The Seven Samurai." There are images of great subtlety and emotional sophistication: a blown-up bridge, with horses and riders falling to the water in an instant extended (by slow motion) to eternity; a vulture sitting on a dead man's chest and turning his squalid, naked head to stare at the camera. The movie is set in the Texas and Mexico of 1913, and, in Peckinpah's words, "I was trying to tell a simple story about bad men in changing times. 'The Wild Bunch' is simply what happens when killers go to Mexico. The strange thing is that you feel a great sense of loss when these killers reach the end of the line." That's accurate, as far as it goes. But Peckinpah has very intricate, contradictory feelings, and he got so wound up in the aesthetics of violence that what had begun as a realistic treatment—a deglamorization of warfare that would show how horribly gruesome killing really is—became instead an almost abstract fantasy about violence. The bloody deaths are voluptuous, frightening, beautiful. Pouring new wine into the bottle of the Western, Peckinpah explodes the bottle; his story is too simple for this imagist epic. And it's no accident that you feel a sense of loss for each killer of the Bunch: Peckinpah has made them seem heroically, mythically alive on the screen. With William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, Robert Ryan, Ben Johnson, Edmond O'Brien, Warren Oates, Bo Hopkins, L. Q. Jones, Strother Martin, Jaime Sanchez, Emilio Fernandez, Albert Dekker, and Dub Taylor. With cinematography by Lucien Ballard, editing by Lou Lombardo, and music by Jerry Fielding. The script is by Walon Green and Peckinpah, based on story material by Green and Roy N. Sickner; the film was possibly influenced by Clouzot's 1953 "The Wages of Fear." (Cinema Village; Dec. 30-31.)

Yentl—Barbra Streisand directed, produced, co-wrote, and stars in this musical version of the Isaac Bashevis Singer story "Yentl the Yeshiva Boy," and it's funny, delicate, and intense—all at the same time. Set in the thriving Polish-Jewish communities of an imaginary, glowing past, it tells of a young woman with a passion for religious study who grows up in a tradition-bound society where women are excluded from scholarship; when her widower father (who has secretly taught her) dies, she dresses as a boy and goes off to enroll in a yeshiva in a distant town. Dressed as a boy, Yentl for the first time feels attracted to a man—the virile, bearded Avigdor, played by Mandy Patinkin, who can hardly wait for his wedding to Hadass, played by Amy Irving. When these three repressed characters become entangled, the movie (like Singer's story) brushes up against darkness on the one hand and sex farce on the other. The music by Michel Legrand isn't varied enough and the lyrics by Alan and Marilyn Bergman are tainted with feminist psychobabble and Broadway uplift, but Streisand sings with passionate conviction. The cast includes Nehemiah Persoff as Yentl's papa, and Steven Hill as Hadass's father. The diffuse, poetic lighting is by the cinematographer David Watkin. (11/28/83) (Ziegfeld.)

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND writes:

Our decision to buy a pool table and put it in the dining room and haul the dining-room table upstairs and use it to pile stuff on was the sort of swift, intuitive decision that top family management makes when it is clicking on all eight cylinders.

"Let's go look at pool tables," my wife said one drizzly morning last month after we had cancelled a vacation trip because we had too much work to do.

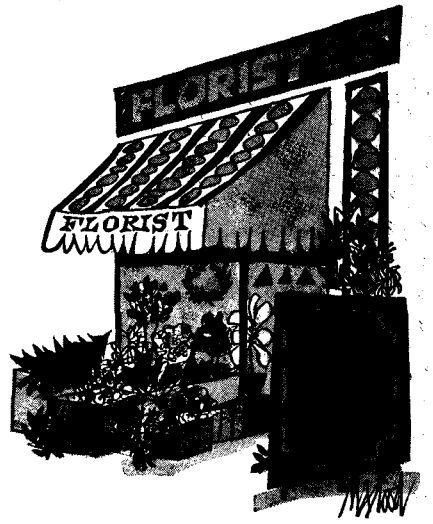
"Where would we put one?" I said.

She said, "In the dining room."

And we went out and bought it—*bam!*—just like that. I was amazed, and so was the third member of the family, the fourteen-year-old youth. "You've got to be kidding," he said.

In fact, I *had* been kidding a few months before when I said, sitting at the dining-room table, "This'd make a good poolroom." She and he both laughed. Obviously, the room was a dining room, being near the kitchen and having a chandelier. In the creative end of family management, though, many great proposals are first made in the form of jokes, which serve to deflect initial resistance ("I was only joking, dear") and allow the proposal to percolate for a period of time, until another member introduces it as a serious idea, and the next day two guys carry in a pool table. "Where do you want it?" they say. *In there.* "In the dining room? You sure?" *Positive.*

The cancelled vacation was one factor in the decision—we felt we had some extravagance coming to us—and another was dissatisfaction with the basic dining-room concept. Of the rooms in our house, the DR lagged far behind the BR, LR, and Kit. in pleasure production. Its long table was where we sat with a stack of bills and wrote checks. We did income-tax returns there. We laid towels on it and spread out wet woollens to dry. And occasionally we sat there with company and put away big dinners, which were not bad—pretty good—and yet, considering the levels of fun experienced in nearby living areas, did not meet the performance standards we had in mind. Frankly, in our experience, when our pals sit down at a dining-room table set with matching china and matching silverware on a white tablecloth they come under the shadow of a penal dining code learned in childhood. In the kitchen or out on the porch, they can be about fifty per cent funnier than at the table, where they sit up straighter and their conversation takes a turn toward higher ground—into the realm of issues and problems, needs and priorities. Frankly, the dining-room table was too much like other long tables I've spent time at, attending meetings. Frankly, in my own home my priority is to whoop it up a little. In those meetings, a major proposal such as dining-room conversion would be discussed at great length and considerably amended, the pool-table component would be set aside pending further study, and we would wind up with a long-term program of dinner enrichment, with new guidelines for guest selection.



This is the advantage of the family unit: founded on sexual attraction, which is seldom, if ever, explainable, the family maintains the capacity for swift, intuitive action, such as we're certainly seeing a lot of now around our new pool table. The other night, I banked the eight ball off two cushions and between two balls slightly more than one ball's-width apart to park it in the corner pocket where I had called the shot—a little exercise in intuitive geometry that made my partner gasp in admiration even as it cost her the game. A person doesn't have a hot stick like that every night, and, of course, you don't need to. Occasional amazement is more than enough to keep a family clicking along.

• •

Overnight

IT was a strange sort of party they gave at Rockefeller Center the other night. The National Broadcasting Company supplied the edibles and potables—and highly edible and potable they were. It also supplied the support staff, who had placed bright streamers on the walls and colored gels over the suspended-tile light fixtures in the hallway outside Studio 3K. All in all, it was the kind of occasion for which the phrase "one big happy family" was invented, and the next thing we fully expected to see was somebody pouring champagne over the tail feathers of the NBC peacock—and the peacock grinning through it the way elected officials do when they suc-

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ceed in insinuating themselves into a winning team's locker room. So it was easy to forget the solemn nature of the occasion—easy to forget that we had just witnessed the final broadcast of "NBC News Overnight," an hour-long news show whose admirers, though devoted, had been deemed too few. We ourself had come late to an appreciation of the show's virtues—perhaps because it had come so late to *us*, from 1:30 to 2:30 A.M. (Eastern Time) most nights—but even on brief acquaintance "Overnight" had struck us as a program with unusual respect for the curiosity and intelligence of its viewers and for the complexity of news itself.

We caught up with Deborah Johnson, the young executive producer of the show, who earnestly criticized the decision to cancel it but never allowed a hint of anger into her voice as she did so. Ms. Johnson told us that NBC had relied too much on audience ratings in its calculations. "The ratings don't call people up at two o'clock in the morning and ask them what they're watching," she said. "They don't count colleges. They don't count workplaces. They don't count bars." She showed us a few of some ten thousand unhappy letters and telegrams that NBC had received since the cancellation was announced—many of them from people whose jobs kept them up late. "We of the night life are not stupid," one man had written, expressing deep dissatisfaction with the programs that would remain in the "Overnight" time slot. A woman had given a grim description of life as an office cleaner, adding, "The only benefit of the job (besides money!) is that every night we get to watch 'Overnight' (with our little bowls of Cream of Wheat)."

We also saw a communication of greater moment for Ms. Johnson and her colleagues—a telex from Grant Tinker, the chairman of NBC. "If the fate of 'Overnight' depended only on its quality, it would run forever," Mr. Tinker had written. "As you know, all the information available to us indicated that the audience at 1:30 in the morning was not increasing in size and was simply not large enough to support a major programming effort by NBC News."

How large, we asked, had the "Overnight" audience been?

Ms. Johnson said that the show was reported to have reached a million two hundred thousand households—a big number in our book, whatever it excluded. She went on to say that she considered "Overnight" a success, cancelled or not. She said she was proud of the "skepticism" that she and her colleagues had brought to the news, and of such innovations as the frequent use of material from foreign sources—for instance, a news broadcast on Sandinista TV about a group of Nicaraguan diplomats who had been labelled spies and kicked out of the United States.

We noticed yellow "Save NBC News Overnight" buttons on an increasing number of chests as the night wore on, and we traced them to a tote bag carried by a bright-faced man named Kenneth Reigner. Mr. Reigner, a Washington-based media consultant, free-lance radio producer, and "ardent fan" of the show, recalled the terrible night three weeks earlier when Bill Schechner, one of the show's anchors, had promised a "surprise ending" and it had proved to be that of "Overnight" itself. "It was just as if somebody had shot me through with electricity," Mr. Reigner said. "I was dumbfounded. After that, it was like being in an accident. A couple of minutes went by before I knew where I was." But within the hour he had recovered sufficiently to decide that "somebody had to start up a movement to save the show." Then he had taken his case onto a nationwide radio call-in show, and support had been pouring in ever since. Mr. Reigner said he had just flown up from Washington, where, two nights earlier, he had led a candlelight vigil in front of NBC's studios.

We wandered over to where the two anchors, Bill Schechner and Linda Ellerbee, had been taking phone calls for much of the night. Ms. Ellerbee, smoking a cigarette, could be heard telling a caller from Naples, Florida, "Well, I can't explain why it's not on at an earlier hour, either, sir. That's something you'd have to take up with Mr. Tinker and the company." To another caller, she said, "I'll be working

"I finally got too old for bluejeans."

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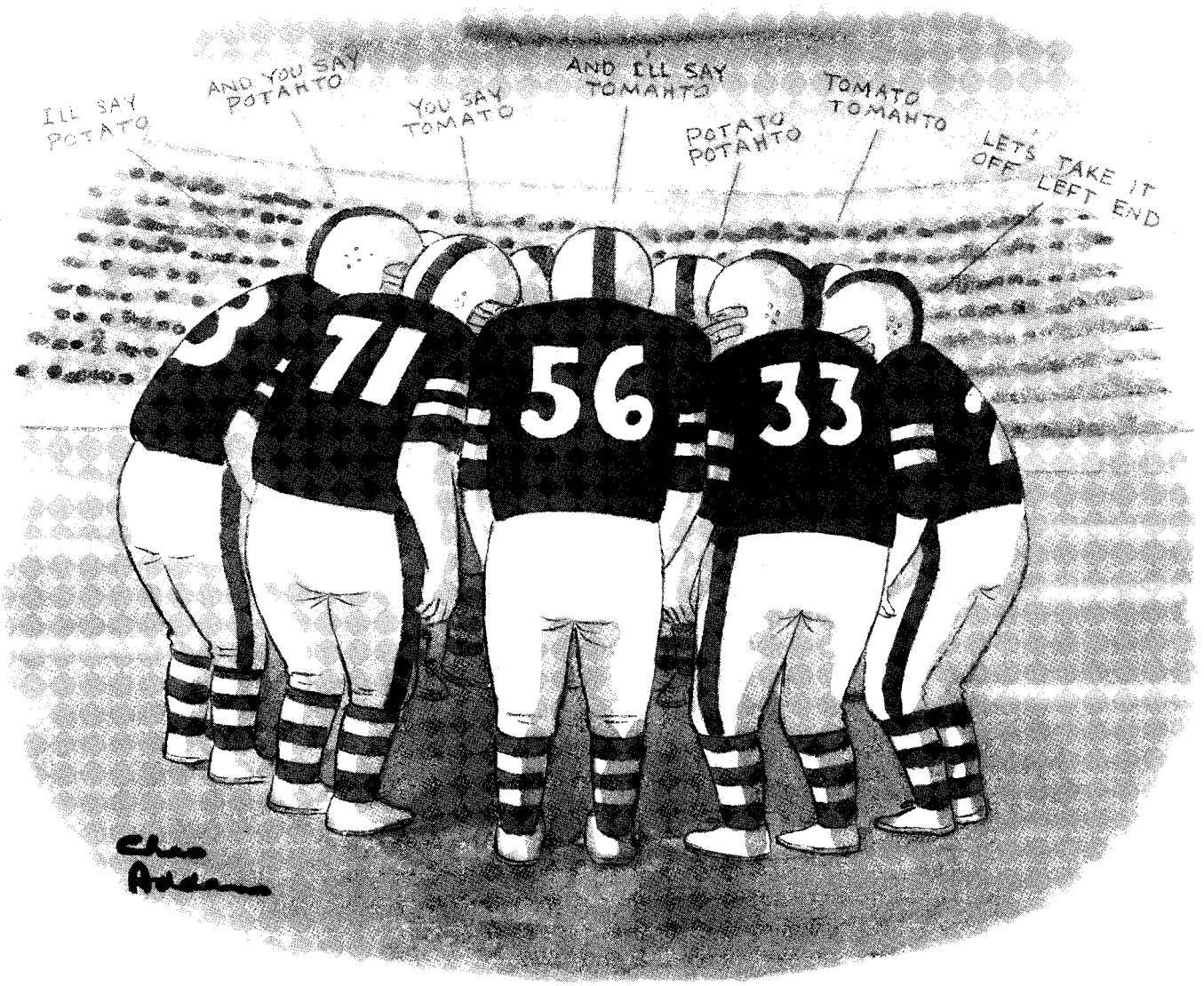

for NBC. I'm not exactly sure on what program," and, to still another, "It's not an adversary position. The men who run the news division at NBC are my friends." There was a pause. "Yes," she said, with a low-keyed smile. "They're all men."

It was well past 4 A.M. before the calls had trailed off sufficiently to let the "Overnight" principals say a few valedictory words to their live guests. Mr. Schechner, standing on the desk from which he had performed his anchor duties, emphasized the collegial nature of the program. "We were not afraid of each other's egos here," he said. "When one of us grew, it did not mean that the others shrank."

Ms. Johnson, standing beside him, addressed the future—with an allusion to the film "Invasion of the Body-snatchers." "We talk about 'Overnight' dying," she said, "but there's a certain spirit and a certain attitude toward news that grew here, which all of us can take with us. We can be pod people. We can go into our new units and spread that spirit."

Tourist

THIS time, we ran into Janet in a department store, stocking up on massive books at fifty per cent off ticketed price, one day only. "I've been to Greece," she said. "Now I'm doing my Christmas shopping." We stumbled over a coat on the floor at the foot of a display of reduced games. Janet was struggling with a volume the size of a small tombstone, called "Michelangelo." "I don't know if I should get more than one of these," she said. "I think I'll get a couple of Hieronymus Bosches, one of these, two Kremlins, one Picasso, and one Art Buchwald." She piled the books on the corner of a table. "What's this?" she said. "'Christianity Through the Ages.' This ought to be for somebody. Yoo-hoo! Is there a salesman here? Can I buy eight heavy books?" She pointed out the pile of books to a passing store employee. "Eight very heavy books," she said to him, flashing a smile, and added, "Unfortunately, I've lost my coat." We disentangled our feet from the coat and joined the procession to the sales desk.

"I think I've overdone it," Janet said to the man at the cash register. "Is everything half off? Who am I giving Picasso to?" Another fifty-per-cent-off table caught her eye. "I don't think I want 'Estate Planning,' do you?" she asked us.

We pursed our lips in thought.

The salesman asked Janet for her address and phone number. "We call you if something happens," he explained.

"To the books or to me?" Janet asked.

"I want to tell you about my trip," she said to us as we stood with her on

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the subway platform. We looked interested. "I have a lot of things on little pieces of paper, as you know," she said. "The whole experience on little pieces of paper."

We watched a train come and go. Too crowded.

Janet went on with her story. "In Rome, I was sick," she said. "I had planned to look up some of my favorite statues, but I ended up on the beach at Ostia, and there was no sun. When I arrived in Italy, I waited for Nunzia, my secretary in World War II, to pick me up at the airport, but she had come to pick me up on Sunday and I didn't get there till Monday. Do you know the difference between direct and non-stop?"

We shook our head.

"Direct flights all stop in Paris, and the non-stop ones don't stop," she explained. "One whole day, I was looking for Mr. Antinori, where I got all my leather boxes in World War II—the bygone days. Nunzia said he might be dead. Not only was he not dead but he's the exact same age I am. And I met a wonderful, handsome couple in this ritzy restaurant on the Piazza Navona, who had been married for thirty-two years and holding hands their entire marriage. They invited me to stay with them in Sorrento the next time I go back. I just talked to strangers and bought things; I was too tired to do anything else. I didn't see the 'Moses' or the other one—the 'Pietà.' I spent a lot of time taking pictures of cats and writing postcards. I can never get over the Colosseum. You drive down the street and there it is. You forget about unrequited love or that you can't hear out of your right ear, and you realize you're just a little speck."

Another train came in. Janet got a seat and we hovered over her, trying to hear a story about a Yale man, but the train was too noisy. When it stopped at Forty-second Street, Janet was saying, "One washcloth and three pieces of soap. I had to go down to the bar to get an ashtray. Wait a minute—let me go back to Dubrovnik. I loved Dubrovnik."

Through the roar of the train heading uptown, we heard "A room that looked like a Communist cell—no mirrors, the phone didn't work, and the only room that had a tree in front of it, so there was no view."

At the Fifty-ninth Street stop, we caught "Little streets that start low and go up high. 'What's the name of this water?' 'You're swimming in the Adriatic Sea.' I went all by myself, because the tour guide left without me."

At Seventy-second, "Two Yugoslavian brothers with gorgeous bodies. The people from New Hampshire were for anybody *except* Reagan." Something about Pavarotti's wife and someone from the Dalton School.

By the time we accompanied her off the train, at Ninety-sixth Street, Janet was in a hotel in Athens, inviting herself to share a table with a man from Sweden. "I don't like to eat alone, so I asked if he minded," she said. "I was going to pay for myself. He was what you would call overdelighted. He seemed all right until he decided to tell me how to eat a baked potato. 'First salt. Then pepper. Then butter. No, more butter. Now you take a spoon.' 'A spoon?' I asked. 'Yes, a spoon.' He invited me to his hotel, because there was a pool on the roof. 'Do you realize what it's like to see the Acropolis from a pool?' Right after the potato, he explained to me why men like to have affairs with women. 'Because for that one or two minutes,' he said, 'you *own* her.' He scared the hell out of me. By the way, a baked potato with a spoon is delicious.

"I went on a cruise with this friend of mine's daughter Debbie," Janet said as we walked with her along Broadway. "We stayed in Athens for two days, and then we went off on a boat for three days and four nights. Taking a cruise is definitely the wrong way to see Greece. You get up at crazy hours,

"Give him the royal heave-ho."

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you ride a donkey, you buy trinkets. You spend three and a half hours going to Delphi, which is gorgeous, and the guide sends you up some steep hills. He stays at the bottom, because he's seen it already. The ruins in every place consist of one, two, or three pillars, which is the one thing I learned in third grade: Doric, Ionic, and the other one—the plain one, the middle one, and the fancy one that starts with 'C.' "

In a butcher shop near Ninety-ninth Street, Janet took a number and stood in line. "The guides lead you to a ruin and show you three columns and say, 'This was the queen's bedroom,' and they show you a hole and say, 'That was the slaves' bathroom.' My friends who had sent me to Greece as a birthday present wanted me to look at ruins, but I spent a lot of time talking to people and different animals. They don't have any dogs over there, and just a couple of cats." Janet ordered a chicken and two steaks. "I did see a lot of big statues and Greek vases," she said. "I liked them very much, but in the historical part my mind wanders. On these tours, you get information like this: 'The Greek population is ten million.' The guides say things like 'As you already know, the Persians beat the Athenians, or vice versa, in something B.C.,' and 'Greek Myth No. 486: Apollo was four days old, and he was either on a dolphin or in a chariot, and he killed either a python or a man called Python, and then he purified himself for eight days.' "

Our own mind started to wander. "That was the first god that was ever sorry about something," Janet added.

"I would say, 'Quick, look out the window, there're some goats!' " Janet continued. She handed us the bag of meat and a briefcase. "I made a list of the places I went and the places I didn't go," she said, reaching into her handbag. "Now I've lost the places I went, and I won't be able to remember where I was. Oh, yes, that was Delphi. I feel very bad about missing Ephesus. Instead of going up to Ephesus, I stayed at the bottom of Turkey, and I got stuck with a harem ring. The man who sold it to me said I could break it up and give it to five people for Christmas. I forgot to ask if it was worth anything. Here's a tag from the underwear I bought for the trip: 'Intimate apparel for the woman of today who wants only what tomorrow will bring.' "

"I'm not really all that crazy about him, but I've been hit by the bandwagon effect."

• •

Janet turned a corner, and we followed. "Nero took five hundred statues from various places, I don't know why," she said. " 'Rich as Croesus' comes from Croesus, who was very rich. Somebody told him—one of the gods, I think—'If you cross the river, you'll destroy a great kingdom.' It turned out to be his own kingdom. On the way back from Delphi, you stop for ten minutes of shopping. I was going to buy this fur cap with a tail for my ex-husband who lives in Canada, but my friend said he wouldn't like the tail. There were three couples on the cruise who didn't go to see one ruin or one vase. When they got to Athens, they said, 'Is there any shopping around the Acropolis?' I was exhausted from all the ruins. Near the end, in one of those Athens museums, I was following a tour group around when my friend came over to me and said, 'What are you doing?' I said I was listening to the guide. My friend said, 'She's speaking German.' I was so tired I didn't notice."

Standing in the middle of her living room, Janet suddenly said, "Damn! My life is spent looking for my eyeglasses."

She went into the kitchen.

"I'm against sisterhood," she said, turning on the oven. "I was never for it in the first place; now I'm finished with it. Everywhere I went with my semi-mutilated passport, I said, 'All you have to do is pick up the Scotch Taped tag and look underneath to find my right age. Then you put it back.' Every decent person, every man, did that. Sometimes they smiled, sometimes they scowled, but they all did it. Nobody stopped me till I got to Israel, where there was this female customs person. She said, 'What does this mean?' Then she went away and came back with an armed soldier, who said, 'If this were an Israeli passport, you'd go to prison.' At which point, he ripped off the Scotch Tape and ruined my passport. I entered the country in a rotten mood. In Tel Aviv, I met a black guy named Brian who was selling granola bars on the street, and I promised him I'd send his picture to his mother in Gary, Indiana, and say he'd be home soon. He's been gone for ten years. He belongs to a group that say they're not religious, but they all went over there because that's the first place God is coming when He comes back again. If there weren't any trees

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The Man Who Likes the Beach but Only When He Has It All to Himself

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in Tel Aviv, it would be as hideous as Athens. In Jerusalem, an eighty-five-year-old priest kicked me out of St. Saviour's Church. I went in there during a service, and my camera made a very loud noise. A priest rushed back and said, 'Are you a Christian? No, you're a tourist. You have to leave immediately!' I apologized, and we had a nice talk. He speaks eight languages. He guessed my age, and then he told me he was being polite. He guessed forty, but he really thought I was fifty. He blessed me in Chinese. I have his address."

After a moment, Janet said, "If I were religious, I would want to believe in reincarnation." She dumped some Brussels sprouts into a pot. "My Israeli friend Shamai said that in the Jewish religion everybody comes back newborn. I never knew that. He said, 'Even your mother will come back.' I said, 'You mean I'm going to be newborn with the same mother? What kind of religion is that?' "

Janet looked under a dish towel. "Where are my eyeglasses?"

Not Bitter

SOMETIMES things start out small and then get—well, bigger. Mustard seeds, acorns, you name it. "It began because our brew, scientifically, has fewer bitterness units than much of the competition," said Richard Penrock, a public-relations man handling the Kronenbourg-beer account. "With the distinction of having fewer bitterness units, we thought of saying that Kronenbourg was *less bitter*. And from that came the advertising theme 'Better, Not Bitter.' " And from there things gradually got out of hand, as can happen when beer is involved, and it all culminated last week in an East Side bistro when Kronenbourg brass made a presentation of the first "Better, Not Bitter" award—to Geoff Smith, the man who finished a dramatic and tucked-in second in this fall's New York City Marathon. "Sure, it started out as a taste slogan, but it's more than that," said Bob Wilson, the executive vice-president, as he hoisted a schooner of his golden product. "The entire thing may become a *life philosophy*. We don't just say, 'Drink better, not bitter.' We say, 'Live better, not bitter.' It's a very positive statement, and at a time when we're finding a lot of negative things in life. In life, it's not how fast you are, it's the distance you run. And it's not just in life. It's also in people."

"People" in this case meant Smith, and "the distance you run" meant twenty-six miles three hundred and eighty-five yards, twenty-three miles of which Smith covered at a world's-record clip, only to be overtaken by a New Zealander, Rod Dixon, with the finish line blurrily in his sight.

We asked Smith his opinion of Wilson's credo that "in some things there are no losers."

Smith, an engagingly cocky and decent fellow, is a thirty-year-old native of England and former fireman, whose New York appearance marked the first marathon of his life. He looked up from his beer to say, "Actually, I got beat. I wanted to win—that's what it's about—but it's nice that someone recognizes the guy who finished second. I got maybe a hundred and fifty fan letters after that, and they sent me several cases of that water—um, Perrier." Smith also said that he is planning an assault on the world's five-thousand-metre record; that he eats steak and chips before races; that he "didn't run a step for almost a *week*" after the New York race; and that at his local pub he drinks Guinness, but once, on the way home from a Belgian meet, he and his mates had bought a case of Kronenbourg, because the store was giving away drinking glasses.

Smith and Wilson posed for a number of pictures at the bar (whose tender had turned in a respectable three hours forty-nine minutes and twenty-five seconds in the marathon). A lot of the shots managed to work in Smith's T-shirt, which said, of course, "Better, Not Bitter." "Our beer really is less hoppy—the brewing process validates the claim," said Mr. Wilson. "In England, the Kronenbourg slogan, believe it or not, is 'Strong . . . But Silent,' which sort of implies strength."

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SAY GOOD NIGHT, ANDORRA

FOR seven hundred years now, we have been hearing these pretty lies about Andorra: it has picture-perfect mountains, it was neutral in the war (thanks a lot), it has only one road. Well, get real! Those supposedly humble shepherds you see everywhere over there—in those sweaters that they don't wash but just wear until they turn into felt—the so-called "Andorran shepherds" are wearing what underneath? Silk pajamas! I myself, when I was over there in the fifties, heard a brashly handsome young "shepherd" remark, "Ha, ha. We know the Americans wear the ordinary kind of pajamas from Penney's, with the drawstring. For all their vaunted civil liberties!" These wiseacres can afford swan statues made out of liver pâté for their daughters' weddings, yet if you ask them a simple question they only say, "Huhh? What?"

Where do you suppose they get all their money? Where do they get those silk pajamas, the fire-engine-red Citroëns, the state-of-the-art computer games, the "you-name-it-I-can-have-it-here-by-tomorrow-morning" designer bedsheets? What are the fraudulent underpinnings on which this specious bite-sized country really rests? Well, friends of mine at the Pentagon, highly placed military careerists whose anonymity does not conceal their deep-seated concern about the dangerous drift factor in world affairs—these good friends say that the bottom line in Andorra is bold-faced smuggling. From Andorra to France. From France to Spain. From Spain to France. And thence ...to the Soviet Union.

"Now, wait a *minute*," you are saying. "No way would they dare try this. Do they think we're blind?"

I think you know the answer. I think we all do. More important, by permitting this affront to capitalism to go on, what kind of message are we sending to our enemies behind the Iron Curtain? We are saying to all Communists that we are cowards—"yellow," as Andy Jackson would have put it. We are saying that we "don't care" about freedom.

"Well, what of it?" some will say. "Let's leave them alone anyway." And then they point out that Andorra is a fairly small country, only eighteen miles across. Can a country the same size as the Dallas–Fort Worth airport really hurt us?

To me, this smacks of the appeasement policies of Neville Chamberlain, who never really understood the Hun. And what about our kids—your kids and mine? What are we going to say a few short years down the line when they ask, "Dad, were you too self-satisfied, too complacent about your dividends and your Plymouth Duster, to really stand up to Andorra?"

And finally, there are those photographs recently released by the White House, which indicate that there may be Americans in Andorra, skiing. How willing are we to take chances with their lives? Suppose something just "happened" while they were out on the slopes, indulging in healthful, friendly tourism, and when they came back to the base lodge their Volvo was gone—already on its long overland journey to the garage of some fat-cat Party bureaucrat in Leningrad, with a laughing, manicured "shepherd" at the wheel.

We think he has laughed long enough. So does the Reverend Sun Myung Moon. We talked over Andorra with him at his own Dean Martin Celebrity Roast the other evening, and he told us that the so-called "Andorran shepherds" are actually maverick North Koreans. He's totally with us, by the way, as is Bob Hope. Then luscious Pia Zadora came over in tears and admitted she is actually of Andorran extraction but denied being a maverick Korean. Bob soon cheered her up, and for the rest of the evening we were mulling over strategy and just sort of getting to know each other.

—LYNN CARAGANIS

"This is not a party. This is a pilot for a party."

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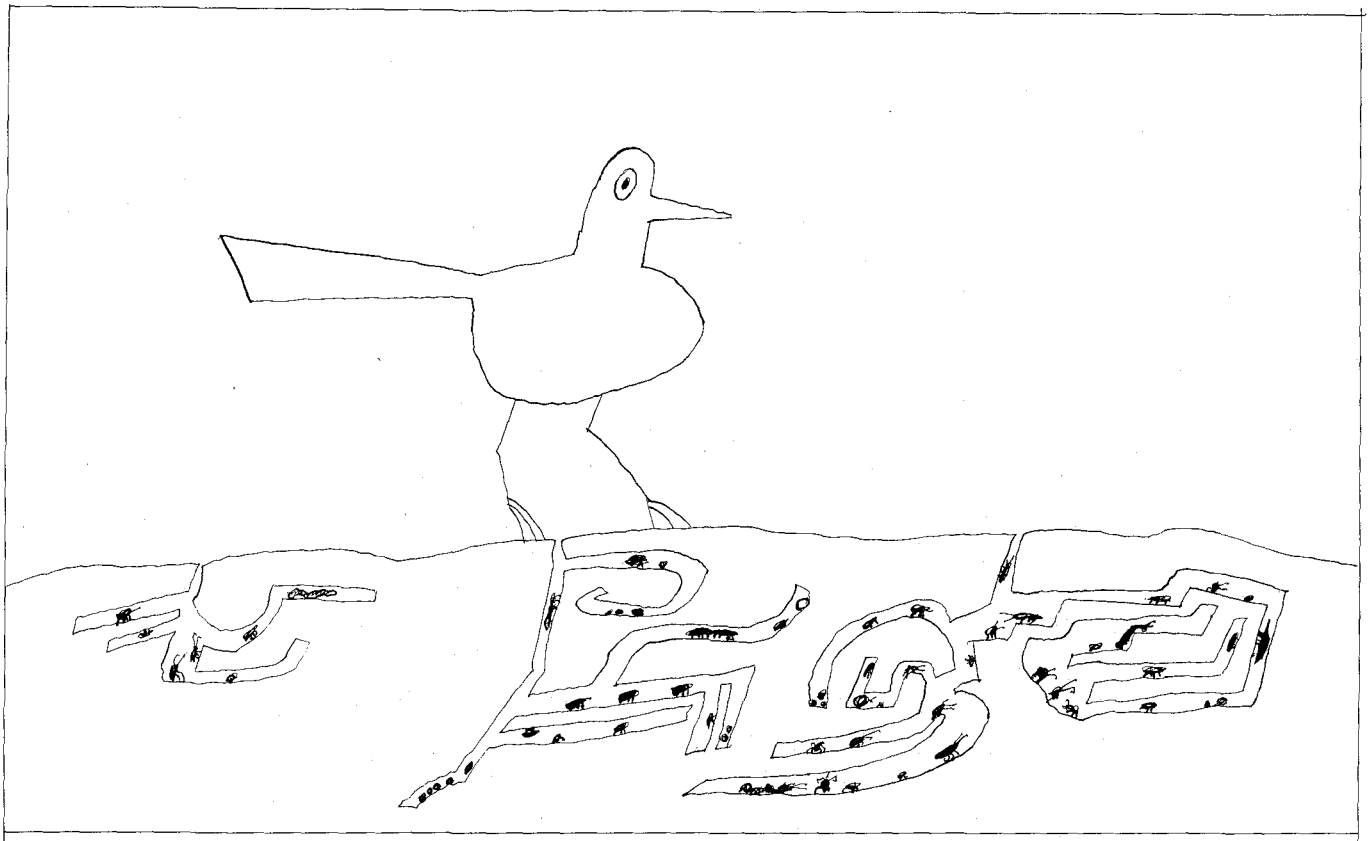
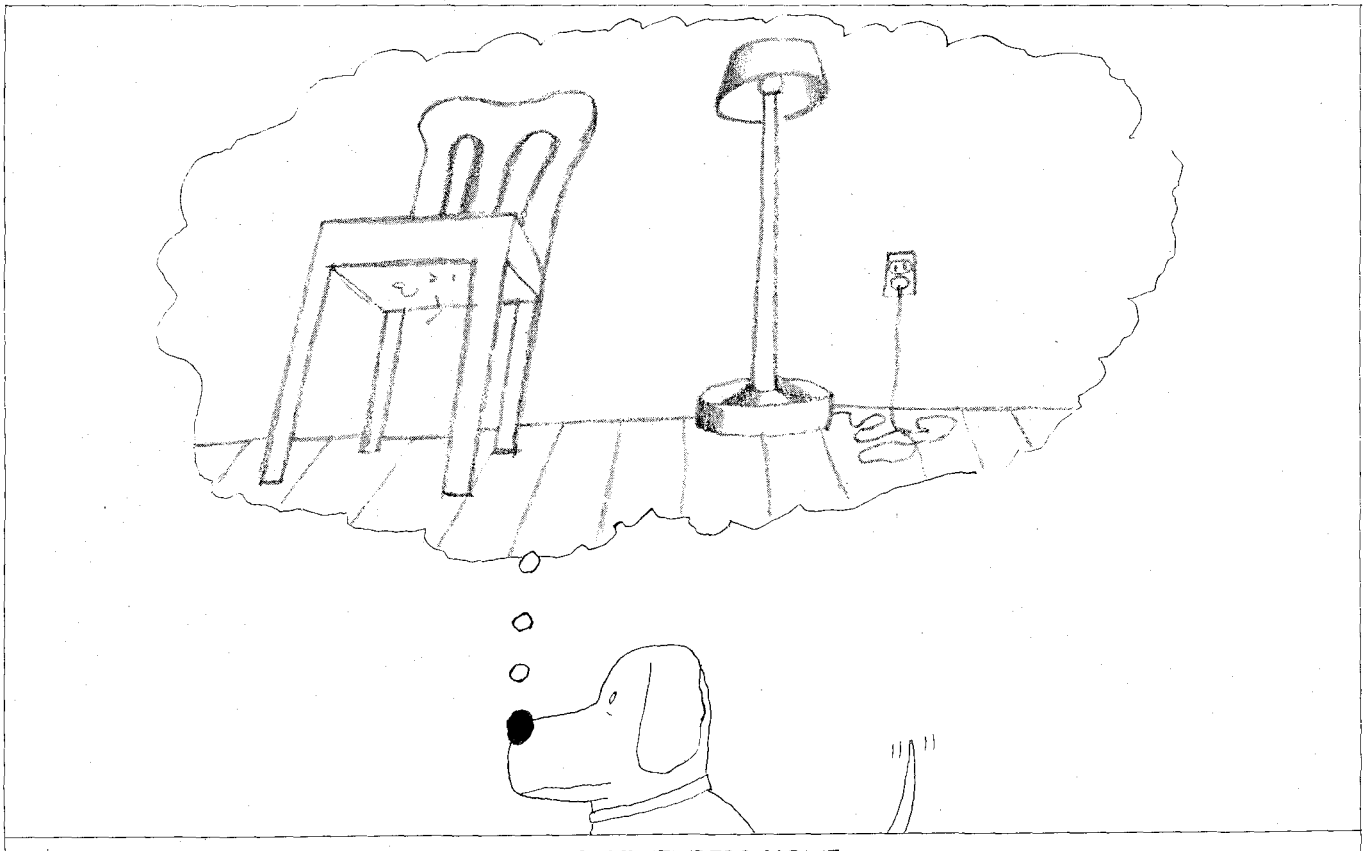
NATURAL HISTORY



BIRD HEARS BREAKFAST



DOG REMEMBERS HOME

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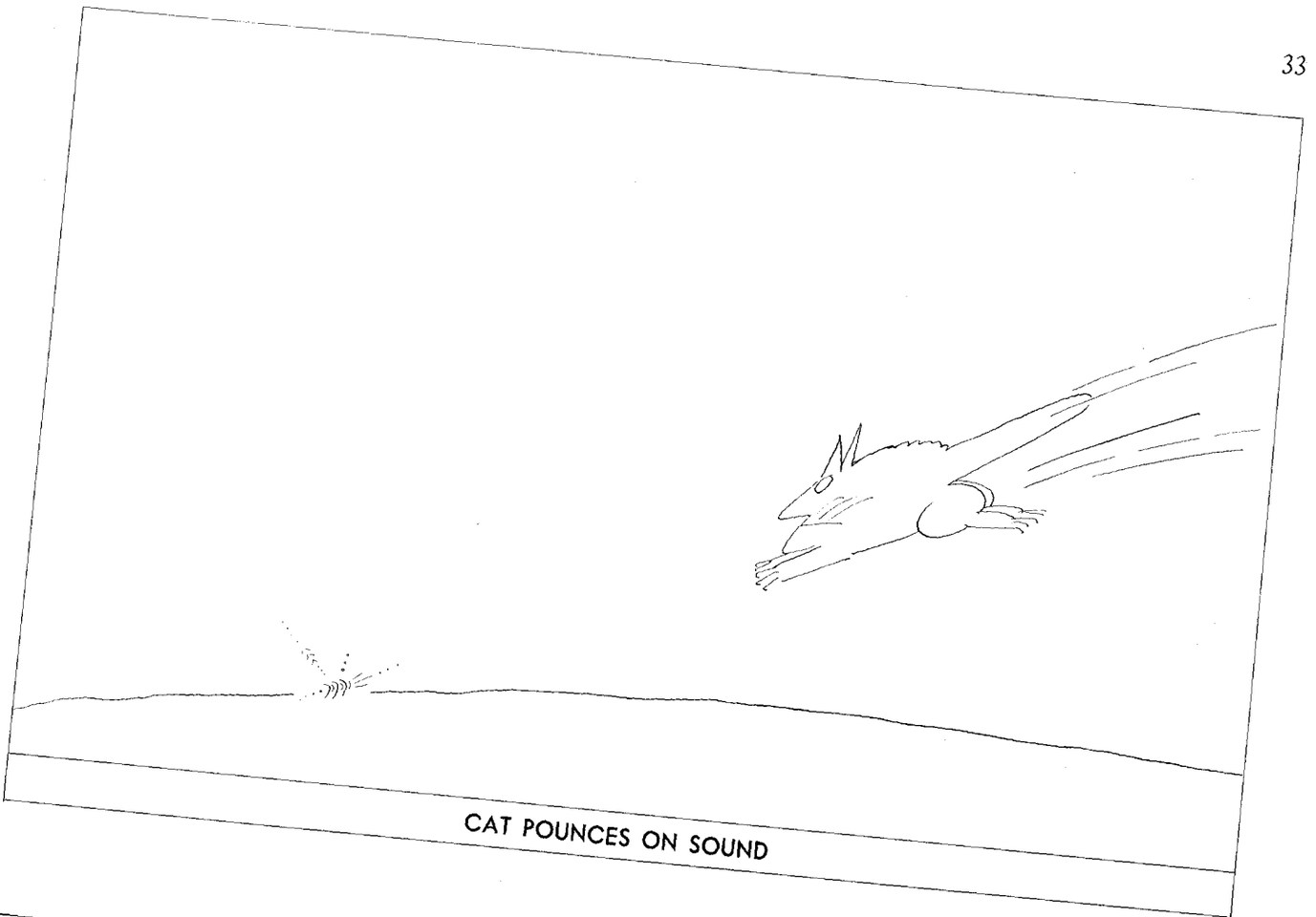
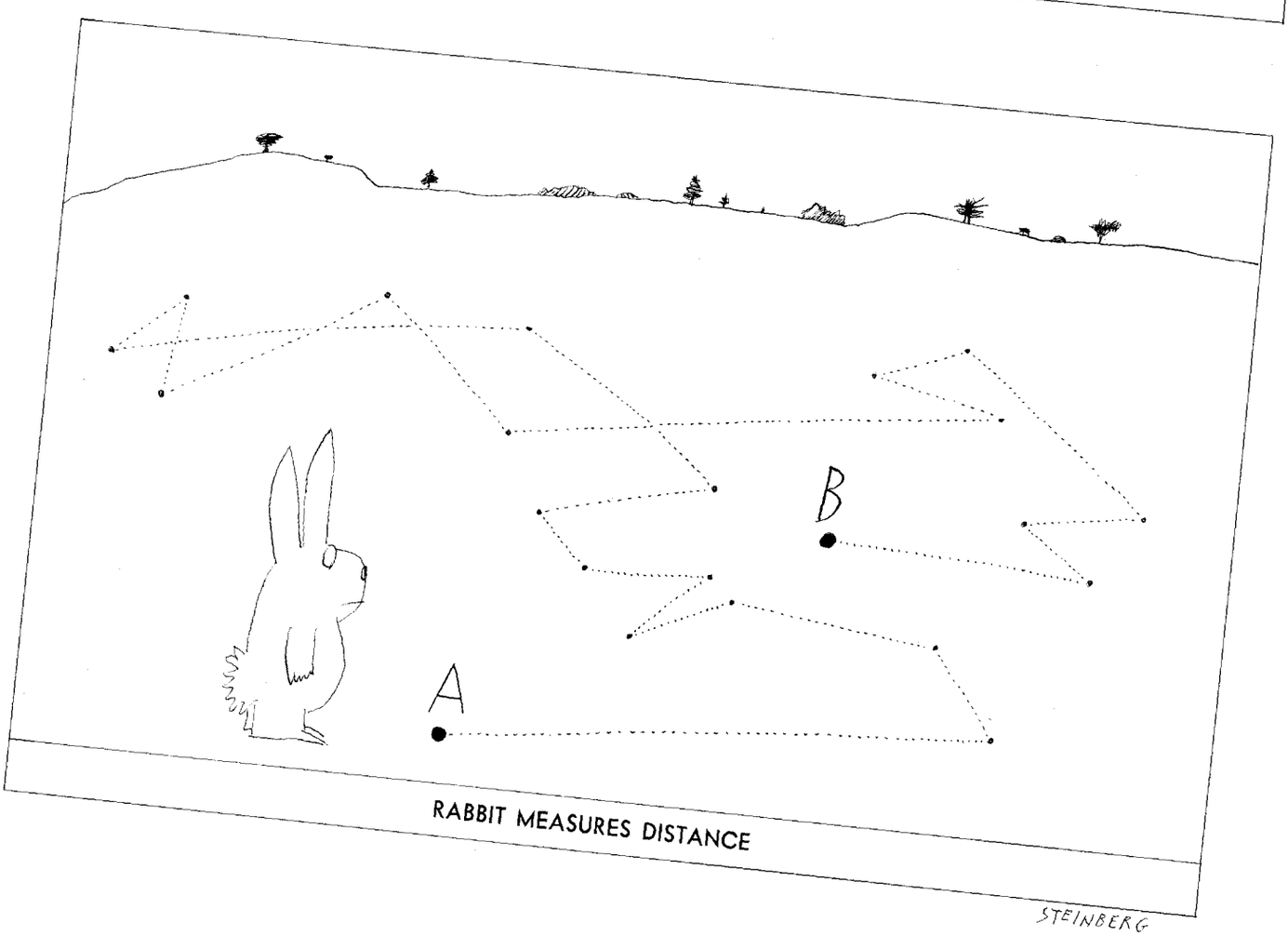


CAT POUNCES ON SOUND



RABBIT MEASURES DISTANCE

STEINBERG

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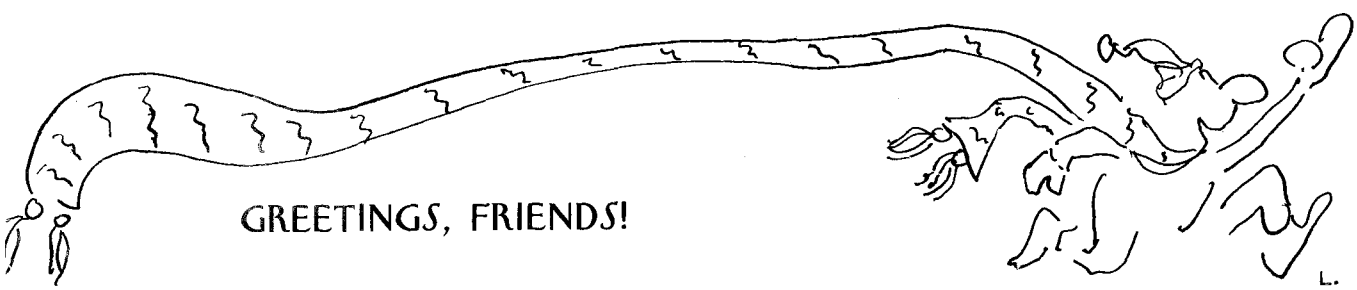

GREETINGS, FRIENDS!

Good readers, hi, down there below!
Look up—up *here:* it's us. Hello!
Greetings, all—but wait a sec
While we continue to bedeck
The topmost branches of this tree.
The star is crooked, you can see,
And this small ball belongs, it's plain,
Beside Aunt Lulu's candy cane . . .
There. We're done. Plug in the lights.
Huzzah! We're down (I can't stand heights);
And here we are regathered, dears,
In stanza, as in former years,
To iterate, neath fragrant limbs,
The hoary Yuletide synonyms
For affection and the season's mirth
(And somehow also peace on earth)
As we concatenate in rhyme
The names of friends at Christmastime.
Cheers, subscribers, near and far!
Happy Christmas, Teri Garr!
Jubilations, George V. Higgins!
Joy to Russ and Mabel Wiggins,
And benisons upon Bill Blass,
Otis Birdsong, Philip Glass,
Marsha Norman, Eddie Mio,
Boy George, and the Beaux Arts Trio!
At this sweet time, it's meet, I think,
To hold warm thoughts of André Brink,
And make up couplets to extol
Senator Bob and Mrs. Dole,
Eddie Murphy, Sally Hay,
And Mr. T and Dr. J.
Come, waits, put up a tuneful holler
In honor of Attila Zoller,
Robert Longo, Andrzej Wajda,
Ben Kingsley, Q*bert, and Queen Ida.
Well hollered, lads—now try some trills
For Lizzie Hardwick, Garry Wills,
Peter Martins, Umberto Eco,
Philip Larkin, and Joe Klecko!
A joyous new year we implore
For Governor Pierre S. du Pont IV,
Diane Sawyer, Stockard Channing,
Lourdes Lopez, and Gordon Manning;
Let's don our gay regalia to
Hail chaps aboard Australia II,
Send splendid gifts to reassure
Belisario Betancur,
And shower loads of love and kisses
Upon George Abbott and the missus!
It's Christmas, guys, so get real mellow
With Philippe de Montebello
And others of the known élite,
Like Julie Ridge and Calvin Peete,
Hildegard Behrens, Chuck Muncie,
And the Most Reverend Robert Runcie.
Come raise a glass of Veuve Clicquot
With *matelot* Philippe Jeantot,
Hans Küng, Commander Cody, and
M. le Président Mitterrand.
Molly Keane! Veronica Hamel!
Have you some hugs for Alan Trammell?
Annie Dillard, ha're ya *doin'*?
Come press the flesh of Rod McKuen.
Peter O'Malley, won't you seek
Palship with Ali Haji-Sheikh,
Bobbie Bouton, Mary Kay,
And (hooray!) Frances Moore Lappé?
Say, gang, could I confess a bias
For Senator Charles McC. Mathias?
I also wish to pipe aboard
Police Commish. Benjamin Ward,
Alan Cranston, Meg Tilly,
And a Menaker scion, name of Willy.
It's Yule, you-all! Ring out, wild bells,
For Connie Chung and Orson Welles,
Judge Robert Varner, of Alabama,
And the brothers of Phi Slamma Jamma!
Come, Sally Ride and Richard Pryor,
Hop aboard our Flex'ble Flyer
(There's always coasting on our hill:
Within this verse it snows at will).
Whee, it's time for belly-whopping
With Tina Howe and Seymour Topping!
There's Carling Bassett on a tray
Backward with Régis Debray!
What fun, this run is getting faster—
Here come Sam Nunn and Burt Lancaster,
And then a pair of linked toboggans
Stuffed with folks like Kenny Loggins,
Hodding Carter, Nastassia Kinski,
Dolly Parton, Max Kaminsky,
Lisa Lyon, Robb Forman Dew,
And, steering, Bishop Remi De Roo!
Oh, wow, there goes a flying bob
With Ruth Laredo, Rusty Staub,
Christo— Oops! Someone fell off
Who looks a lot like Lyn Nof-
Ziger—no, it's not. I'm wrong, excuse me.
That was (ho-ho!) Rudolf Firkušný!
C'mon, Glenn Close, we'll get pink-cheeky
With Ginny Foat and Richard Leakey;
All fall down and get all snowy
With Trisha Brown, David Bowie,
Bettino Craxi, Johan Kriek,
Twiggy, *et les* Quebec Nordiques!

Come dark, we'll wend our homeward way
Wrapped warm within an ancient sleigh,
While thump of hoof and clink of chime
Attune our hearts to winter time;
Then, as we top the meadow rise,
The first stars show, in soft surprise,
And still again are hopes unfurled
For Christmas peace upon the world.

—Roger Angell

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TIMES

IT was almost Christmas, and Cammy and Peter were visiting her parents in Cambridge. Late in the afternoon on the second day of their visit, Cammy followed Peter upstairs when he went to take a shower. She wanted a break from trying to make conversation with her mother and father.

"Why is it that I always feel guilty when we're not at my parents' house at Christmas?" he said.

"Call them," she said.

"That makes me feel worse," he said.

He was looking in the mirror and rubbing his chin, though he had shaved just a few hours ago. Every afternoon, she knew, he felt for a trace of beard but didn't shave again if he found it. "They probably don't even notice we're not there," he said. "Who'd have time, with my sister and her au pair and her three kids and her cat and her dog and her rabbit."

"Gerbil," Cammy said. She sat at the foot of the bed while he undressed. Every year was the same; they offered to visit his parents in Kentucky, and his mother hinted that there was not enough room. The year before, he had said that they'd bring sleeping bags. His mother had said that she thought it was silly to have her family sprawled on the floor, and that they should visit at a more convenient time. Several days ago, before Cammy and Peter left New York for Boston, they had got presents in the mail from his parents. Each of them had been sent a Christmas stocking with a fake-fur top. Cammy's stocking contained makeup. Peter's was full of joke presents—a hand buzzer, soap that turned black when you washed your hands, a key chain with a dried yellow fish hanging from it. Peter's stocking had had a hundred-dollar bill folded in the toe. In the toe of her stocking, Cammy found cuticle scissors.

While Peter showered, she wandered around her old room; when they arrived, they had been tired from the long drive, and she went to sleep with no more interest in her surroundings than she would have had in an anonymous motel room. Now she saw that her mother had got rid of most of the junk that used to be here, but she had also added things—her high-school yearbook, a Limoges dish with her Girl Scout ring in it—so that the room looked a little like a shrine. Years ago, Cammy had rolled little curls of Scotch Tape and stuck them to the backs of pictures of boyfriends or would-be boyfriends and then pushed the snapshots against the mirror to form the shape of a heart. Only two photos remained on the mirror now, both of Michael Grizetti, who had been her steady in her last year of high school. When her mother had moved them and put them neatly under the frame of the mirror, top left and right, she must have discovered the secret. Cammy pulled the larger picture out and turned it over. The hidden snapshot was still glued to the back: Grizzly with his pelvis thrust forward, thumbs pointing at his crotch, and the message "Nil desperandum x x x x x x x x x x" written on the snapshot across his chest. It all seemed so harmless now. He was the first person Cammy had slept with, and most of what she remembered now was what happened after they had sex. They went into New York, with fake IDs and fifty dollars Grizzly borrowed from his brother. She could still remember how the shag carpet tickled the soles of her feet when she went to the window of their hotel in the morning and pulled open the heavy curtains and looked across a distance so short that she thought she could reach out and touch the adjacent building, so close and so high that she couldn't see the sky; there had been no way to tell what kind of day it was. Now she noticed that there was a little haze over Michael Grizetti's top lip in the photograph. It was dust, not a mustache.

Peter came out of the bathroom. Over the years, he had gotten his hair cut closer and closer, so that now when she touched his head the curls were too tight to spring up at her touch. His head looked a little like a cantaloupe—a ridiculous idea, which would be useful just the same; she and her friends always said amusing things about their husbands when they wrote each other. She saved the more flattering images of him as things to say to him after making love. Her high-school English teacher would have approved. The teacher loved to invent little rhymes for the class:

> Your conversation can be terrific;
> Just remember: be specific

Peter's damp towel flew past her and landed on the bed. As usual, he discarded it as if he had just finished it off in a fight. The week before, he had been in Barbados on a retreat with his company, and he was still very tan. There was a wide band of white skin where he had worn his swimming trunks. In the dim afternoon light, he looked like a piece of Marimekko fabric.

He pulled on sweatpants, tied the drawstring, and lit a cigarette with the fancy lighter she had bought him for Christmas. She

LITE® BOOKS
Madame Bovary LITE®
Madame B., dissatisfied with her lot in life, goes on a shopping spree. Later, she returns everything but a hat.
Anna Karenina LITE®
Anna K., a married woman, has a date with a Count Vronsky. He moves away, and they never see each other again.
Crime and Punishment LITE®
Raskolnikov writes a nasty letter to a pawnbroker, but later feels guilty and apologizes.
R. Chast

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had given it to him early. It was a metal tube with a piece of rawhide attached to the bottom. When the string was pulled, an outer sleeve of metal rose over the top, to protect the flame. Peter loved it, but she was a little sorry after she gave it to him; there had been something dramatic about huddling in doorways with him, using her body to help him block the wind while he struck matches to light a cigarette. She took two steps toward him now and gave him a hug, putting her hands under his armpits. They were damp. She believed it was a truth that no man ever dried himself thoroughly after showering. He kissed across her forehead, then stopped and pushed his chin between her eyebrows. She couldn't respond; she had told him the night before that she didn't understand how anyone could make love in their parents' house. He shook his head, almost amused, and tucked a thermal shirt into the sweatpants, then pulled on a sweater. "I don't care if it *is* snowing," he said. He was going running.

"I really envy you your ability to think globally."

• •

They walked downstairs. Her father, a retired cardiologist, was on his slant board in the living room, arms raised to heaven, holding the *Wall Street Journal*. "How do you reconcile smoking a pack a day, and then going running?" her father said.

"To tell you the truth," Peter said, "I don't run for my health. It clears my mind. I run because it gives me a high."

"Well, do you think mental health is separate from the health of the body?"

"Oh, Stan," Cammy's mother said, coming into the living room, "no one is trying to argue with you about medicine."

"I wasn't talking about *medicine*," he said.

"People just talk loosely," her mother said.

"I'd never argue that point," her father said.

Cammy found these visits more and more impossible. As a child she had been told what to do and think, and then when she got married her parents had backed off entirely, so that in the first year of her marriage she found herself in the odd position of advising her mother and father. Then, at some point, they had managed to turn the tables again, and now all of them were back to "Go." They argued with each other and made pronouncements instead of having conversations.

She decided to go running with Peter, and pulled her parka off a hanger in the closet. She was still having trouble zipping it outside, and Peter helped by pulling the material down tightly in front. It only made her feel more helpless. He saw her expression and nuzzled her hair. "What do you expect from them?" he said, as the zipper went up. She thought, He asks questions he knows I won't bother to answer.

Snow was falling. They were walking through a Christmas-card scene that she hadn't believed in in years; she half expected carollers around the corner. When Peter turned left, she guessed that they were heading for the park on Mass. Avenue. They passed a huge white clapboard house, with real candles glowing in all the windows. "Some place," Peter said. "Look at that wreath." The wreath that hung on the front door was so thick that it was convex; it looked as if someone had uprooted a big boxwood and cut a hole in the center. Peter made a snowball and threw it, almost getting a bull's-eye.

"Are you crazy?" she said, grabbing at his hand. "What are you going to do if they open the door?"

"Listen," he said, "if they lived in New York the wreath would be stolen. This way, everybody can enjoy throwing snowballs at it."

On the corner, a man stood staring down at a small brown dog wearing a plaid coat. The blond man standing next to him said, "I told you so. She may be blind, but she still loves it out in the snow." The other man patted the shivering dog, and they continued on their walk.

Christmas in Cambridge. Soon it would be Christmas Eve, time to open the gifts. As usual, she and Peter would be given something practical (stocks), and something frivolous (glasses too fragile for the dishwasher). Then there would be one personal present for each of them: probably a piece of gold jewelry for Cammy and a silk tie for Peter. Cammy occasionally wore one of the ties when she dressed like a nineteen-

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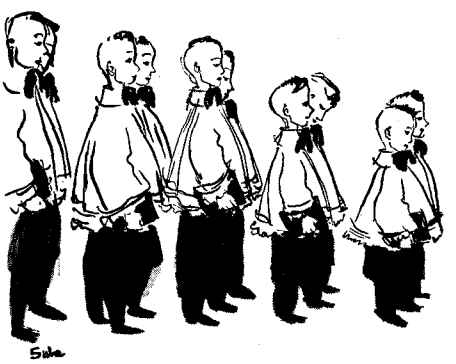
forties businessman. Peter thought the ties were slightly effeminate—he never liked them. The year before, when her parents gave her a Lapis ring, he had pulled it off her finger to examine it on Christmas night, in bed, then pushed it on his little finger and wiggled it, making a Clara Bow mouth and pretending to be gay. He had been trying to show her how ridiculous he would look wearing a wedding ring. They had been married three years then, and some part of her was still so sentimental that she asked him from time to time if he wouldn't reconsider and wear a wedding ring. It wasn't that she thought a ring would be any sort of guarantee. They had lived together for two years before they suddenly decided to get married, but before the wedding they had agreed that it was naïve to expect a lifetime of fidelity. If either one became interested in someone else, they would handle the situation in whatever way they felt best, but there would be no flaunting of the other person, and they wouldn't talk about it.

A couple of months before the last trip to her parents'—Christmas a year ago—Peter had waked her up one night to tell her about a young woman he had had a brief affair with. He described his feelings about being with the woman—how much he liked it when she put her hand over his when they sat at a table in a restaurant; the time she had dissipated some anger of his by suddenly putting her lips to the deepening lines in his forehead, to kiss his frown away. Then Peter had wept onto Cammy's pillow. She could still remember his face—the only time she had ever seen him cry—and how red and swollen it was, as if it had been burned. "Is this discreet enough for you?" he had said. "Do you want to push this pillow into my face so not even the *neighbors* can hear?" She didn't care what the neighbors thought, because she didn't even know the neighbors. She had not comforted him or touched the pillow. She had not been dramatic and gone out to sleep on the sofa. After he went to work in the morning, she had several cups of coffee and then went out, to try to cheer herself up. She bought flowers at an expensive flower shop on Greenwich Avenue, pointing to individual blossoms for the florist to remove one by one, choosing with great care. Then she went home, trimmed the stems, and put them in little bottles—just a few stalks in each, all flowers and no greens. By evening, when Peter was about to come home, she realized that he would see them and know that she had been depressed, so she bunched them all together again and put them in a vase in the dining room. Looking at them, she suddenly understood how ironic it was that all during the past summer, when she was falling more deeply in love with Peter, he was having a flirtation and then an affair with someone else. Cammy had begun to be comfortable with how subtly attuned to each other they were, and she had been deluded. It made her embarrassed to remember how close she felt to Peter late one fall afternoon on Bleecker Street, when Peter stopped to light a cigarette. Something had made her poke him in the ribs. She didn't often act childish, and she could see that he was taken aback, and that made her laugh and poke him again. Every time he thought she'd finished and tried to light another match, she managed to take him by surprise and tickle him again; she even got through the barrier he'd made with his elbows pointed into his stomach. "What *is* this?" he said. "The American Cancer Society sent you to torture me?" People were looking—who said people don't notice things in New York?—and Peter was backing away, then doubling up, with the cigarette unlit in his mouth, admitting that he couldn't control her. When she moved toward him to hug him and end the game, he didn't believe it was over; he turned sideways, one hand extended to ward her off, clumsily trying to thumb up a flame with his right hand. This was the opposite of the night she had sex with Michael Grizetti: she could remember all of this moment—the smiling fat woman walking by, talking to herself, the buzzing sound of the neon sign outside the restaurant, Peter's stainless-steel watchband sparkling under the street light, the *de-de-de-deeeeeeh* of a car horn in the distance. "Time!" he had shouted, backing away. Then, at a safe distance, he crossed his fingers above his head, like a child.



Now Peter slapped her bottom. "I'm going to run," he said. He took off into the park, his running shoes

THE MOURNER'S CHRISTMAS

I've waited a long while in this antique snow-light
gazing out onto the cold approach of Christmas morning.
Nothing but the flakes of shadows falling
across the blue-white snow, the chuff chuff chuff, freight
of a car listing downtown, adrift like a ghostly boat.

Inside, white stars are blinking on my tree
and last year's ornaments dangle above the gifts
stretched in a gold- and silver-papered river
along the shifting floor. In this magical twilight
I believe I'll find you, your hand out for my ankle bone.

A cracked, melodious French horn is ringing
its call through every room, but the angel atop
the high branch lifts a mute gold bell, her lips are stopped,
and still I stumble through the dark halls singing
till I hit the far side of forgetfulness.

I will lighten up from foot to skull
my breastbone pricked with nervous flame
and needles of ash bear me away.
Meanwhile I burn to get my fill.
I stand in the light to let the morning in.

—L. M. Rosenberg

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"I'd like you to meet Harrison Spencer. Mr. Spencer has a highly developed sense of money."

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kicking up clods of snow. She watched him go. He was tall and broad-shouldered, and his short leather jacket came just to his waist, so that he looked like an adolescent in ill-fitting clothes. She had on cowboy boots instead of running shoes. Why did she hold it against him that she had decided at the last minute to go with him and that she was wearing the wrong shoes? Did she expect him to throw down his cape?

She probably would not have thought of a cape at all, except that his scarf flew off as he ran, and he didn't notice. She turned into the park to get it. The snow was falling in smaller flakes now; it was going to stay. Maybe it was the realization that even icier weather was still to come that suddenly made her nearly numb with cold. The desire to be in the sun was almost a hot spot between her ribs; something actually burned inside her. Like everyone she knew, she had grown up watching Porky Pig and Heckle and Jeckle on Saturday mornings—cartoons in which the good guys got what they wanted and no consequences were permanent. Now she wanted one of those small tornadoes that whipped through cartoons, transporting objects and characters with miraculous speed from one place to another. She wanted to believe again in the magic power of the wind.

She went back to the house. Music was playing loudly on the radio, and her father was hollering to her mother, "First we get that damned 'Drummer Boy' dirge, and now they've got the Andrews Sisters singing 'Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy.' What the hell does *that* have to do with Christmas? Isn't that song from the Second World War? What are they doing playing that stuff at Christmas? Probably some disc jockey that's high. Everybody's high all the time. The guy who filled my gas tank this morning was high. The kid they put on to deliver mail's got eyes like a pinwheel and walks like he might step on a land mine. What about 'White Christmas'? Do they think that Bing Crosby spent his whole life playing golf?"

Cammy hung Peter's scarf on a peg on the back of the kitchen door, and her coat on a peg beside it. Her mother looked up, smiling, and it wasn't until Cammy had to force a smile in return that she realized that she had been upset. She walked across the room to where her mother stood, and looked down. The dessert her mother was making was almost complete. It was a fat, perfect cylinder of a log, with chocolate icing stroked into the texture of tree bark. A small green-and-white wreath had been pumped out of the pastry tube at one end, and there was an open jar of raspberry jam that her mother must have used to make the bow. Cammy looked at the work appraisingly. It seemed a little too artificial, because the bark ridges were so regular. Cammy stroked her finger lightly through a ridge, wiggling it slightly, widening it. Then, with her knuckle, she made the ridge next to it a little deeper.

Cammy stood back, leaving the last, delicate part to her mother—the meringue that would be quickly squeezed into little dome-shaped stalks, making a cluster of tiny toadstools to nestle into the side. Cammy's father called the annual dessert "the log." Her mother, humming quietly to herself now as her fingers delicately swirled the meringue, had taught Cammy, when she was a little girl, how to say "*bûche de Noël*." —Ann Beattie

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LIFE IN THE FAST LANE

[*From the Cleveland Plain Dealer*]

Correction

An article on yesterday's Forum page misstated the legal beer-drinking age in Ohio. Currently, the age is 19. A proposed constitutional amendment would make it 2.

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ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

PRIX DU HAMBURGER

"WELL, it smells exactly like McDonald's," Sarah, my younger daughter, said.

The rest of the company nodded and murmured assent. We were on the Champs-Élysées, at a restaurant called Freetime—a French-owned fast-food operation that offers Les Superhits, including a Hitburger and a Hitfrench ("*même préparation que le Hitburger, avec des herbes de Provence*"). Sarah, who is eleven, happens to know how a McDonald's is supposed to smell. I wouldn't be surprised if she could also discern the authentic aroma of a Burger King, or even if she demonstrated an ability to distinguish by smell between a Burger King and a Wendy's—a hamburger chain she once complimented, in her own way, as being "maybe not quite as junky as the others." Sarah has a good sniffer.

I would not like to leave the impression that Sarah has spent great hunks of her childhood waiting in line for Big Macs and Whopper burgers. By the standards of most American children, she is underexperienced as a consumer of fast food—partly because she is saddled with parents sufficiently biassed toward slow food to believe that the hamburger should begin cooking after rather than before you order it. I would also not like to leave the impression that Sarah, whose reputation as an eater of considerable caution may have extended beyond our household, had just walked into an American-style fast-food joint on the Champs-Élysées because it was the only restaurant in Paris where she felt safe eating. In the first place, Sarah had found that for a person of her tastes restaurant food in France was perfectly adequate as long as you picked your way around the menu a bit to avoid sauces and vegetables and that sort of thing. In the second place, Sarah has never felt completely comfortable in establishments where a special order is necessary to get anything but the ornately dressed hamburgers the fast-food chains specialize in. She likes her hamburgers just plain—except for what one fast-food menu I saw in Paris describes as "*une touche de ketchup*." Sarah was not at Freetime as a casual consumer. She was there as a member of an inspection team.

I was on the team myself. In fact, I organized it. I realize that making an inspection of American-style fast-food restaurants might sound like an odd way to spend one's time in Paris—rather like building a trip to Bavaria around a tour of American Army N.C.O. Clubs. I had resolved to include such spots as Freetime and What a Burger and Dallas Burger in our tour of Paris landmarks, though, partly because of having seen a leisure-and-tourism section of *Le Monde* that devoted its front page to "Fastefoude;" it had an article about the proliferation of fast-food restaurants in France, a critical piece that awarded prizes to the best examples of fast food, and a large photograph of what looked to me like a Whopper burger. Sarah's older sister, Abigail, had spent a good deal of time translating the *Le Monde* article for me—a fact she had the grace not to mention as she bailed out of the inspection tour very early to join her mother in checking out the shops on Rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré.

"This is where Herbert works out his aggressions."

Her departure left, in addition to Sarah and me, Simon Cherniavsky and his younger sister, Emma. I had thought that Simon and Emma might lend an international air to the panel: they were born in the Eastern United States, their parents are from England, they attend a French boarding school, and they have been to Texas. Since their mother, Anne Willan, runs a well-known cooking school in Paris called La Varenne, I had assumed that for people of boarding-school age they had broad gustatorial experience—perhaps too broad for the task at hand, it occurred to me on the way to the Champs-Élysées, when Simon, who is thirteen, told me that he liked squid. Simon and Emma

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"I just hope you like it. It comes from the Trump Tower."

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were along partly as translators—although American English is used so resolutely in fast-food establishments that even Freetime, which promotes itself as an outfit that turns out American-style fast food with a French touch, advertises one of its special combinations as "Menu Frenchie." Also, I thought Simon might serve as a guide, since he likes to go to the movies on the Champs-Élysées—the center of the fast-food trade in Paris. As he directed me toward a parking space that was within striking distance of three or four burger dispensers, I asked him what his favorite food was—a bit concerned, after that squid remark, that he might mention some gourmet wonder that would bowl me over or cause Sarah to shudder. "*Pommes frites*," he said, to my relief. A French-fries man. Very solid.

I was interested in how Sarah and Simon and Emma would respond to what was served in Parisian fast-food restaurants—for instance, I welcomed the opportunity to see whether the various prizes that *Le Monde* had bestowed, such as the *prix du hamburger*, had been correctly awarded—but I was under no illusions about finding hamburgers that blotted out memories of my childhood, or French fries that rivalled the kind of freshly cut, triple-fried *pommes frites* that had helped persuade Sarah that France might be a place where one could avoid starvation after all. Fast-food outlets could never slow down that much. Aside from the food, I had a certain amount of simple curiosity about what, say, a Burger King on the Champs-Élysées would be like. The word "authentic" somehow seems inappropriate, but I was sort of curious to see whether Paris fast-food joints were authentic.

Take the matter of lines. An essential of fast-food operations is a string of cash registers along a counter, each one of them manned by a cheerful teen-ager who fills the orders of the people lined up in front of him. Americans line up routinely, but in my experience all French lines are triangular—with the base of the triangle at the place where business is being conducted. The French are unable to maintain what the English think of as queue discipline partly because they know that each person ahead of them in the line carries the potential of holding up the operation for an entire afternoon: any French functionary, whether charged with granting immigrant status or checking out volleyballs, is in danger at any moment of asking dozens of obscure questions and recording the answers in painful longhand on forms done in triplicate. I couldn't imagine that any fast-food outfit could afford to rent a store on the Champs-Élysées wide enough to accommodate more than one or two French lines. Also, it occurred to me that a customer who finally reached the head of the line at a French Burger King might ask for a couple of Whopper burgers, an order of fries, and a chocolate milkshake only to have the counterperson poise a scratchy quill pen over some exceedingly long forms, look up sourly, and say, "Granmuzzer's maiden name?"

I don't mean I was surprised to hear that people in France—particularly young people—had taken up fast-food outlets like Burger King and Manhattan Burger not just as places to get a cheap meal but as places to hang out. In Western Europe these days, "America"—American places, American movie stars, American English—is shorthand for a kind of zippy, cut-rate modernism. The cheap shirts displayed in an outdoor market in a small Italian village may well say on them, for no particular reason, "Hollywood," or even "San Diego." Just about any American travelling in Europe lately has a story about being brought up short by the sight of a sweatshirt that says "University of Harvard" and is orange and black or of a windbreaker that says "Team Tennis" on it instead of "Tennis Team." There has been some resentment expressed by Ministers in the Mitterrand government about Americanisms creeping into French—although it seems to me that resentment would be more understandable from Americans discovering that American English has become the *lingua schlocko* of Western Europe. I did not, however, approach the Champs-Élysées in a resentful mood—like one of those boosters of American culture who keep asking why French intellectuals can't spend a little more time studying American contributions to modern dance and a little less time

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celebrating the early films of Jerry Lewis. I went to the fast-food outlets in Paris in the same spirit I might have gone to a baseball game in Tokyo. I just wanted to see if they had it right. Freetime didn't, we all decided. As a start, the hamburgers were rectangular. Team Tennis.

THE hamburgers at Burger King were round. "This is more like an American hamburger," Emma said.

"It's exactly like an American hamburger," Sarah said. "Exactly."

Simon, a man who has eaten a squid, paused as if rolling over in his mind the sort of remark that might be appropriate to the occasion. Finally, he said, "It seems more worthwhile."

Freetime, of course, is striving for a French version of American fast food. Burger King is striving to be Burger King, and that leaves no room for *herbes de Provence*. The outlet we were in could almost have been in America—except that it was in a cavernous basement room on the Champs-Élysées instead of in a free-standing building off a suburban double lane, and the sign on the wall read "Maison du Whopper." The lines were linear. The people filling orders at the counter punched them out on those modern cash registers that simultaneously print out a bill and add it up and subtract the ingredients from inventory and, for all I know, record the counterperson's grandmother's maiden name. "This is getting close," I said.

"It's me, doll face—the whole ball of wax."

Burger King was the fast-food restaurant recommended to me by an American resident of Paris I happen to know—Matthew Pillsbury, who's ten. Matthew's older brother apparently prefers a pizza joint called Slice, on the Boulevard Saint-Michel. Matthew speaks French in school and English at home—a staccato English, with French rhythms that can cause me to miss a word now and then. He has spent a lot of summers in the Upper Midwest, so he can shift from foot to foot in the gesture any ten-year-old American boy uses to mean "Maybe we could move on to the next subject." He can also blow air through his lips suddenly, without pursing them, like a Frenchman who is really saying, "But of course! It would be naïve to believe otherwise." In other words, he can be bilingual without saying anything.

When I asked Matthew why he preferred Burger King, he said, "Not beefier."

"Not beefier?"

He nodded, ready to get on to the next subject.

"But why would you like it because it's *not* beefier?" I asked.

He sighed. Then he repeated the words, carefully and slowly: "Not beef ear!" He grabbed his ear to demonstrate, and added, "Some of them make their hamburgers out of beef ear."

"They do?" I said.

"Of course," Matthew said, as if repeating the obvious. "It's a scandal." He blew air through his lips.

I suppose the notion that some fast-food places make their hamburgers from particularly strange cuts of beef may have had its origin in the publicity surrounding the efforts of McDonald's to cancel the franchise license of the McDonald's restaurants that had opened in Paris. McDonald's claimed that the proprietor of the Paris outlets, Raymond Dayan, was not maintaining company standards in matters like cleanliness. Dayan claimed that McDonald's had underestimated the appeal of fast food in France—one Burger King outlet on the Champs-Élysées does more business than any other Burger King in the world—and, having made a deal with him for a royalty that proved to be low, was simply applying pressure in order to wiggle out of the contract. A judge in Chicago ruled for McDonald's, and Dayan changed the name of his outlets to O'Kitch. The standard sandwich of O'Kitch is a Kitchburger.

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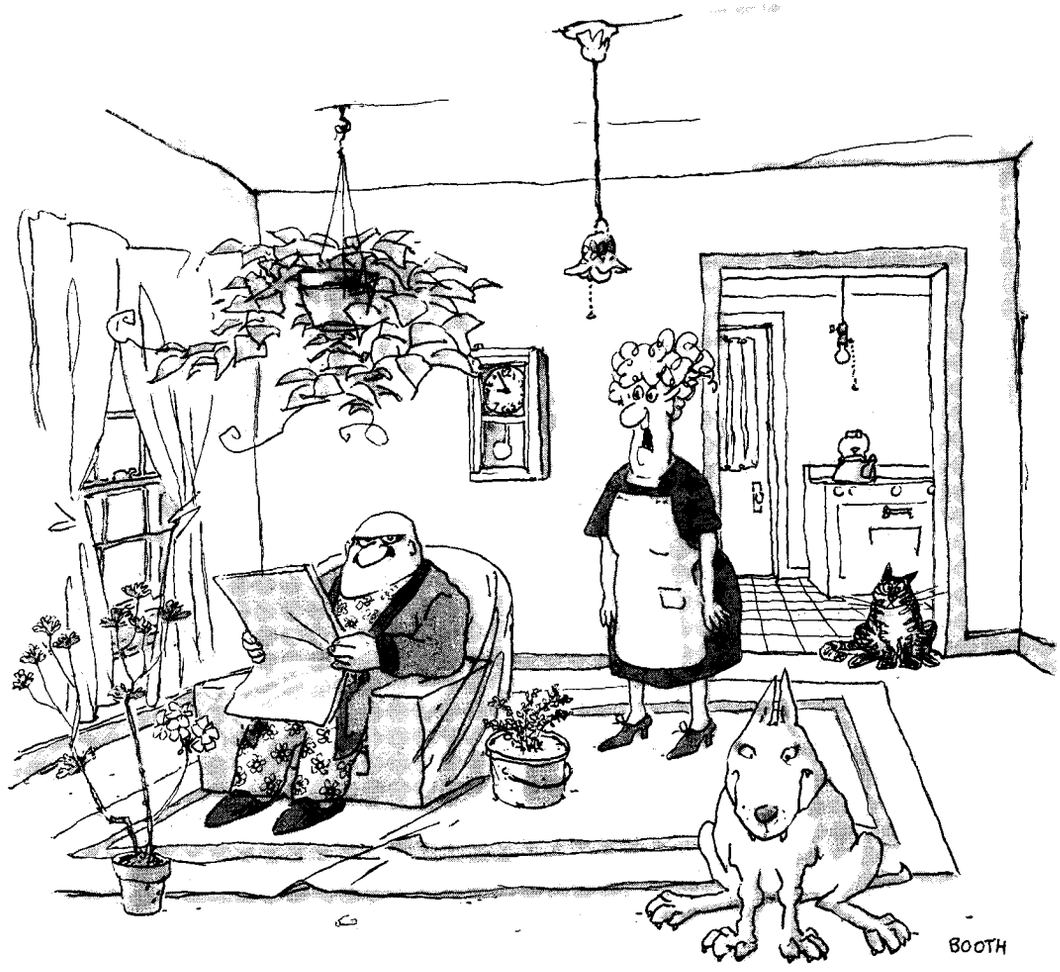

"Mrs. Leffler says lots of men settle for the first skirt that comes along and then spend the rest of their lives regretting it. Luther, was I your first skirt?"

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As names for Paris hamburgers go, "Kitchburger" is not out of the ordinary. The names of the dishes served by a fast-food restaurant in Paris are normally just variations on one English word—almost any English word. Freetime's word, of course, is "Hit." Dallas Burger offers a Big Dallas, a Dallas Burger, a Cheese Dallas, and a Fish Dallas. A place called Fun Burger has a Funny Burger, a Funny Cheese, and a Funny Fish. Sarah and Simon and Emma and I had our Kitchburger at the O'Kitch on the Champs-Élysées, just a block or two toward the Arch of Triumph from Burger King. We were not terribly impressed with the Kitchburger, but by then we had consumed quite a few hamburgers. At Freetime, we had eaten two Hitfrenches, under the impression that we were trying a Hitburger the second time around. Simon, a young man of admirable thoroughness, had insisted on trying *pommes frites* anyplace we stopped. We were, to put it another way, no longer at our hungriest.

Still, I thought we ought to try What a Burger. As I remembered, *Le Monde* had given What a Burger the *prix du hamburger*. Simon didn't remember ever having seen a What a Burger outlet on the Champs-Élysées, so we headed for the Boulevard Saint-Michel and parked not far from Slice. As we walked up the boulevard, I didn't see any sign of a What a Burger. I did see an O'Kitch, and I realized from the ads outside it that the special double-decker that O'Kitch serves is not the Kitchburger but the Bestkitch. That is what we should have had to compare with a burger like the Whopper. "We'd better try one," I said. "Fair's fair."

Emma said she wasn't really terribly hungry anymore. Sarah just shook her head. Simon and I tried a Bestkitch and shrugged. The double-deckers were beginning to run together. "Let's try one more block," I said. "If we don't find What a Burger, we'll finish off with some ice cream—real French ice cream, assuming we don't come across a Baskin-Robbins with *trente et un parfums*."

On the next block, we found What a Burger. We ordered the double-decker—called a Super What. "Well?" I asked.

"I think it's the best," Emma said. "They deserve the prize."

Emma had taken a very small bite for her sampling. Even Simon seemed to be flagging. He took a rather modest bite, swallowed, and then shrugged. "Let's give it to them," he said. Sarah nodded, apparently willing to take Simon's word on it. I figured that we could go have some ice cream.

WHEN Sarah and I got back to where we were staying, I informed Abigail that the inspection team had found just about what I had expected to find. If the French really put their minds to it, I said, they could make round hamburgers. Fast-food French fries in France as well as in America were, as I had expected, a slander on the real article. *Le Monde* had been correct when it awarded the *prix du hamburger* to What a Burger.

Abigail informed me that *Le Monde* had not awarded the *prix du hamburger* to What a Burger. I had remembered incorrectly. Burger King had won the *prix du hamburger*. *Le Monde* had given What a Burger an over-all prize, stressing freshness of ingredients.

"Well, it's complicated," I said. "Also, what would the French know about such things?"

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Damariscotta (Maine) Lincoln County News*]

Mrs. Lorraine Young was housed a day or so last week with an epidemic. She's o.k. now.

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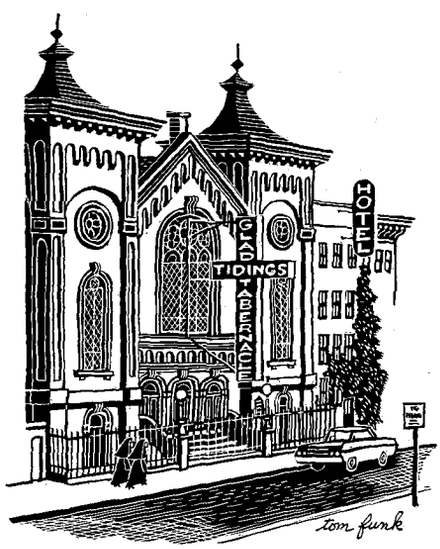
AROUND CITY HALL

MOBILITY

MORE than most years, 1983 here has been a time of adjusting to altered circumstances and to arrivals and departures. In local government, the fact that the city has had one mayor, Edward Koch, since January 1, 1978, when he was sworn in for his first term, and that his personal style and his style of governing have changed very little over the years gives the impression of a certain stability at City Hall, which the Mayor himself likes to call attention to. Last spring, he mentioned that most of his commissioners had been in their posts ever since he had been in office, although a look at the roster—which no one would suggest that the leader of an immensely complex city should be expected to know by heart—shows that only a very small number of those whom Koch brought to City Hall with him are still on the scene or wearing their original hats. Recently, someone who had been around the center of local government for a while challenged a company assembled there to name the seven deputy mayors who were appointed in January of 1978. It was agreed that in playing the game it was helpful to know that Koch has appointed fourteen deputy mayors in all and that none of the three currently holding that title were among the first seven. The name-the-deputy-mayors game was then sidetracked by another contest question: whether one (or maybe two) of the current deputy mayors would leave the administration before the New York Yankees' owner, George Steinbrenner, dismissed Billy Martin after his third incarnation as Yankee manager—Martin having, to general astonishment, lasted the full 1983 baseball season. Some of the City Hall players who had no trouble identifying the seven men who had managed the Yankees since Steinbrenner bought the team, in 1973, had a hard time naming all seven candidates for the New York mayoral nomination in the 1977 Democratic primary, in which Koch came in first. During that campaign, Mario Cuomo, who was one of the losers, and who since last January 1st has been the governor of New York State, said of himself and the others in the mayoral race, "One thing is sure—nobody's going to describe us as 'the Magnificent Seven.' "

Since the state has a new governor—Cuomo himself has described his election to that office as so implausible that it was "a curiously beautiful thing"—there have been so many arrivals and departures in Albany this year that few would care to play a game of trying to name them. The easiest challenge would be to list some of the Cabinet members who were former members of the regime of Cuomo's predecessor, Hugh Carey; for example, Budget Director Michael Finnerty, Michael Del Giudice, the Secretary to the Governor, and Thomas Coughlin III, head of the State Department of Correctional Services. Carey, who endorsed Koch in the 1982 primary, in which the Mayor and Cuomo—then Carey's lieutenant governor—ran against each other for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination ("Carey urged me to run and promised he'd be behind me a thousand per cent," Cuomo told a breakfast meeting of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick earlier this year), has pronounced his own judgment on the Cuomo administration. He said that to the extent that it was made up of Carey people it was admirable but otherwise it was nothing to brag about—thus proving that some things do not change. A man whose moody ways and acid tongue often attracted more attention during his two terms in Albany than his considerable achievements as governor does not turn into Mr. Genial Politesse just because a family other than his own is happily making itself at home in the Executive Mansion in Albany.

Among the aspects of newfound eminence that, according to recognized tests, are the least difficult to adjust to are the trappings—the perks—of such eminence. In 1978, Koch showed no traumatic effects whatever after making the move from his three-room, rent-controlled apartment off Washington Square to Gracie Mansion, the elegant gentleman's estate on the East River which is the New York mayor's official residence. Koch did not give up his Greenwich Village apartment, however: you never can tell. After Cuomo's unsuccessful race for mayor in 1977, he complained that his chief media adviser, Gerald Rafshoon (who had done similar chores for Jimmy Carter), had made him sound like an immigrant peanut farmer. The Rafshoon commercials for Cuomo began with a voice announcing portentously, "We are the sons and daughters of giants!," and this was followed by a celebration of Cuomo as a second-generation immigrant. The sons-of-giants line turned up, however, in his inaugural address. In the 1982 Democratic primary for governor, in which he defeated Koch, there would have been no point in his trying to pull sons-of-giants one-upmanship on the Mayor, whose parents were Jewish immigrants from Poland. The small grocery store that Cuomo's parents opened a few years after they came over from southern Italy—behind it was a small apartment in which he was born in 1932—was only a short distance from the frame house on a Queens side street where Cuomo and his wife, Matilda, lived most of their married life until, adjusting with ease, they moved into the forty-room Executive Mansion in Albany. On the day of Cuomo's inauguration, last January, the mansion was thronged with the Cuomos' neighbors from Queens. Speaking of Matilda Cuomo, one of them was overheard marvelling to another, "She never has to do another load of wash."



FOR New Yorkers, as for all Americans, 1983 began with the comforting knowledge that the nation was at peace, and is ending with an accumulation of casualty lists. Fortunately, the balance of some of 1983's news stories tipped the other way. At the year's start, it seemed that America was on the verge of another Great Depression, and at its end most indicators promise an economic recovery. Every year, there are centennial celebrations that offer an opportunity for

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"I want to talk to you, Thompson, colonel to colonel."

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adjacent pictures comparing the meagre shabbiness of some institution a hundred years earlier with its present great size and splendor. In the case of this year's Metropolitan Opera centennial, such side-by-side pictures show the grand lives of New Yorkers—some New Yorkers—in 1883 and the grand lives of some New Yorkers today. However, partly because of what seemed to be the imminence of another bad depression, a larger share than usual of 1983's anniversary commemorations marked events that happened fifty rather than a hundred years earlier. The celebrations last March 4th of the fiftieth anniversary of the Presidential Inauguration of Franklin D. Roosevelt, with their opportunity to show pictures from both 1933 and 1983 of soup kitchens and long lines of jobless Americans, were, of course, far more welcome to Democrats than to Republicans. "The analogy to today, though certainly not perfect, is most disconcerting," Cuomo said at a March 4th ceremony in Hyde Park.

There is considerable evidence that if it hadn't been for the rumor of a coming depression the season on local stages, at least, would have been far sparser than it was. Numerous theatrical figures seem to have concluded that audiences, particularly in the city, would be in an almost perfect mood for a reprise of hard times in the thirties. At the Kool Jazz Festival, a "Hard Times, Good Times" concert featured Depression songs. The message, explained Studs Terkel, who presided over the concert, was that, in that era, people sang not only "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?" and "Ten Cents a Dance" but also such cheery numbers as "Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries," and that the warm camaraderie of people working and laughing together somehow got them through the bad times. This year also brought a revival of "The Cradle Will Rock," Marc Blitzstein's opera about the struggle of unemployed workers, which had premièred when the Depression was at its worst. Though the fear of a new Great Depression has petered out, some of the shows that seem to have been inspired by nostalgia for that painful era are still making a cheerful jingle at the box office. There is the revival of "On Your Toes," first produced in 1936, which deals with the ups and downs of a member of a local vaudeville family working for the W.P.A. There is "Brighton Beach Memoirs," Neil Simon's tender and funny, partly autobiographical comedy about a second-generation Jewish-immigrant extended family rising above the Depression in Brooklyn, even as it braces itself to make room for more relatives—part of another wave of immigration that changed the city: the refugees from Hitler's Germany. And there is the revival of "You Can't Take It with You," Kaufman and Hart's 1936 comic account of the survival of an upper-Manhattan extended family, made up in this case not only of relatives but also of people who just happen by and stay and an immigrant—no doubt in her case one should say "émigrée"—Russian grand duchess. This Depression-times play—which ends with the cast linking hands across the stage and singing "Goodnight, Sweetheart," with its promise that sleep will banish sorrow—affected two local critics in diametrically opposite ways. Since Clive Barnes moved from the *Times* to the *Post* six years ago, his reviews have generally been so benign that, according to one rumor, " 'Fabulous!'—Clive Barnes, the *Post*" is a stock slug, kept routinely at the ready by theatrical ad writers. Of "You Can't Take It with You," Barnes said, "The lovability of everyone—even the sour, old, money-grubbing capitalist—is sickening. These people don't have a mean bone in their bodies." On the same day, the often acerbic Frank Rich, at the *Times*, concluded his review with "It's no easy thing to leave the festivities at the Plymouth to face the ruder life that lies in wait outside."

The 1983 hard-times-good-times balance tipped favorably at City Hall. Last January, the Mayor announced that because of prospective shortfalls the city faced a five-hundred-and-eighty-million-dollar deficit for the coming fiscal year and would have to reduce the number of employees by more than eleven thousand, including over four thousand actual layoffs. A local cartoon showed Koch appearing before the State Legislature dressed as a bum, asking "Got a dime?" Cuomo urged the legislators to do whatever they could for the city, on the ground that it had the largest number of poor people: remember the neediest. Then, at the end of the city's 1983 fiscal year, last June 30th, the city turned out to

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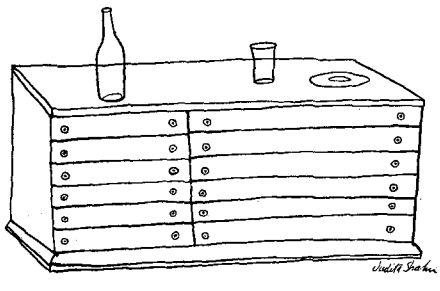
have a half-billion-dollar surplus. There were no layoffs or reductions in force. The happy outcome was largely the result of the national recovery, which meant that local revenues were high, and of the generosity of the Legislature, which had heeded the Governor's plea by appropriating three hundred million dollars in new funds for the city.

City Hall does have a where-*is*-everybody look to one group: local Republicans. A suit filed in the summer of 1981 by a coalition of plaintiffs, including black and Hispanic leaders, had argued that the member-at-large seats on the City Council—there were two from each of the five boroughs, not one of them held by a member of a minority group—violated the one-man, one-vote principle: Staten Island has three hundred and fifty thousand residents, while Brooklyn has nearly two and a half million. Last June, in accordance with a court order, the Council members-at-large, of whom three were Republicans, were out of office. In November of 1982, Angelo Arculeo, the only incumbent Republican City Council member who had been elected by district, had been defeated by a Democrat. In 1983, City Hall turned into a political center that is without a single elected Republican.

Though there hasn't been any reduction in the number of city employees, there is no doubt that many once-familiar faces in city government have disappeared. Early in 1978, after Koch took office, Alfred Miele, a *News* reporter, pasted on the wall of Room 9, the City Hall pressroom, a double-page spread from the *Civil Service Leader* showing pictures of fifty or so of the new Mayor's appointees under the headline "A GUIDE TO THE KOCH ADMINISTRATION." Since then, every time a press release has come from the Mayor's office announcing that an appointee would no longer be with him someone from the *News* has drawn a black X over the face of the departed. (To add to the fading-away feeling, the *Civil Service Leader*, established in 1904, is also no more, having been swallowed up by another local civil-service organ, *The Chief*.) The most recent X was on the picture of Police Commissioner Robert McGuire, who is returning to private life at the end of the year. None of the pictures of Koch's original appointees at the deputy-mayor level and only a very few of those on the commissioner level—most of the jobs now pay between seventy-one thousand and eighty-eight thousand five hundred dollars a year—are left unmarked. The only remaining commissioners who went on the City Hall payroll early in 1978 is Thomas Jacobs, of the Probation Department. In addition, there is Gillian Sorensen, commissioner for the United Nations and for the Consular Corps, which was originally a nonpaying post and is now salaried. The handful of holdovers from the administration of Koch's predecessor, Abraham Beame, had a far higher survival rate: Joseph Christian is still around as head of the Housing Authority, and Anthony Ameruso, who was commissioner of highways under Beame, is Koch's transportation commissioner. Ameruso's longevity in office, like that of several of Koch's appointees, is widely thought to bear some relation to his friendly association with Meade Esposito, the Democratic boss of Brooklyn, with whom Koch, once celebrated as an anti-clubhouse politician, is on excellent terms. A while back, when a reporter asked a member of the Mayor's staff where the administration had found a certain appointee the casual answer was "Oh, he's Meade's."

In the Koch administration, all other major posts mentioned by the *Civil Service Leader*—and some it did not mention—have been held by at least two people. There have also been three fire commissioners, three directors of labor relations, three counsels to the mayor, three commissioners of general services, three heads of personnel, and three heads of the Human Resources Administration, which oversees the welfare system. Koch has had four deputy mayors whose major concern was economic development, four coördinators of criminal justice, four heads of ports and terminals, four city representatives to the State Legislature, and four press secretaries, along with one acting press secretary. There have also been four presidents of the Health and Hospitals Corporation, which runs the municipal hospitals. The third to hold the office, Dr. Abraham Kauvar, never recovered from having said in a public discussion of whether blacks would be involved in a hospital consultant contract that people "are always looking for a nigger in the woodpile." Noting that, compared to Denver—from which Kauvar had come and to which he returned—New York is "the fast lane," the *Times* editorial writers said that his remark raised the question of whether he is "capable of contending with the social, racial, and political complexities of his new job."



Some of this small army of the departed jumped—especially this year, after it turned out that the Koch caravan was not moving on to bigger things in Albany. Some were pushed: in his 1981 campaign for reëlection, Koch, in establishing his record as the man who had "made the tough decisions," mentioned that he had fired "about twenty commissioners." Although no one has been heard calling out, "Have you seen Phil Toia plain?"—referring to Koch's onetime deputy mayor for finance, who departed in 1979—a where-are-they-now question can bring on a sense that City Hall's rotunda is full of ghosts: men and women whose appointments were announced with great fanfare and who then quite suddenly vanished from the scene. However, the City Hall cast of characters is by no means entirely new, thanks to the Mayor's practice of shifting good and tested friends from one office to another—a practice also described by some of his critics as drawing the wagons into an even tighter circle. Nathan Leventhal, former head of the Department of Housing Preservation and Development, is now deputy mayor for operations. Anthony Gliedman, once commissioner of ports and terminals, is now head of the Department of Housing Preservation and Development. Robert Wagner, Jr., the former chairman of the City Planning Commission, has returned to being deputy mayor for policy after Koch arranged to have him named city-schools chancellor, only to have him declared educationally unqualified by the State Commissioner of Education. Herbert Sturz, Koch's onetime criminal-justice coördinator, is now chairman of the City Planning Commission. Stanley Brezenoff, former commissioner of employment and former head of the Human Resources Administration, is now head of the Health and Hospitals Corporation. And William Rauch, who was Koch's advance man in his two most recent campaigns, is his latest press secretary. A number of these

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mobile members of the Koch administration are quick learners; those who were good at their previous jobs tend to do well at their new ones. Nevertheless, when it was said of William Clark, Ronald Reagan's former Deputy Secretary of State, former National Security Adviser, and present Secretary of the Interior, that his most important qualification for his new office was his access to the President, it sounded familiar here.

NOT all of a year's official celebrations are centennials or golden anniversaries, of course. After skillfully managing to hog the big 1976 Bicentennial (in the view of some other places, including Philadelphia), New York had been shut out of subsequent two-hundredth-anniversary ceremonies until recently. From September of 1776, when the redcoats moved in here after the Battle of Long Island, to November of 1783, it was a British garrison town, an occupied city. Late last month, it got back in the bicentennial business when local citizens celebrated the withdrawal of British troops from the city. In and around the two-hundred-and-twenty-year-old Fraunces Tavern, in lower Manhattan, there was a parade of men in the uniforms of Washington's Continental Army, and even some ersatz redcoats equipped with swords and muskets. There were also acrobats, jugglers, and musicians in Colonial costumes. A few weeks earlier, out in Oyster Bay, Long Island, where President Theodore Roosevelt had a house for much of his life, there was a parade through the town streets in honor of what would have been his hundred-and-twenty-fifth birthday. By coincidence, it was held the very week in which his name was often admiringly invoked in Washington in connection with the exciting—if bloody—derring-do of the Grenada "rescue operation." Something that was not mentioned by Roosevelt's admirers in Washington was that, for all his combative rhetoric, he had managed matters so that no American lives were lost on foreign soil during his seven years in office. A couple of weeks ago, Cuomo made an indirect reference of his own to Theodore Roosevelt (who, like F.D.R., was one of his predecessors in Albany) when he appeared at a ground-breaking ceremony on Charlotte Street, in the South Bronx, to make a symbolic presentation of six hundred and sixty-nine thousand dollars in state money that had made the project possible. He told the South Bronx residents, "I come here to talk softly and carry a big check." The Mayor was not on hand on this occasion. Former Governor Carey took almost no interest in such ceremonies, which often turn into politically useful photo opportunities. Among 1983's more painful adjustments for Koch has been getting used to a governor of the state who matches the Mayor in his readiness to travel anywhere in the city to break ground or cut a ribbon, dominating the photo opportunities whenever he is in town—which is often. One of the anniversaries frequently spoken of during the year was one that hasn't happened yet: the prospective centennial, in 1986, of the dedication of the Statue of Liberty, which is now undergoing structural repairs. It is hoped that the centennial will coincide with the opening of a museum in the now near-derelict main building on Ellis Island—the golden door which, between 1872 and 1954, was the entry point of the homeless, tempest-tossed forebears of half of all present-day Americans.

In connection with today's homeless, a recent "Setting Municipal Priorities" conference, in Glen Cove, Long Island, had something of interest to contribute. The two-day conference dealt not only with the city's 1983 fiscal-year surplus but also with the happy question of what should be done with a billion dollars in funds that may become available to the city from the Municipal Assistance Corporation during the next five years. It seemed that every ten minutes during the meeting someone mentioned that the city's fiscal crisis was over, although a big "however" usually followed. One hard question was why, if things were so good in the nation and in the city, there are perhaps twice as many homeless people living on the city streets and twice as many homeless families living in welfare hotels—and also twice as many soup kitchens—as there were two years ago.

Still, there was also good news. It is often said that the wave of black migration from the rural South to New York and other Northern cities, immense as it was, happened with almost nobody noticing that it was taking place. In Glen Cove, during a discussion of unemployment in the city, Eli Ginzberg, the director of a Columbia University research project called Conservation of Human Resources (how the academic and political worlds got along before someone thought up the

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phrase "human resources" no one seems eager to speculate on), and Louis Winnick, a deputy vice-president of the Ford Foundation, mentioned the huge number of legal immigrants—eighty thouand or so—who now arrive in this city each year from other countries and said that "nearly all of them are working." These figures were largely confirmed by Frank Vardy, of the City Planning Commission. According to the 1980 census, nearly one out of four of the city's residents were born in other countries. From 1965, when a new federal immigration law abolishing the most rigid immigration quotas and encouraging the reuniting of families went into effect, until 1980 a million foreigners moved to New York legally, and there have been perhaps three hundred thousand in the years since. By some estimates, there is one illegal—or, to use the new, less pejorative term, "undocumented"—arrival for every two with proper documents. In 1910, at the height of the great immigration that changed the city and the nation, forty-two per cent of the city's population had been born in other countries. Winnick estimated the present number as perhaps thirty-six per cent and growing fast. Of these immigrants, fifty-eight per cent are from Central and South America and forty-two per cent from Europe and Asia. The three countries that provide the largest number of immigrants are the Dominican Republic, the People's Republic of China, and Italy. The new immigrants are working at jobs that most American-born residents do not want, but they are also busy at enterprises that they have invented for themselves—such as the Korean fruit markets that now crowd the city, where there were no such markets before. Other newcomers take over from representatives of previous migrations—as in the case of the Indians and the Pakistanis who have replaced many now elderly Jewish newsstand proprietors. Recently arrived Filipinos are seen in all segments of the medical field. Peruvians make use of welding skills they learned in the old country. A third of the children now in the city's public schools are said to be the children of parents who were born in other countries; if they were not here, conceivably a third of the city's fifty-six thousand teachers would be out of work. Whole areas of the city, such as Washington Heights, in Manhattan, and Elmhurst, in Queens, would be half empty without the new arrivals. While many formerly Jewish areas of Brooklyn have become predominantly black, Brighton Beach, because of an influx of Soviet Jews, is as heavily Jewish as it was in the days Neil Simon wrote his play about; it is now known informally as Little Odessa. One question raised at the conference was why such a large percentage of the new arrivals appear to be making it, to a modest degree, in contrast to hundreds of thousands of local residents who were born in this country. Numerous explanations were offered. Many of the newcomers, for example, have some business experience and some higher education or special skills when they arrive, and, as was true of the earlier immigrants, many of them are able to rely for emotional and interim financial support on the resources of extended families—relatives and others. The big question was whether their vitality would bring as many great changes as the waves of migration eight or nine decades ago. One more time, New Yorkers had got used to the way the city was, and then, suddenly looking around them, had found that it had been transformed once again. And that, it was agreed, was a curious—even beautiful—thing.

It was a nice coincidence that 1983 was the year to celebrate still another anniversary—a twentieth, in this case. It was in 1963 that Nathan Glazer and Daniel Patrick Moynihan published "Beyond the Melting Pot," about the ethnic groups who came to New York and how they did not, in fact, melt together but, keeping their fierce individuality, changed the city and the nation.

IN the Governor's Room at City Hall is a portrait of General George Washington overseeing the evacuation of the British troops on November 25, 1783, but that was not the reason for a recent visit to the room by Governor Cuomo, which for a brief time made the seat of local government seem to be an overcrowded place. Cuomo had learned that on City Hall's second floor there is a Governor's Room—really three stately, many-windowed rooms—which early in the last century, when travel between here and Albany was by horsepower, had been set aside for the use of governors when they were in town. Alfred E. Smith was the last one to use it, back in the nineteen-twenties. Last month, when the time came for Cuomo and the Mayor to celebrate the signing of an agreement

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involving a real-estate development that was of interest to both the city and the state, Cuomo specified that part of the ceremony be held in the Governor's Room. After some demurring, the Mayor agreed, but he noted that the Governor's appearance there was "by invitation"—that is, the Mayor's invitation—just in case Cuomo had any notion of turning the elegantly furnished quarters into a permanent local pied-à-terre.

It was Cuomo's first visit to City Hall since October of 1982, when he came to ask the Mayor's endorsement in the general election. Like the earlier meeting, this one did not last long. At one point, Cuomo put his arm around the Mayor, but no one would have described the occasion as a love fest. Nor do many people expect that the relationship between the two men—or the men themselves—will change dramatically in the year just ahead. The Mayor shows no sign of departing from his Terrible Tempered Mr. Bang imitation: in one three-day period early this month he denounced the Syrians for "barbarism" and "animalism;" attacked media coverage of the fighting in Lebanon as "inaccurate," "biassed," and "disgraceful," with special attention to the broadcasts of NBC's John Chancellor; and accused prominent New Jersey officials of "pillaging and stealing" in a disagreement over the use of a federal development grant. During the same three days, at a conference on homeless young, he said of the people in the city's shelters for the homeless that some of them were "able-bodied" and were in such places by choice, because they preferred "a different style of life," and that one left a shelter each day "with an attaché case." The headline in the *News* was "ED YUKS IT UP OVER HOMELESS." His judgments attracted less attention than they might otherwise have because they were made the same week that the White House adviser Edwin Meese made his much-quoted statements about hunger—or the absence of hunger—in America. Koch defended his remarks later by saying, "I can take a provocative subject . . . and bring some humor to it," and that, he said, was "what keeps people going in the darkest times." In fact, shortly before his yukking-it-up rhetoric, the Mayor had given a speech that took a sympathetic view of the problems of the homeless, and it is this approach that will surely guide the city's official actions.

Meanwhile, predictions are that the Governor will keep on talking softly and playing the sweet-natured conciliator—doing what some of those around him in Albany call his Mario-for-all-seasons imitation of St. Thomas More, whom he frequently quotes and whose portrait hangs in his New York office. It seems likely that in the matter of press notices he will have plenty of chances to turn the other cheek in the months to come: saintliness can be wearing. Some reporters have even taken to citing revisionist works on More which portray the martyred churchman as a wily—and, on occasion, unscrupulous—political operator. A particular favorite is Josephine Tey's "The Daughter of Time," in which the plot turns on proving to the author's satisfaction that the true circumstances of the famous murders of the little princes in the Tower were feloniously covered up by the sainted More. It is true that the Governor is a more reflective sort than many politicians. When a reporter observed that a rather dangerous thing about him was that he often seemed to think that he should be trusted because everyone knew he was a good person, his comment was "She's right." On the other hand, those who suspected that, like Koch, he has at least one mean bone in his body were surely persuaded of it this month by comments he made about former Vice-President Walter Mondale, whom he has endorsed for the Democratic Presidential nomination but seems not to have entirely forgiven for not endorsing him over Koch in last year's campaign for the governorship. Speaking of the Presidential race, Cuomo told Washington *Post* reporters, "The problem for the Democrats is to find a candidate who is perceived as saying something." He said that his mother, Immaculata Cuomo, had described Mondale as "polenta," which he identified as "a peasant's bland dish," and added that she had called Mondale "*insipido*." Later, he explained that polenta was "a good, solid dish—wholesome and invigorating." That same week, South Carolina Senator Ernest Hollings accused Mondale and Ohio Senator John Glenn of engaging in "the politics of mush." For better or worse, it is not the kind of politics that is much practiced in this city. —ANDY LOGAN

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

A De Palma Movie for People Who Don't Like De Palma Movies

Al Pacino's Tony Montana is small and mean. The slash of a scar that runs through one eyebrow and down across the cheekbone seems to go right to his soul; there's something dead in his face—as if ordinary human emotions had rotted away, leaving nothing but greed and a scummy shrewdness. As the central character in the new "Scarface," directed by Brian De Palma from a script by Oliver Stone, he scrambles up the rungs of the Miami drug world the way that Paul Muni, as an Italian immigrant, climbed to the top of the Chicago bootlegging business in the 1932 "Scarface." Modelled on the career of Al Capone, the 1932 film, like the other prototypical gangster pictures—"Little Caesar" and "The Public Enemy," both of 1931—was set during Prohibition. The basic story fits right into the early eighties: the new Scarface is a Cuban, one of an estimated ten thousand inmates of jails and mental institutions whom Castro, having his little joke, deported to the United States in 1980, when President Carter (briefly) opened the doors to Cuban refugees. Tony Montana boils with resentment because other people have a soft life, and more money than he has. "Me, I want what's coming to me," he says—"the world and everything in it." He's an angry, vindictive killer, and he sees America as the land of opportunity.

For the first three-quarters of an hour, the film is garish and intense. With Giorgio Moroder's synthesizer music pulsating and with shots of the arrival of the "Marielitos" (the Cubans who set out from Mariel Harbor), it feels like the beginning of a new-style, post-"Godfather" gangster epic—hot and raw, like a spaghetti Western. The swaying movements of music and image suggest a developing delirium. In these lushly ominous early sequences, the American immigration officers spot Tony for what he is, and they put him and his pal Manolo (Steven Bauer) in a detention camp. We see the sadistic murder that the two of them carry out in order to buy their freedom, and then the first drug deal that Tony handles, which turns into a bloody massacre. These two sequences are planned and edited with staccato, brutal efficiency; De Palma seems to be adapting his techniques to naked melodrama, chain saw and all. (The massacre is awesome—a slapstick comedy of horrors which just goes streaking by.) And our first encounters with the other characters raise our expectations. Frank Lopez, the Hispanic-Jewish kingpin of the Miami drug trade, who takes a fancy to Tony, is like any number of movie producers: as played by Robert Loggia, he's a big, beefy windbag who enjoys being expansive and handing out paternal advice. Frank's bored girlfriend, Elvira, a Wasp junkie with silken blond hair and a mannequin's cool, is played by Michelle Pfeiffer, a funny, sexy beauty who slinks across the screen—she's the Platonic ideal of classy hooker. And Frank's henchman, Omar, an anxious, pockmarked creep who has a big laugh for his boss's jokes, is played by the whirlwind F. Murray Abraham; he manages to look like a shark here, and every time he appears in a scene, its energy level jumps.

The film is fine until it gets into the 1932 story. The original "Scarface" unfolded rapidly; the scenes went bam-bam fast. In this 1983 "Scarface," the same scenes are played languorously, in stately, pseudo-"Godfather" style, as if something were going on in the characters—as if they had an interior life and were going to grow or change. Just when De Palma needs every trick he can come up with, he gives up on "style" and goes straight. The original had a core of wit, but Oliver Stone's script just seems to touch the old bases, and after those showy early sequences De Palma tromps through the stock situations; nothing else he does has the rash brilliance of that Mack Sennett chainsaw sequence. His handling of the minor actors may be better than ever (Arnaldo Santana has a scene as Ernie—a flunky who expects to be killed and then isn't—that any actor could be proud of), and he works in a lot of little zaps, and always provides you with something to look at. It's the stuff up front that's sluggish. When Howard Hawks, who directed the 1932 film, and Ben Hecht, who wrote the script, decided to give their Al Capone and his sister the incestuous passions of the Borgias, they were having a nose-thumbing good time. This new film lingers over Tony's possessiveness about his sister, and is so obvious about it that the picture manages to make incest seem dated. Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, who plays the fiery sister, has a great cam-

"Capital 'N,' capital 'O,' period."

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era face and is clearly raring to give a performance, but she's stuck with scenes that refer back to the mores of 1932. When Tony's mother (Miriam Colon)—a bone thrown to the moralists—goes through the standard poor-but-proud speech, telling him how worthless he is, the episode has an echo-chamber effect. If the actress faltered in her lines, the audience could prompt her.

De Palma may have felt that he could stretch himself by using a straightforward approach—something he has never been very good at. But what happens is simply that he's stripped of his gifts. His originality doesn't function on this crude, ritualized melodrama; he's working against his own talent. In desperation, he seems to be trying to blast through the pulpy material to something primal, and it isn't there. He keeps attempting to whip up big animalistic scenes, and then plods through them. And as the action rolls on, F. Murray Abraham is bumped off, and then Loggia (along with Harris Yulin, who turns up as a self-satisfied crooked narc and does perhaps the best work he's ever done on the screen). And the piquant Michelle Pfeiffer—she hunches her beautiful skinny shoulder blades when she's inhaling coke—doesn't have enough disdainful, comic opportunities.

After a while, Pacino is a lump at the center of the movie. His Tony Montana has no bloom to lose, and he doesn't suggest much in the way of potential: heights aren't built into him. Nothing develops in Pacino's performance. This is a two-hour-and-forty-nine-minute picture with a star whose imagination seems impaired. He wants to show us what an ignoramus this big-shot gangster is, and the role becomes an exercise in loathsomeness (on the order of De Niro's performance in "Raging Bull"), without internal contradictions or shading. Pacino isn't a lazy actor, and sometimes he comes up with invention that's really inspired—like the way Tony, who's all eyes for Elvira, bobs around her on the dance floor. It's the only time he seems youthful: Elvira wriggles by herself, grinding her pelvis ever so slightly—this is her notion of sophisticated dancing—and he bounces about like a horny country bumpkin. (Pacino was also inspired in the contorted, ugly dancing he did in "Cruising.") But most of the time here he goes through the motions of impersonating a dynamo while looking as drained as he did at the end of "The Godfather, Part II." He has no tension—his "dynamic" movements don't connect to anything inside him. Then he gives up the fake energy, and this is supposed to stand for Tony's disintegration. He's doing the kind of Method acting in which the performer wants you to see that he's living the part and expects you to be knocked out by his courage in running the gauntlet. Pacino is certainly willing to go all the way with Tony's drunken and drugged-out loutishness. But he may be too comfortable with it; he's sodden.

There was a major difference between Paul Muni's Tony in "Scarface" and both Edward G. Robinson's Rico in "Little Caesar" and James Cagney's Tommy Powers in "The Public Enemy": Tony wasn't likable. It was his jabbing, phallic drive—the sheer "I want" force of the man—that made him exciting to watch. Stone and De Palma have retained this idea; likability is left to Steven Bauer, as Tony's loyal friend Manolo (the role played by George Raft in the 1932 version). Bauer, a bilingual Cuban-American in his mid-twenties who appeared in the eighteen-episode public-television series "Qué Pasa, U.S.A.?" under the name Rocky Echevarria, brings the picture a nifty mixture of businesslike murderousness and lover-boy sweetness. You can hook in to his character, and you may experience a pang when Manolo is killed. But Pacino is not the darting, energetic gangster hero who scores and scores. He's hollow from the start—he seems to have to act to look alive. And you don't feel a thing when Tony is finished.

This "Scarface" has the length of an epic but not the texture of an epic, and its dramatic arc is faulty: Tony is just starting to learn the ropes, and then, sated with wealth and dope, he's moldy. He seems to get to the top by one quick coup. We need to see more of his rise and how he managed it—how he built his organization and won the loyalty of his men. And we need to see his triumph. We miss out on the frightening exhilaration of Tony's winning his crown; there's no satisfaction for Tony or for the audience. We don't even get any of the gangster conspiracies that we might enjoy. The middle of the movie is missing. We get the aftermaths but not the capers. And Pacino seems to shrink with power; he looks as if he's about to disappear in a puff of coke.

Pacino has several scenes in which he's practically buried in money—we are given to understand that it's com-

"Easy on the hallelujahs, Harry."

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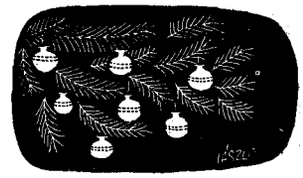
ing in so fast that it's a joke. And he also has scenes in which he's covered in cocaine: Tony dunks his face in it, or just shoves his snout in it. This, too, is a joke—the whole movie is a joke about consumerism (and capitalism). Tony gets everything he wanted—an estate with a tiger on the grounds, an enormous sunken tub for his bubble baths. The grandiose visual effects include a blimp with the words "The World Is Yours" spelled out in lights; it appears in the sky on the night that Tony disposes of Frank Lopez and lays claim to Elvira. The same words—they were the motif of the 1932 film, also—appear on the lamp (a globe of the world) that lights the Pompeian entranceway of the mansion that Tony and Elvira live in after they're married. The joke is how shallow he is, how degraded. He's a pig rooting around in money and cocaine, and, as things go wrong, he snorts more and more. (This could be a summary of how some movies are made now.)



Probably all this excess is intended to be satirical—snorting coke turns into a running gag. But the scenes are so shapeless that we don't know at what point we're meant to laugh. The ludicrousness that the moviemakers are showing us can't be sorted out from the ludicrousness of the movie itself. When the quick-tempered Elvira, who has regarded Tony as filth since the first time she saw him, suddenly throws a drink at him, and says accusingly, "Can't you see what we've become!," her line is a howler. And when Elvira complains of the boringness of Tony's constant use of a seven-letter obscenity it's like a criticism of the picture. The obscenities here *are* boring; they're used in the enervated way they were in "Rumble Fish"—the lines sound as if the actors were making them up. And in a picture with Ferdinando Scarfiotti as the visual consultant and such extravagant theatrical effects as rooms and terraces that are pastel abstractions, a painted mural of a tropical paradise on Frank Lopez's office wall, and home furnishings that suggest Roman Empire Art Deco, the flat, stunted language seems almost campy, like the language in the Maria Montez–Jon Hall–Turhan Bey epics. What is a moviegoer supposed to be thinking about while listening to Elvira's impassioned "We're losers, not winners" or hearing Tony say of Elvira, "Her womb is polluted"? (He also comes up with some variant of "You touch my seester, I keel you.")

The movie turns funny through a curdled, unfunny blowsiness. Tony doesn't even spit out his expletives anymore; he slurs them. Elvira accuses him of not being much of a lover, and he sprawls in his bubbles in his big tub watching TV and muttering, "I don't need nobody." This isn't the usual "La Dolce Vita," you're-never-happy-when-you-get-what-you-want movie. Tony is progressively immobilized. He lolls in the circular tub, and the camera rises high above him—he's a cigar butt in a bird's-eye view of an ashtray. The camera has to move because *he* isn't going to move. The dialogue doesn't move the scenes forward, either, and the action slows to next to nothing.

Tony is such a coked-up dullard that many of us in the audience—especially women—may lose all interest in him. His lassitude is our lassitude. But the moviemakers expect us to care about him because of their conception of his force. Near the start, Tony tells Frank Lopez that "the only thing that gives orders in this world is balls." And Tony, as he keeps demonstrating by his brutality, has "steel in his balls." That's what separates him from the other gangsters: he's fearless. This fearlessness—the *cojones* of a hit man—is the only explanation that the movie offers for Tony's rise in the world. And because he isn't afraid of anybody he dares to speak his mind. In a restaurant full of white-haired fat cats—a Wasp millionaires' stronghold—he yells, "You don't have the guts to be what you wanna be! You need people like me. You need people like me so you can point your ------- fingers and say, 'That's the bad guy.' "

Tony may sound almost passive; he may dribble saliva. But this is the film's message (or rationalization): that Tony is an honestly brutal businessman—he isn't a hypocrite like the Wasps. There's even the suggestion that he's better than they are because he isn't afraid to do his own killing. (The film's message is like a sociopathic moron's interpretation of Robert Warshow's thesis in his famous essay "The Gangster as Tragic Hero.") The restaurant sequence is especially tinny, because the Establishment millionaires and their la-

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cies are the usual Hollywood dress extras, and their polite, aghast expressions (and anonymous, helpful buzz) give them a stiff Pop Art stuffed-dummy look. They're in a time warp. This isn't just a sloppy piece of filmmaking, though—it's the only piece of rabble-rousing that I've ever seen in a De Palma movie. When Tony, the drunken, corrupted peasant, tells off the old rich, he appears to be speaking for the writer and the director. And from the film's point of view he knows the truth about power and how it works. (It may be that Stone and De Palma got into these cheap distortions by using the movie business as their model for the world.)

The picture is peddling macho primitivism and at the same time making it absurd. Tony's sister does a creeping-hellcat seduction number on him, and he doesn't respond. She empties a gun at him, and her bullets can't kill him (or don't, anyway); he gets more vital as he's pumped full of lead. It takes men to shoot him down—in a rampaging, "White Heat" finale that involves an army of assassins and fills the screen with corpses, without generating much excitement.

At the beginning, we're led to expect that something terrible will happen, and what happens is that the director's concentration seems to fall apart, and his energies are dispersed. Maybe in giving up his artistry De Palma was trying to identify with Pacino's performance, and trying to persuade himself that the methods he was using here were more honest, more truthful than the way he'd worked on his other pictures. But Pacino's Tony has nothing to reveal. "Scarface" is a long, druggy spectacle—manic yet exhausted, with De Palma entering into the derangement and trying to make something heroic out of Tony's emptiness and debauchery. The director is doggedly persistent—compellingly so—but the whole feeling of the movie is limp. This may be the only action picture that turns into an allegory of impotence.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[*From the Haymaker, newspaper of Phillips University*]

Last week, The Haymaker incorrectly reported that Comets were defeated by the Indy's in the semi-finals of the Intramural Flashball tournament. The game scheduled to be played Thursday, Oct. 6, was rained out. So the anticipated results were incorrect when they were published on Friday, Oct. 7.

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THE ART WORLD

Alternatives

MONEY talks too much in the art world, but who listens? Not quite everyone. The continuing energy, diversity, and prickliness of so much art shown here defies Mammon, and makes investment collectors nervous. In spite of the recent prevalence of what an artist friend of mine calls "junior realism" —crude, "expressionist" painting that often seems to express mainly the speed with which it was done—there is still no dominant, blue-chip style. The most important innovation of the last ten years is not a style at all, in fact, but a social phenomenon: the rapid growth and proliferation of "alternative spaces"—those not-for-profit exhibition rooms, workshops, and experimental way stations that began in the nineteen-seventies as a sort of guerrilla movement outside the established art-support system and have become an essential aspect of that system. Something like a hundred and fifty or two hundred of these amorphous and sometimes evanescent establishments are scattered around the New York metropolitan area, ranging in scope from P.S. 1, the cavernous converted public-school building in Long Island City which recently showed work by the big five German neo-expressionists, to Fashion Moda, the Bronx storefront where spray-can painting made its transition from a misdemeanor to a style. Every North American city with pretensions to an art life has its own alternative spaces by now. Supported by government grants, foundation funds, private gifts, and resilience of spirit, they are responsible for much of the vitality of the current art scene. In New York, the people who run them tend to be young, female, and very resourceful. Recently, I talked with three of these energizers: Linda Shearer, the executive director of Artists Space; Stefan Eins, of Fashion Moda; and Marcia Tucker, of the New Museum of Contemporary Art. What all three conversations had in common was the sense that running an alternative space, whatever else it involves, must be tremendous fun.

Artists Space started in 1973 as a means of getting grant money into the hands of visual artists. The New York State Council on the Arts had been doing pioneer work in building public support for all the arts, but, by state law, it could make grants only to nonprofit organizations. This was fine for dance and regional theatre companies but not so good for individual painters and sculptors. Trudie Grace, a Council staff member, and Irving Sandler, an art historian, were troubled by the inequity; they talked with a great many New York artists and concluded that what nonestablished artists—artists not represented by a gallery—wanted most was an opportunity to show their work. Grace and Sandler responded to this need by starting the Committee for the Visual Arts, which rented a loft on Wooster Street, in SoHo, and called it Artists Space. The guiding principle was that established artists would be the ones to decide whose work would be shown there, and the results have been impressive. The roster of artists who received their first public showing at Artists Space in its early years includes such stars as Laurie Anderson (chosen by Vito Acconci), Jon Borofsky (Sol LeWitt), Scott Burton (Claes Oldenburg), Thomas Lanigan-Schmidt (Christo), and Judy Pfaff (Al Held).

When Helene Winer succeeded Trudie Grace as director, in 1975, the selection process was broadened. Established artists still selected the work for some group exhibitions, but Winer and various guest curators put together many shows on their own, giving initial exposure to Donald Sultan, Robert Longo, Troy Brauntuch, and others. Winer also widened the exhibition format, giving greater scope to film, video, performance, and other hybrid forms that artists were turning to in the late nineteen-seventies. Any artist in New York State who was not affiliated with a commercial gallery was invited to place slides of his or her work on file at Artists Space, and the slide file was made available to dealers, designers, and anyone else who wanted to consult it. In addition, the Committee for the Visual Arts set up a program of small grants (up to four hundred dollars) to help artists initiate their own exhibitions. This was in addition to the committee's existing program of emergency grants to help artists buy the materials they needed to get their work ready for exhibition in other nonprofit galleries.

In 1977, Artists Space moved to its present quarters—five rooms on the second floor of an office building at 105 Hudson Street, in TriBeCa. Linda Shearer, a former associate curator at the Guggenheim, succeeded Helene Winer as executive director in 1980, and has presided over a continuing expansion of the program. During the last year—the tenth anniversary of Artists Space—Shearer and her board of directors (nearly half of whom are artists) have been reassessing the whole idea of Artists Space in particular and alternative spaces in general. Their main conclusion, Shearer told me, is that the need for such places is greater now than it was a decade ago, in spite of (and partly because of) the enormous increase in the number of commercial exhibition spaces. There are approximately four hundred art galleries in the city today, and somewhere between forty thousand and ninety thousand artists. (I have no idea how people arrive at such figures; these appeared in the *Times*.) The knowledge that some—very few —artists under the age of thirty have become famous internationally, and can command up to sixty thousand dollars for a canvas, puts an added burden on those whose work has received little or no attention. There is a certain pressure to feel that if you don't make it before you're thirty you might as well go back to Texas and grow sorghum. "It's more important than ever to have places to show experimental work, work that isn't *there* yet but is moving in an interesting direction," Shearer said. "What we look for is a sense of the artist pushing into new territory, taking risks, extending boundaries. Of course, the people we show are young, for the most part, and a lot of the work is clearly derivative. But you get a feeling about the artist and the work. At the Guggenheim, I used to curate objects—here I curate artists."

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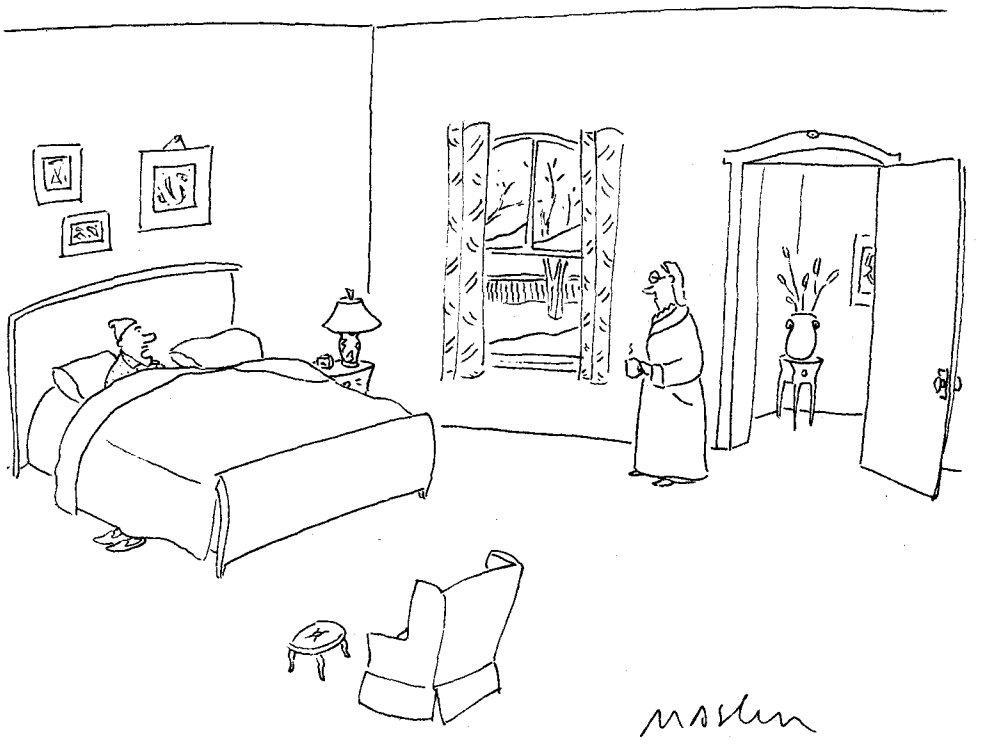
The first public showing of an artist's work often has an electrifying effect on that artist's future work. "Sometimes it goes in a whole new direction afterward, as though a lid had been lifted," Shearer said. "Almost always, there is a surge in the artist's confidence, even if nobody buys anything." A fair amount of work shown at Artists Space does get sold (Artists Space takes no commission on sales), and so many artists have been picked up by commercial galleries after their first showing that Artists Space and other nonprofit showrooms are sometimes criticized for becoming a gallery "farm system." "But what's wrong with that?" Shearer asks. "Who's being harmed? Most artists do want to sell their work. At the same time, there are artists around now who don't want to join a commercial gallery, who want to work outside the system. Not as many as there were in the seventies, when conceptual artists and earth artists really tried to reject the gallery system completely. But quite a few. And there are a lot of serious artists around now who are just not 'hot' and who have no stomach for the sort of promotion that hot artists often get. We're starting a new program, with funding from the Mark Rothko Foundation, of one-person shows by older artists who we feel have not received adequate recognition—this season we'll show Ernst Benkert, Sally Hazelet Drummond, and Mowry Baden. Mainly, though, I just think this place is increasingly useful for people whose work is still developing, and who need the time and encouragement that we can offer them."



"I'll rise, but I'm damned well not going to shine."

• •

Fashion Moda occupies a three-window storefront on Third Avenue near 147th Street, in the downtown area of the South Bronx. Its name balloons in huge spray-painted script above the windows. Inside, black walls with rust-colored drips of paint; stamped-tin ceiling; weary wood floors; four molded-plastic chairs bolted together in a row. Some pretty wild unframed pictures were tacked up when I visited the place, and some fairly weird sculptures took up floor space near one window. Behind a battered desk was Sahara Belbeaux, a young black woman in Army coveralls, one of two directors; the other, Jacqueline White, was out. Stefan Eins, the executive director, was out, too, but he came in a few minutes later. He is a young man with curly dark hair worn shoulder length, piercing blue eyes, and a Viennese accent. "Fashion Moda is not an alternative space," he told me straight off. "It is not an alternative to anything; it is something in itself—an international cultural concept." Stefan Eins is Austrian. He studied at the Academy of Fine Arts in Vienna, came to New York in 1967, and eventually rented a small storefront in SoHo, at 3 Mercer Street, where he lived, worked, and showed his work—sculpture and conceptual art. In time, he began to show work by other artists. He got some money from the National Endowment for the Arts and from the New York State Council on the Arts, and 3 Mercer Street became a fledgling alternative space. But SoHo was too insular for Eins—not broad enough in human scope. "I needed a strong challenge to get my creative focus. I chose the South Bronx partly because of its media image as the worst ghetto in the nation." Eins had an idea that he wanted to put to the test. The idea was that "quality achievement can happen anywhere."

What happened at Fashion Moda was graffiti art, much to Eins' surprise. "I didn't like graffiti when I moved here, in 1978," he told me. "But it became apparent that this would be a good thing to show." After the first graffiti show, in 1980, several of the local "writers," as graffitists prefer to call themselves, came in and decorated the back room of the gallery, floor to ceiling. Most of the graffiti artists who have made the transition from subway cars and city walls to canvas and art galleries had their first showings here, and Fashion Moda became a headquarters and hangout for several of them. (A notable exception was Jean-Michel Basquiat, one of the movement's meteoric successes. Eins tried to get him to show there when he was still a clandestine writer who called himself Samo, but Basquiat had his sights focussed on the galleries downtown.) Basquiat, Keith Haring, Futura 2000, and seventeen others recently turned up in a group show called "Post-Graffiti," at the Sidney Janis Gallery, on West Fifty-seventh Street. The significance of the title escaped me—their work at Janis looked just the way it looks in less exalted surroundings—but graffiti art has become such an international success lately that its practitioners may well be planning ahead. According to Sahara Belbeaux, the best graffiti writers may abandon graffiti but keep the

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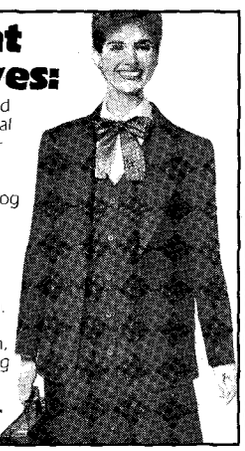

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style. "A lot of them have been to art school," she said. "They know they can't just keep on doing the same thing."

Fashion Moda has not concentrated exclusively on graffiti, or on local talent. Its formal title is the Museum of Science, Art, Invention, Technology, and Fantasy. Last August, Fashion Moda put on a science exhibition, which included a wind turbine built by a winner of the 1983 Westinghouse Science Talent Search. "But it seems that art is the main thing going on just now," Eins says, and Fashion Moda's emphasis so far reflects that. Many of John Ahearn's painted-plaster-cast portraits of South Bronx men, women, and children were made right in the storefront. Ahearn, a Cornell graduate who grew up in Binghamton, got to know Eins when he was living in lower Manhattan, and followed him up to the Bronx. (He now shows his work at the Brooke Alexander gallery, on West Fifty-seventh Street.) The Fashion Moda *idea*, moreover, has spread far and wide. Eins and his colleagues have put on Fashion Moda shows in New Orleans, Atlanta, San Francisco, and Oakland, and the 1982 Documenta exhibition in Kassel, Germany, had a Fashion Moda booth.

Moda means "fashion" in Spanish. The gallery's printed logo has the same word repeated in Russian and in Chinese. Why fashion? "Fashion in the general sense," Eins explains. "As a means of communication beyond ideology. Fashion Moda connects with the street and with the international art world. It opens the doors to everyone. I think we are doing away with certain rigidities in art."

AT the New Museum of Contemporary Art, a cheerful confusion prevails. The New Museum moved into brand-new quarters in October. After six years on the ground floor of the New School for Social Research Graduate Center, at Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street—the scene of such exuberantly contentious exhibitions as " 'Bad' Painting," in 1978, and "Extended Sensibilities: Homosexual Presence in Contemporary Art," in 1982—the New Museum now has two and a half renovated (well, *almost* renovated) floors of its own in the old Astor Building, at 583 Broadway, in the heart of SoHo. When I arrived, its founder and director, Marcia Tucker, was sitting behind a cluttered desk, in a tiny cubicle that functions as the director's office. Marcia Tucker is passionately opposed to hierarchies. All decisions at the New Museum are reached by consensus, which does not mean by majority vote—it means that everybody agrees, more or less. "People told me that this kind of direct democracy would never work when the place began to grow, but it does," Tucker told me. "We've got a staff of twenty people and three times the exhibition space we had before, and it still works."

One of the first things to remember about the New Museum is that it is a *museum*. Although Tucker and her colleagues concern themselves solely with contemporary art (specifically, with art no more than ten years old), the emphasis here is on critical evaluation, documentation, and interpretation. Members of the curatorial staff are trained museum professionals or art historians. Marcia Tucker herself spent eight years as a curator at the Whitney Museum, where she organized exhibitions by James Rosenquist, Richard Tuttle, and many others. "When I got fired from the Whitney, in 1976, I was really clear about what I wanted to do," she said. "I wanted to start a 'museum in the sky'—a museum that would be truly responsive to artists and also to the public, one that assumed a relatively high level of intelligence, interest, and commitment on the part of the public. This place is not run by artists, although there have always been artists involved with the museum on every level. I don't think artists want to administer. I think they want interpretation, professional installation of their work, good critical essays written on it—serious attention. We treat artists with respect, but without abdicating curatorial responsibility."

Although the place was still swarming with carpenters, electricians, and other renovators, the official opening took place on October 8th, and the program is now in full swing. The inaugural exhibition, "Language, Drama, Source & Vision," presented a diverting sample of works by sixty-eight of more than three hundred artists who have shown at the New Museum. In the current show (through January 22nd), twenty-four artists offer apocalyptic images on that up-to-the-minute theme "The End of the World." With two and a half floors and eight thousand feet of exhibition space, the museum can now have more than one show going at a time, and it plans to present

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some exhibitions that originate elsewhere and might not otherwise get to New York. One good-sized room on the second floor, called WorkSpace, will be given over to individual artists for five-to-six-week periods, during which they can present what Tucker describes as "a constantly changing environment." There is also a project called On View, which can go on anywhere in the museum: when New Museum curators see something particularly good in an artist's studio, they can respond immediately—they can have the work brought to the museum that same day and install it for two to three weeks, no strings attached. This kind of instant recognition also applies to work by artists outside New York. "We apply for special grants to send our curators all over the country," Tucker explained. "Minneapolis has incredible things going on, and so do other places. You keep being told that anything really good gets into the New York galleries eventually, but it's not so. New York is still the center—this is where the largest and most responsive art audience is. But New York is not the only place where art is being produced, and you don't have to live here to be an artist."

The sort of evaluation and interpretation that goes on at the New Museum is a little different from scholarship at, say, the Metropolitan. "Here we can rethink every question about museums," Tucker said. "The problem of the collection, for example. In most museums, you find yourself spending all your time on the permanent collection. We do acquire works of art here, mainly by gift, and our solution is to hold works for ten years, document and exhibit them, and then sell them at auction. We'll offer the work first to other museums. This place doesn't have much to do with being right, you see. Judgments about ultimate value are all going to be made much later, after we're gone. You can extrapolate ideas from contemporary art that are important to the way we live, though, and we're attempting to deal with art in those terms." The United States Information Agency recently adopted Marcia Tucker's proposal for an exhibition on these terms, as the official U.S. entry at the 1984 Venice Biennale. Conceived by Tucker and two New Museum curators, Lynn Gumpert and Ned Rifkin, the show will have paintings by twenty-four artists on "the 'American Dream' as they see and experience it today." Its formal title is "Paradise Lost/Paradise Regained: American Visions of the New Decade."

The museum's operating budget this year is eight hundred thousand dollars—small by Whitney Museum standards but enormous by Marcia Tucker's. Having depended largely on the generous support of board members for the first year or so, Tucker has been remarkably successful since then in attracting federal, state, and foundation money, and the New Museum has ended each of its seven years in the black. Its new premises were donated by the building's developers, who evidently decided that having the museum there would enhance the property. It has been a tough struggle to keep the ambitious exhibition, publication, and education programs afloat, though, and for this reason, among others, New Museum enthusiasts were somewhat less than thrilled to hear that Edward R. Broida, a millionaire who made his fortune in California real estate and whose interest in art is fairly recent, had bought a former SoHo bakery just three blocks away and planned to convert it into a museum for the exhibition of post-1960 art. The Broida Museum, scheduled to open in October, 1985, will have about three times as much exhibition space as the New Museum. It is to be a private museum, supported by Broida's personal fortune, but this does not rule out the possibility that at some future date the two museums might be competing for public funds—as they will almost certainly compete for exhibitions. There is an endless amount of contemporary art to spread around, though, and another museum dedicated to showing it is sure of a welcome here. Yesterday's alternative space is today's mainstream.

—Calvin Tomkins

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*From the London Times*]

From Mr Ronald Clough

Sir, I never thought any person or persons would cause me sufficient indignation as to be moved to write to the correspondence column of a newspaper. The Yorkshire County Cricket Club Committee have proved me wrong. Now, having taken up the pen, I find I am still speechless, or whatever the written equivalent is!

Yours faithfully,

Ronald Clough

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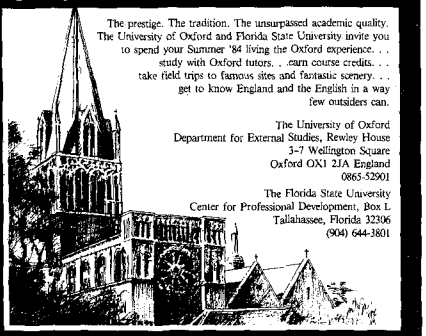

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Beginnings

DURING the three years between the production of "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," in July, 1782, and the beginning of work on "Le Nozze di Figaro," Mozart made several false starts on a comic opera and composed several numbers for insertion in the comic operas of others. In February, 1783, he told his father he was working on a German translation of Goldoni's "Servant of Two Masters." (K. 433 and K. 435 may have been intended for it.) In May, he said he had perused more than a hundred Italian librettos and found none of them usable: so many changes would be needed that it would be simpler to begin with a new one—and would the Abbé Varesco (the librettist of "Idomeneo") be prepared to undertake it? Varesco produced an idea for "L'Oca del Cairo." Mozart said he quite liked it, adding that "in opera the music is the most important thing" and so Varesco should be prepared "to alter and refashion as much and as often as I wish, and not follow his own ideas." By December, most of the first act was composed. Then came a stream of demands for plot changes; and in February, 1784, Mozart laid "The Goose of Cairo" aside. He had also begun work on another opera, "Lo Sposo Deluso, ossia La Rivalità di Tre Donne per un Solo Amante." Just when and why he abandoned it is not known. There seems to have been a year or more of operatic inactivity (the start of another comic opera, "Il Regno delle Amazoni," once dated 1783, and then 1784, has been shifted to the end of 1785); 1784 and early 1785 were rich years for piano concertos. Then came the sudden miracle of "Figaro."

The miracle seems all the greater and more sudden when we listen to "L'Oca del Cairo," "Lo Sposo Deluso," and the insert numbers, for although they are near in time to "Figaro" they are nearer in manner and matter to the early "La Finta Giardiniera." The music, however, is well worth hearing. Much of it has been recorded, but it deserves to be heard in context. That's difficult. Who will hand-on-heart urge a revival of, say, Anfossi's "Il Curioso Indiscreto" so that we can enjoy in context the three arias Mozart composed for its 1783 Vienna production—two of them for his first love and then sister-in-law, Aloysia Lange, and one for his first Belmonte, Valentin Adamberger? Well, I will. Such Anfossi as I know is not contemptible. It's tuneful. It's mildly adventurous. It's *not* nothing. There's a score of "Il Curioso Indiscreto," Grove says, handily available in the Boston Public Library, and there are scores in Paris and in Naples. And I'll wager that a campus performance of the Anfossi-Mozart "Curioso"—put into English, and put on with spirit and in style by the musicology and conservatory branches of a university, working together—will please its public. No harm if the main revelation is that Mozart rises mountain-high above his prolific and more popular contemporaries; it helps us to hear why he does. So it proved when Siena's Accademia Chigiana put on, in 1975, a composite "La Villanella Rapita," with contributions by seven composers, including Mozart's of a quartet and a trio that were small peaks among very agreeable and interestingly varied foothills.

When performed out of context, Mozart's dramatic music is diminished. A proof of that is the pasticcio "Don Pedros Heimkehr," a modern attempt to string together, along a new libretto, numbers Mozart composed for "L'Oca del Cairo," "Lo Sposo Deluso," and the operas of others. Far more successful is the version of "Lo Sposo Deluso" devised and directed by Joseph LoSchiavo, which was put on this month by the Opera Shop of the Vineyard Theatre, on East Twenty-sixth Street. (The theatre is supported by New York State vineyards, and serves their wines at its bar.) There survives a manuscript libretto of "The Bridegroom Deluded," annotated by Mozart with the names of his intended cast. (The New Grove, following Alfred Einstein, credits the text to da Ponte, but neither Mozart's letters nor the verses themselves seem to me to warrant the ascription.) Mr. LoSchiavo kept, in simplified form, the original plot but brought forward the happy ending (young lovers united; the elderly would-be bridegroom, an earlier Don Pasquale, reconciled and offering his blessing) to the end of Act I. Mozart never got round to Act II. He composed an overture that leads into the opening quartet; a soprano and a tenor aria, both set down only in skeleton score (vocal line, bass, and a few instrumental indications); and a fully scored trio. There is music here meant for the first singers of Figaro (as the deluded *sposo*), Susanna (as Eugenia, the principal *donna*), and Constanze (as Bettina). The best numbers are the entrance aria, in high heroic style, for the haughty Eugenia, outraged by the inadequacy of her welcome, and the trio—described by Einstein as "at once passionate and comic, brief and dramatic"—which has links with both "Idomeneo" and "Figaro." The third rival of the subtitle, Metilde, "a virtuosa of song and dance," would have been played by the first Blonde, but Mozart wrote no music for her, alas, and so Mr. LoSchiavo omitted her. He added an aria for Bettina, "Chi sa, chi sa," written for the first Dorabella to sing in a Martín opera; and a second aria for Eugenia, "Ah, non lasciarmi, no," which, although it is rather a grand affair, to lines from Metastasio's "Didone Abbandonata," composed as a concert piece for the first Ilia, did not sound inappropriate in a scene where Eugenia pretends to be a stern, majestic wraith haled from Hades. The wonderful comic aria "Un bacio di mano," composed for insertion in Anfossi's "Le Gelosie Fortunate," and so "symphonic" that some of it then went into the "Jupiter" Symphony, was refashioned to provide a finale. "Lo Sposo Deluso"—all but "Ah, non lasciarmi"—was sung in English, with spoken dialogue in place of the (uncomposed) recitative. The accompaniment was reduced—or, in the "skeleton" passages, amplified—for a trio of piano, violin, and cello. The opera was preceded by a little recital of chamber music by Mozart, his father, his son, and his London friend John Christian Bach—none too stylishly played.

The Mozart bill was done in alternation with Donizetti's "Il Giovedì Grasso, o Il Nuovo Pourceaugnac," a merry one-act, eight-character farsa, based on a comédie-vaudeville of Scribe's. Ernest, "a bright young man who pretends to be stupid," has been promised the hand of Nina, the pretty daughter of a crusty colonel, but she's in love with Theodore, her father's adjutant, "an extremely shy, irresolute young officer." Their friend Captain

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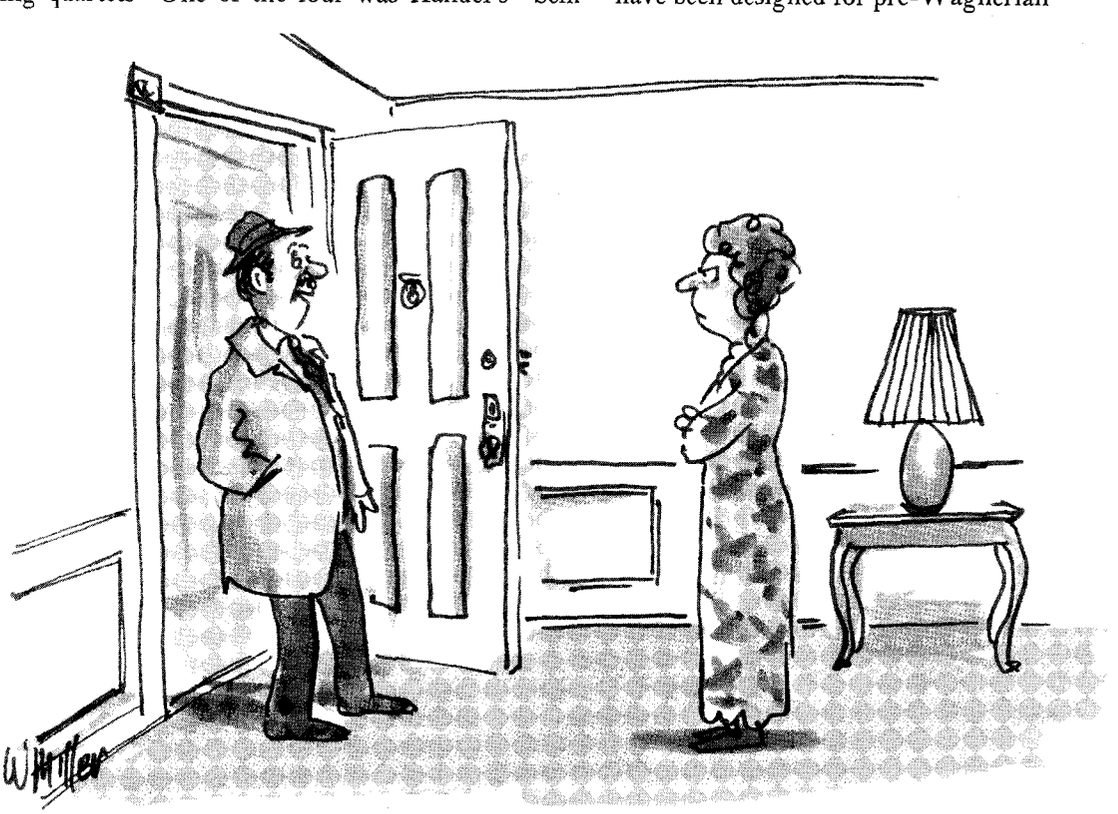
Sigismondo thinks of a plan to prevent the match. "Have you seen Molière's comedy 'M. de Pourceaugnac'?" "Of course." "Well, today let's reënact it, and get this country bumpkin Ernest so confused that he'll go away." Events don't follow the Molière scenario. Ernest, well aware of what's happening, turns the tables on and discomfits the plotters but, being a sterling fellow, first makes sure that Nina and Theodore are plighted. Ernest was composed for the great Rubini, Sigismondo for the great Lablache. The score consists of a quintet introduzione, three arias, a duet that becomes a trio, another duet, and the finale. It's a delightful, well-composed piece, if not quite on the level of "Betly," the Vineyard's previous Donizetti production. The musical numbers were—for no good reason—sung in Italian or, occasionally, Neapolitan: although the piece is set on the outskirts of Paris, Sigismondo and his servant Cola come from Naples, and they address one another in almost impenetrable dialect. The dialogue was replaced by an English narrative, written by Mr. LoSchiavo (who again directed) and pleasantly delivered, in character, by the Cola, Louis Dall'Ava. The opera, accompanied by a trio of piano, flute, and bassoon, was preceded by a recital of Donizetti chamber music—salon stuff, flimsier than the string quartets of his Bergamo years.

Both "The Bridegroom Deluded" and "Shrove Thursday" were modestly but attractively performed by artists who showed some wit and some character. The best of them were Birgit Djupedal Fioravante, the Eugenia, and David Kellett, the Ernest. But nearly all of them sang too loud at times. In the tiny theatre, made for light, easy, effortless singing—crisply delivered parlando patter, floating headnotes of melting sweetness, a natural flow of limpid, unforced tone, gracefully spun decorations—there was no need for them to push and strain, no need for the tensions that led at climaxes to bulging veins and jaws tensed until they juddered, to *violence* where *douceur* was called for. (In Rubini's day, tenors did not take full voice above high A. Domenico Donzelli, the first Pollio in "Norma," went into falsetto above G—a falsetto, he told Bellini, "employed with art and with power.") Perhaps the troupe should engage Joan Morris as vocal coach. Miriam Charney, who had made the instrumental reductions, conducted neatly. Mr. LoSchiavo and Sally Locke, the set designer, laid out the action deftly in the angle of the L-shaped theatre—an agreeable place, conducive to enjoyment. One soon forgot the occasional clonk of pipes and whirr of heating fans. The operas came across. I look forward to the Vineyard's Paisiello "Barber of Seville" in April. Perhaps it will include the aria that Mozart wrote for Josepha Hofer, his Queen of Night (and other sister-in-law), to sing in it.

THE Washington Opera has grown: from a company that three years ago played four operas four times each to one that is giving an eleven-week season with six performances a week. There are seven productions, three of them in the Opera House at Kennedy Center, which is large but not enormous, and four in the Terrace Theatre, which holds four hundred and seventy-five people. One of the four was Handel's "Semele," first staged there in 1980 and now revived in essentially the same décor, for ten performances. "Semele" is a radiant, tender masterpiece in which pangs, passion, wit, and sensual delight are mingled. At the hands of professional companies, it sometimes fares ill: the English National Opera larded it with excrescent jokiness; Covent Garden swamped it in lavish décor. The Washington staging, by Roman Terleckyj, was sometimes feeble—there were clumsy attempts to give the singers "something to do"—but was not offensive. Zack Brown's sets and most of his costumes were attractive. The women of the cast sang and acted well. The tenor sang well. And the musical direction was in the sure Handelian hands of Nicholas McGegan, whose rhythms were buoyant but never pushed, and who had done much to get the modern instrumentalists to play with eighteenth-century grace and lightness. (There were several Baroque bows in the pit.) Musically, the show was not on the level of the "Orlando" Mr. McGegan directed at Washington University, in St. Louis, earlier this year. It hardly could be. There expert Baroque players were led from the harpsichord and were ranged close to the singers they accompanied. In Washington, the players were down in a deep, deep pit—the Terrace Theatre seems not to have been designed for pre-Wagnerian



"The Hell's Kitchen Gentrification Association meeting ran a little late."

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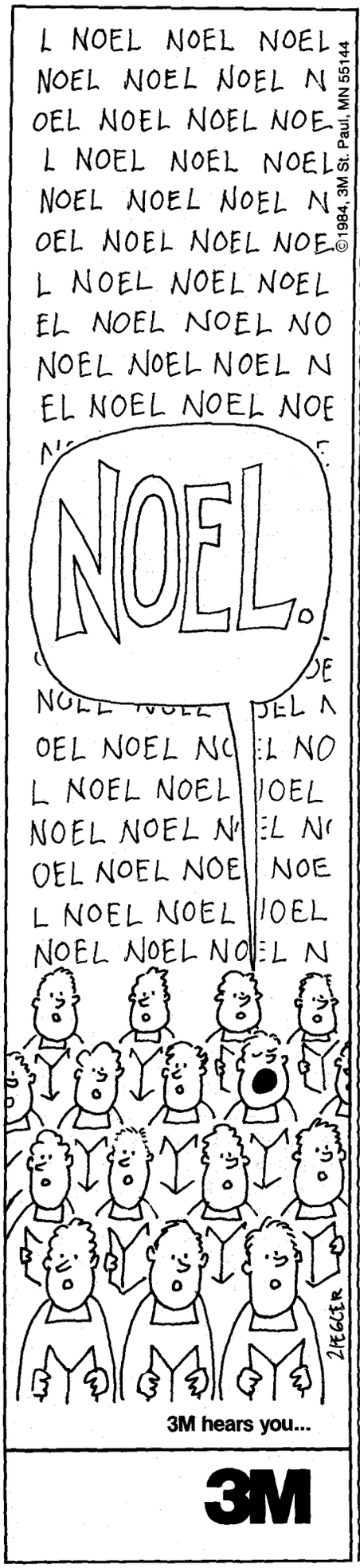

opera—whence they could not see the stage. Continuo cello and harpsichord, it is true, were perched on high pedestals; but the cellist and the harpsichordist were immodest players, and instead of accompanying Semele's "Oh sleep" and "My racking thoughts" they turned them, and much of the recitative, into cello-and-harpsichord duos, with a vibrant bass line, tunes and twiddles above, and, as it were, an optional added part for singer. It was as odd to see the continuo-accompanied airs conducted as it would be to see a conductor at a lieder recital, keeping the singer and her accompanist in time.

I must not exaggerate. This "Semele" was for the most part well played—and far more stylishly played than most big-company Handel is. In the title role, Elizabeth Knighton was excellently clear, fluent, and true. Her notes and her passages were cleanly defined. "Oh sleep" was delicately and exquisitely sensuous. She understood the character, and she knew how to sing recitative—defined by Congreve, in the Argument Introductory to "Semele," as "that Stile in Musick . . . not confin'd to the strict Observation of *Time* and *Measure*" but "only a more tuneable speaking." The two basses, John Fiorito and Eric Halfvarson, maintained a Victorian recitative style—slow, measured, with ral-lentan-do closes. Martha Senn, in the twin roles of Ino and Juno, looked lustrous, sounded lustrous, declaimed (in a Spanish-accented English as piquant as Conchita Supervia's) with energy, and sang lightly and pleasingly except when, in cadenzas, she ran up to some unseemly, blowsy top notes. Sheryl Woods, the Iris, was charming. Rockwell Blake, the Jupiter, was poised, polished, virtuoso in divisions—an artist who held listeners intent on his phrasing and brought the house down with his "Where'er you walk." Melvin Earl-Brown, the Athamas, who was allowed only the first of his three arias, sang it deftly. The score was skillfully, not savagely, shortened, but more was omitted than need have been. The intermissions were too long—a small theatre empties and refills more swiftly than a large. If they had been trimmed, more music could have been included without making a later curtain. A four-dollar, sixteen-page libretto was on sale, abridged to include only what was performed. It omitted Congreve's preface and any reference to the verses by Pope and by Congreve added for Handel's setting, and was typographically crude: every line pushed hard left, without distinction between recitative and air or chorus. In the performance, the heroine's name was consistently mispronounced, to rhyme with Emma Mae, and her sister Ino was referred to as if she were a once-famous fruit salt.

AS Christmas approaches, a flood of the Eastertide oratorio "Messiah" rises in New York. One may almost resent it—insofar as it keeps attention off the other great Handel oratorios—but can hardly resist it: "Messiah" is so consistently moving and beautiful. I chose a Musica Sacra performance given last week, in Avery Fisher Hall, by a crack professional choir and orchestra (twenty-nine voices, twenty-six players), with eminent soloists versed, as Handel's were, in opera. It was conducted by Richard Westenburg. The choral singing was nonpareil—light, lithe, fresh in timbre, firm in definition. Three of the soloists—the soprano Arleen Augér, the alto Paul Esswood, and the bass Julien Robbins—were ideal, with effortless, fluent, steady voices, forward words, and supple, sensitive phrasing. The tenor, David Gordon, was a little behind them; his focus was less precise. Mr. Westenburg's reading brought its surprises, some of them questionable (a slowed-down central section of "Rejoice greatly"), others vivid (bursts of mocking musical laughter along the divisions of "He trusted in God," primed by the words "laugh him to scorn"). The soloists' decorations were apt, interesting, and not excessive. (Sometimes the fiddles echoed them with an aplomb to rouse a suspicion that the "spontaneous" variants had been pencilled into their parts.) Nothing was routined or heavy, and the conductor's claim, in a program note, that transparency need mean no loss of power, and stylistic correctness no loss in depth of expression, was proved. In America, the Georgian and Victorian custom of standing to hear the "Hallelujah" chorus is still observed; but then the soloists ought to join in, not stand there like footmen.

—ANDREW PORTER

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TREES MUST
COMPLY
WITH RULES

—*Manitowoc* (*Wis.*) *Herald-Times-Reporter.*

Chestnut, stop that spreading!

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LETTER FROM ROME

POPE JOHN PAUL II's announcement, on November 26, 1982, that 1983 was to be a special Holy Year took even his own bishops by surprise. He proclaimed the event—in Latin—toward the end of a plenary session of the Sacred College of Cardinals to discuss problems affecting the working of the Curia and the Vatican finances. (The latter were thought to be in disarray after revelations that one of the Church's investment arms had been deeply involved in an international financial scandal, which had culminated in the death by hanging of a Milanese banker named Roberto Calvi, a possible murder victim, in London.) Citing a phrase of St. Peter's, the Pope reminded the session that mankind had been "redeemed not at the cost of corruptible things such as silver and gold but by the precious blood of Christ." He also promised a full investigation and airing of all financial matters involving the Holy See, but he devoted most of his discourse to what he called "the Holy Year of the Redemption"—the one-thousand-nine-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the death and resurrection of Christ, last observed in similar fashion in 1933 by Pope Pius XI. Although no such "intermediate celebration" of the occasion had ever taken place before, the Pope pointed out that "there are strong reasons for such a recurrence to be fittingly commemorated also in 1983."

The official inaugural of this special Holy Year duly took place on March 25th, the Feast of the Annunciation, with the traditional opening of the holy doors of four of Rome's patriarchal basilicas—St. Peter's, St. John's in Lateran, Santa Maria Maggiore, and St. Paul's Outside the Walls. However, the unexpectedness and speed with which the Pope had arrived at his decision startled even some of his closest advisers. "I was not informed. I never heard any talk about this," declared Monsignor Elio Venier, secretary to the Vicar of Rome, Cardinal Ugo Poletti. "The announcement took me unawares, but it's something really wonderful."

The entire city, it turned out, was taken unawares. When the announcement arrived at the offices of the municipal administration, on the Campidoglio, Mayor Ugo Vetere reacted like everyone else. "If the cardinals didn't know about it, I certainly couldn't," he commented. The news reached him during a staff meeting, which he quickly broke off to make a few essential phone calls. "The first thing I did, once I got over my amazement," he later informed the press, "was to speak to Cardinal Poletti in order to assure him of the complete coöperation of the [municipal] council and the city." He also said that he had notified the office of the Premier of Italy and that, "given the very restricted period of time," what amounted to emergency measures would have to be implemented to cope with the situation.

The Mayor was not exaggerating. The last previous Holy Year, in 1975, had been proclaimed by Pope Paul VI in May, 1973, and had been preceded by months of intensive preparation. Even so, amid the mixed blessings of "*un business colossale*"—as the commercial effect of the arrival of some eight million pilgrims into the city was described in one newspaper account—many public services all but broke down, and simply getting about most areas of the city that summer became very difficult. The influx of worshippers from all over the world, in observance of what was hailed by ecclesiastical authorities as the "Jubilee of Jubilees," greatly complicated daily life for most ordinary citizens, especially those living in the immediately affected areas, around the Vatican. And when some experts began to predict the possibility of as many as eighteen million pilgrims showing up in 1983 the reaction of many Romans was alarm. "Certainly the problems this mass rendezvous will create are many, serious, and well known to the Romans," *Il Messaggero* noted. "They are problems that have to do with the need to handle in transit and house hundreds of thousands of tourists and pilgrims in Rome, a Rome that already in normal times lives on the edge of collapse."

Although Signor Vetere's reaction to Pope John Paul's pronouncement was swift and positive-sounding, others in his administration immediately expressed doubts, usually anonymously, about the Pope's initiative. It was pointed out, for instance, that only eight years had elapsed since the last Jubilee and that Holy Years are supposed to occur only every quarter century. The first one, proclaimed by Pope Boniface VIII in 1300, was referred to by Dante and is commemorated by a well-preserved fresco of Giotto's, in a nave of St. John's. While provision was made, late in the fourteenth century, for special celebrations as well, such as the one in 1933, the Holy Year of 1975 was only the twenty-sixth in the history of the Church and, according to some, should have been the last for another twenty-five years. Few experts, in any case, can agree on the actual dates of Christ's birth and death (he may have been born five years earlier and may have died in the year 30), so how could the Pontiff, the argument ran, call for a celebration, so soon after the last one, of such an equivocal event?

The most plausible explanation appears to be that the year 2000 seemed much too distant to this forceful and energetic pope, who, in the first five years of his pontificate, has firmly established himself as a militant proselytizer. His opening homily at the month-long sixth world synod of bishops, which began last September 29th with the celebration of a High Mass in St. Peter's over which he presided, was characteristically evangelistic. He spoke vigorously of the Church's "mission" and reminded the two hundred and twenty-one participants, including forty-five cardinals, that Christ himself had urged penitence and conversion and that this theme

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should be the central concern of all those present during the forthcoming work of the synod, which he obviously viewed as the fitting climax to his Jubilee.

By many Romans, who tend to be more than a little cynical regarding the temporal maneuverings of the Vatican, and have strong historical reasons for being so, the event has also been seen as a method of recouping the financial losses sustained by dubious investments. "It's always an occasion to stimulate the faithful to open their wallets," was the way one old man put it to a reporter. Whatever the reasons, however, this Holy Year has set still another precedent. Signor Vetere, a stocky, gray-haired, middle-aged Roman with a prominent nose and deep-set dark eyes, who shuns neckties and is not shy about speaking his mind, is a Communist and the first member of his party ever to have been in charge of the traditional capital of Christendom at such a time.

UNDETERRED by his own proclamation and the influx of millions of pilgrims eager for at least a glimpse of him, the Pontiff continued his global wanderings this year in pursuit of his ministry. This also caused some grumbling by Romans, who are used to having their popes remain at home, scattering blessings from above upon the throng in St. Peter's Square and comfortably available to them at regular weekly audiences. And as the Holy Year loomed there was a sizable flap over the shipment of more than two hundred works of art from the Vatican to the United States for a year-long touring exhibit that opened last February at the Metropolitan Museum and is not due home until just before the celebrations here are over.

A number of well-known artists and writers, including Renato Guttuso, Giacomo Manzù, Alberto Arbasino, Enzo Siciliano, and Alberto Moravia, had signed an appeal to the Pope himself against the project. The list of protesters included dozens of art experts, archeologists, architects, art historians, restorers, and critics, most of them members of the Istituto Centrale del Restauro and other official organizations, such as the National Union of Writers and Italia Nostra, the prestigious ecological society founded by the novelist Giorgio Bassani. (Another signatory was Mayor Vetere, whose information from the Vatican seems to consist entirely of rumors and press releases.) Signor Guttuso, the most outspoken critic of the venture, denounced it as an act of folly. "This traipsing about the world with works of art has become a mania," he told *L'Espresso*. The article was entitled "No, Leonardo Non È un Globe-Trotter."

The main objection to the touring exhibit was the risk to the works of art themselves—many of them, according to these experts, too fragile to be trundled about airports like so much luggage. "Only works in a perfect state of health ought to travel," was the objection of Signora Alessandra Mottola Molfino, the curator of the Poldi Pezzoli Museum, in Milan. "It's clear that paintings going back to four or five hundred years ago ought to be treated with exceptional care." The general feeling seemed to be that any change of location, with attendant alterations of climate and atmospheric conditions, could be damaging—especially to Leonardo da Vinci's "St. Jerome," executed on wood and the only work of Leonardo's in the Vatican. "The 'St. Jerome' has already undergone two very difficult surgical operations," Signor Guttuso declared, referring to measures necessitated by the painting's agitated prior history of disappearance, dismemberment, rediscovery, and restoration. (For a long time, the head was missing; it finally turned up in the early nineteenth century—reportedly in a cobbler's shop, where it was being used as a workbench.) "A painting with such a tempestuous past and, in addition, executed on wood cannot travel from one end of the world to the other," Guttuso said.

Carlo Pietrangeli, the curator of the papal collections, had anticipated objections as early as the spring of 1982, when the project was officially announced, and had been assuring everyone all along that every possible precaution was being taken to guarantee the safety of the art treasures. The critics were not disarmed—not even when it was pointed out that the Cimabue "Crucifixion," which had been badly damaged by the flooding of the Arno in Florence some years ago and salvaged with American aid, had been safely transported and put on display at the Metropolitan the year before. The Cimabue had been so carefully and completely restored that it had become as immune to air as a mummy, according to an art historian and critic named Giulio Carlo Argan (himself an ex-mayor of Rome), and protesters pointed out that it was only a single work, whereas the Vatican was proposing to send more than two hundred pieces overseas. "It's only a big deal to feed the coffers of the Church," commented a writer for *L'Espresso*. And, it was also asked, what about all the visitors during the Holy Year, who, in between visits to the city's religious shrines, would be cheated out of being able to gaze upon these masterpieces?

Those pilgrims, however, have been only mildly disappointed. The Vatican is such a repository of treasures that the absence of even a couple of hundred of them has hardly caused a void for the casual viewer. In fact, as a number of defenders of the touring show have pointed out, the city of Rome itself is an open-air exhibit, with more sites and art galleries to visit than it can possibly care for. There are still unexplored catacombs, and whole monuments and wings of museums are closed off to the public because funds are lacking to adequately staff and maintain the facilities. At the height of the protest against the departure of the Vatican show, it was disclosed that the Istituto Centrale del Restauro contained a 1609 Caravaggio canvas, "The Burial of Santa Lucia," that no one knew what to do with. Rescued over ten years ago from the damp interior of the Church of Santa Lucia, in Syracuse, where it was falling to pieces, and brought for restoration to the Istituto, the picture has languished for the past five years in storage—one of many works of art idly shut off from public access by circumstance and inertia.

NO exact figures are yet available on the swarms of people from all over the world, as well as from the rest of Italy, who began to pour into the city early last spring, but, according to

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an official of the Ente Provinciale del Turismo, the flow of bodies has been "most remarkable"—up more than twenty-five per cent from the year before. During the first six months of the year, nearly three million visitors arrived here, and they continued to come all through one of the hottest summers Rome has ever been forced to endure, with temperatures at midday well up into the nineties and hundreds for weeks. The flood has only lately abated somewhat. All through September and October, it was impossible to find a room in any of the cheaper hotels and *pensioni*, and even the higher-priced hostelries, which are charging as much as two hundred dollars a day, have been full. Not until late October did things begin to ease up a bit, but even then hordes of determined-looking pilgrims—Germans, French, Swiss, Japanese, Scandinavians—were still visible, swooping into St. Peter's through the holy door, clustered in timid groups around guides steering them through the more famous monuments, or slumping exhausted at sidewalk cafés in all the best-known piazzas. By far the largest multitude of pilgrims and tourists has, of course, been made up of Americans, attracted here not only by their faith but also by the purchasing power of their dollars. For an area as dependent on tourism as Rome, the Holy Year has indeed been a bonanza.

An unfortunate side effect of all this activity, however, has been (as feared) the additional strain placed on the city's public facilities—especially its overburdened transportation system—and on the over-all quality of life for local residents. For more than ten years, for example, the embattled municipal authorities have been struggling to free the heart of Rome from the grip of its chaotic automobile traffic and by early spring had begun to make some progress, primarily because both Mayor Vetere and his traffic commissioner, a highly vocal innovator named Giulio Bencini, seemed to be totally committed to transforming the historic center of town into a huge pedestrian mall. The first stage of Signor Bencini's plan, put into effect last January, was to make it possible to stroll nearly everywhere within the so-called *tridente*—a long, wedge-shaped slice of the *centro storico* trisected by the three main avenues (Via del Babuino, the Corso, and Via Ripetta) from Piazza del Popolo to Piazza Venezia—in relative safety and as easily as through one's own living room. The idea was that eventually traffic would be closed down as far as the Colosseum. Not even public transportation was to be allowed to interfere with this plan, which called for the transport authority's large, fume-belching dark-green buses to be rerouted in order to skirt the *tridente* rather than barge through it, as had been customary, and provided for only very limited access to the area by taxis and a fleet of mini shuttle buses linking various parts of the *centro* to the main bus stops on the periphery of the zone. As for private automobiles, even residents of the area would be forbidden, in effect, to set foot inside their vehicles there during daylight hours and would be barred from parking on most streets near their homes or places of business.

Holy Year or no Holy Year, no one familiar with the average Italian's passionate love of his automobile, and especially with the habits of Roman drivers, believed that this drastic change would be easily achieved. From the mid-nineteen-fifties, the boom years when, for the first time in history, ordinary Italians began to buy on easy credit terms and it became everyone's sacred right to own at least one car, Rome, like most other Italian towns, all but disappeared under a lava flow of noisy vehicles. By the end of the sixties, every part of the city seemed to be completely at the mercy of an uncontrolled phenomenon that had totally altered the traditional character of life. "If there was a city in the world made for walking, it was this one," the novelist Natalia Ginzburg commented in 1970. "And automobiles seem to have invaded it by surprise, like a misfortune. These cars—no one understands who wanted them, because everyone curses them. They spread through the city like a river in flood; they seem to have been disgorged from the bowels of the earth and periodically they fill the city with a long, exasperated, and derisive scream, which seems both a mockery of people and a cry for help."

The help had by then begun to arrive, in the form of ever stricter rules and stiffer penalties for violators, with tow-away zones and squads of traffic cops to enforce compliance, but no one has yet succeeded in forcing most Roman drivers out of their cars anywhere, at any time of day. Rules are often simply ignored, as anyone can testify who has walked down a street supposedly reserved for pedestrians and found himself forced to leap out of the way of a speeding Fiat, or who has tried to cross a piazza blocked by tightly packed rows of illegally parked tourist buses. Even long-established shopping streets, such as Via Frattina or Via Condotti, are periodically invaded by Alfa Romeos and Lancias, and motorcycles and scooters swarm everywhere, seemingly immune to any form of regulation at all.

Commissioner Bencini had taken note of this unpleasant reality late last year at a press conference notable for its tone of exasperation. "Either you will discipline yourselves or we will be compelled to close the whole *centro storico* to private vehicles," he warned. "The Romans are too undisciplined, and I do not hesitate to define them as self-destructive," he continued. "Their behavior has remained unchecked either by an increase in fines or the higher price of gas." The problem, he made clear, continued to be not only the anarchic driving habits of the average citizen but the enormous number of cars on the move every day through the middle of town.

Very little has changed since Signor Bencini's outburst. The attempt to close the *tridente* has succeeded only in isolating the major piazzas within it, while traffic continues to clog the arteries leading up to them and renders the side streets almost impassable. Cars forced to detour around the protected zone have slowed movement through the rest of the capital to a sludgelike pace, and the arrival of the tourists and pilgrims in their sightseeing buses has routinely caused near-gridlock in various parts of town. Probably the worst area is Piazza Venezia, a Gordian knot through which pass the threads that link the *centro* to vast sectors of the city. It is presided over by a single traffic cop, dressed in summer in a crisp white uniform and mounted on a little pedestal. His once graceful gyrations and eloquent hand signals, much admired and photographed by visitors, have lately tended to become spastic and all but useless to liberate the honking crush around him.

In another press conference, held at the end of September, Signor Bencini, flanked this time by a handful of the nearly two dozen engineers and experts who have been working for five years to solve this problem, admitted that the situation now bordered on the catastrophic and that too many of the administration's plans in the past

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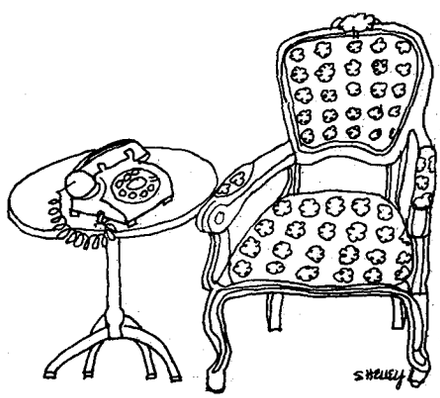
had had to be consigned to "the literature of dreams," as one observer had put it. But he also predicted that, within two or three more years, there would be a significant turnaround—though he remained dismayingly vague as to exactly how that desirable goal was to be achieved. The success of his plan, which calls for more forbidden zones, more peripheral parking structures, stricter enforcement of the rules, and more buses, depended, he specified, on increased financial aid from the Italian government—a chancy prospect at best. His words did not reassure the assembled reporters, one of whom predicted, in his account of the meeting, that Rome might "die of traffic."

One project alone seems to have proceeded as announced, and it may well turn out to be by far the most exciting (and controversial) of all the programs affecting how people here are to get about and live. This will be the closing and eventual tearing up of the Via dei Fori Imperiali, which links Piazza Venezia to the Colosseum. Built about fifty years ago by Benito Mussolini to coincide with what the dictator believed to be the rebirth of the Roman Empire, the avenue flattened a hillside and an entire quarter of sixteenth-century houses, churches, gardens, and palazzi to celebrate, in a single, straight laser beam of a Parisian-style boulevard, the evanescent glories of Fascism. Buried under the asphalt, according to local archeologists, is a large part of the forums of Julius Caesar, Augustus, Nerva, and Trajan, all of which are to be carefully excavated and partly restored, to create a huge and unique archeological park. The entire operation, defined by one supporter as the celebration of "a finally civilized Roman spirit," will take years to complete, but it has already involved the citizenry in the whole process of rediscovery. The work began last spring in the small gardens flanking Via Alessandrina, under which is buried the remaining portion of the Trajan Forum, and ultimately there will be a network of pedestrian walkways above the excavations, so that the Romans most affected by the undertaking will be able, on their way to and from work, to peer down with wonder into their own history.

THIS has also been a year of agitated comings and goings politically. Practically on the eve of Premier Bettino Craxi's departure for a five-day visit to the United States in late October, and less than four months after the national election which brought him to power, his government was nearly toppled by the unexpected defeat in the legislature of one of his key economic measures: the so-called *condono edilizio*, or housing-remission tax, designed to raise nearly a quarter of the additional forty trillion lire (about twenty-five billion dollars) the administration said it had to find this year in order to avoid, or at least postpone, the country's possible economic collapse, which a good many experts have been predicting for years. "HERE WE GO AGAIN" was the headline over an editorial by Indro Montanelli on the front page of Milan's *Il Giornale Nuovo* the morning after the vote. The editorial went on to castigate the mentality and habits of a political class apparently unable to act unselfishly even in times of national emergency. And although Signor Craxi managed to survive this first defeat by narrowly winning a subsequent vote of confidence in the Chamber of Deputies, it currently seems unlikely that his five-party coalition will fare much better than its predecessors, even though Craxi has already proved himself to be a tough-minded, ruthless, and skillful political infighter, with a sharp eye for the main chance and the gift of tenacity. At a banquet given in his honor in New York City during his American stay, Craxi responded to the encomiums showered upon him by an Italian-American admirer with the observation that "the gentleman forgot to say one thing about me—that I have a hard head."

He needs one. His government is the forty-fourth since the end of the Second World War, and the previous six came and went with such dizzying speed—usually within months of each other—that they were unable to accomplish much of anything in the way of social and economic reforms. The basic problem is, as it has been all along, that Italian democracy is founded on a system of proportional representation which makes it almost impossible for any political entity to command a majority in the legislature. Every government, therefore, must necessarily consist essentially of a coalition—based largely on expediency—of parties with widely divergent programs and points of view. The Christian Democrats, with about a third of the votes in the two houses of Parliament, remain the country's strongest party, but they have been discredited and have been losing ground for some time now, partly because of a series of financial scandals involving various Party functionaries at all levels of power and partly because of public disenchantment with policies that have consistently failed to work. The Communists, with about thirty per cent of the vote, form the core of the opposition. To go on ruling, the Christian Democrats have been compelled to forge alliances with the much smaller, so-called lay democratic parties of the center, such as the Republicans, the Social Democrats, and the Liberals, and especially, in recent years, with the Socialists, the country's third-largest force, which is backed by about eleven per cent of the electorate.



Signor Craxi, the leader of the Socialists, is only forty-nine, and this is his first try at forming a government. Some past Premiers have had several go-arounds; Amintore Fanfani, the Christian Democrat whom Craxi replaced, has headed five separate gerontocracies during a career remarkable mainly for its longevity. It was Craxi who precipitated the last crisis, by withdrawing his support of Fanfani and insisting, a year early, on a costly national election in the hope that it would greatly strengthen his position and enable him to form a solid ruling majority. Unfortunately for him, the voters did not respond enthusiastically to this maneuver, which struck many of them as cynical and self-serving. The Christian Democrats, however, were further undermined at the polls and so were compelled to allow him to give it a try anyway. He succeeded, but pretty much along the old lines, with a shuffling of ministerial portfolios among many of the same people who have been around for a generation and more.

The two-stage austerity program Signor Craxi is propounding, asking for a reduction in deficit spending and for other measures designed to lower inflation, is modest, and notable

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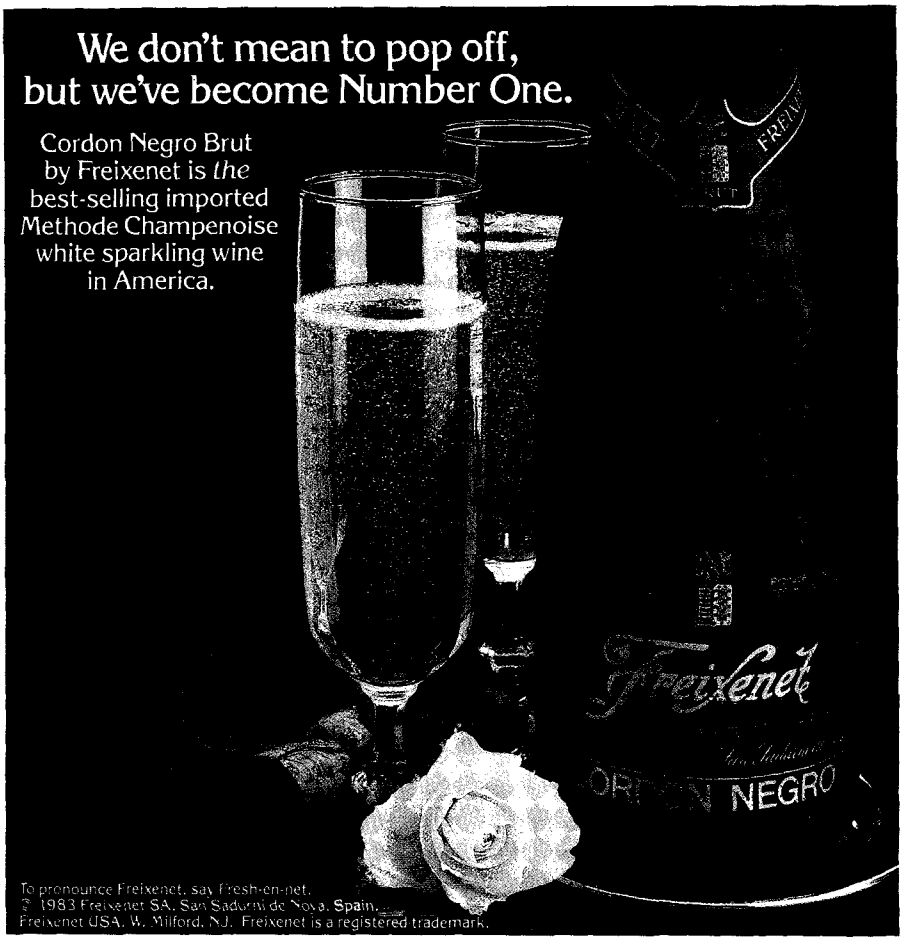
mainly for its familiarity. Every recent government has trumpeted the same tune. Basically, it calls for higher taxes and decreased social spending—both sure to be disliked not only by some of his allies but by elements within his own party. Since most crucial votes in Parliament are conducted by secret ballot, legislative "sharpshooters" can defy their own party leaders with impunity and bring any unpopular project down. The failure of the government's first try, a tax to be levied on all structures erected illegally in the country since 1942, was a portent of things to come. It had seemed at first like a practical, relatively harmless way of making the real-estate speculators pay something for the enormous damage caused to the landscape by the almost unbridled construction boom of the past thirty years. The moral implications of the bill, however, outraged many people, because it officially condoned, at a relatively low cost to the perpetrators, the persistent flouting of the laws of the land which has buried some of the most beautiful parts of Italy under cement. Signor Craxi himself reportedly commented, a few hours before the vote, "Seeing that we have decided to sell our soul to the Devil, let's at least do it so we can bring home a little money, which we greatly need." The trouble was that, as one commentator put it after the defeat of the measure, "the government had sold not only its soul to the Devil but the interests of the country as well."

The problem remains of how Signor Craxi is to raise the money he needs. In addition to growing unemployment (which now affects nearly ten per cent of the work force), the failure in recent years of more small businesses than ever before, and an annual inflation rate of between thirteen and fifteen per cent over the past six years, the national deficit has risen to more than sixty billion dollars. This amounts to nearly eighteen per cent of the country's gross domestic product and thus lumps Italy with such countries as Togo, Yemen, Zambia, and Sri Lanka—nations whose economies are said to be on the verge of a major crash. In the face of such astounding statistics, Signor Craxi's program seems inadequate. The higher taxes he is calling for, aimed mainly at the already overburdened middle classes, are sure to be opposed by some members of his coalition, and his own Socialists are unlikely to go along with any step that might worsen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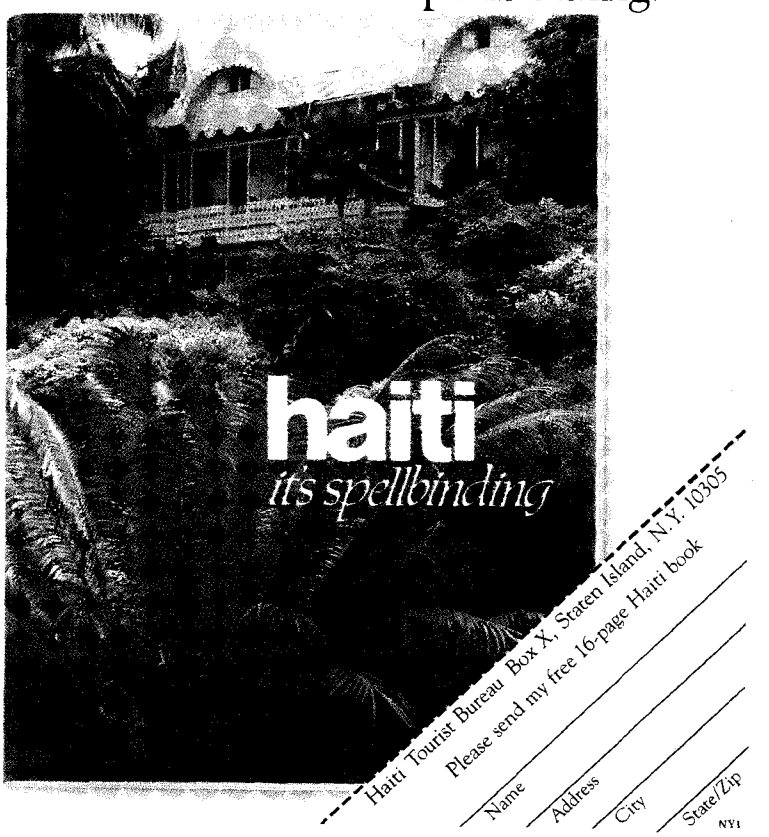

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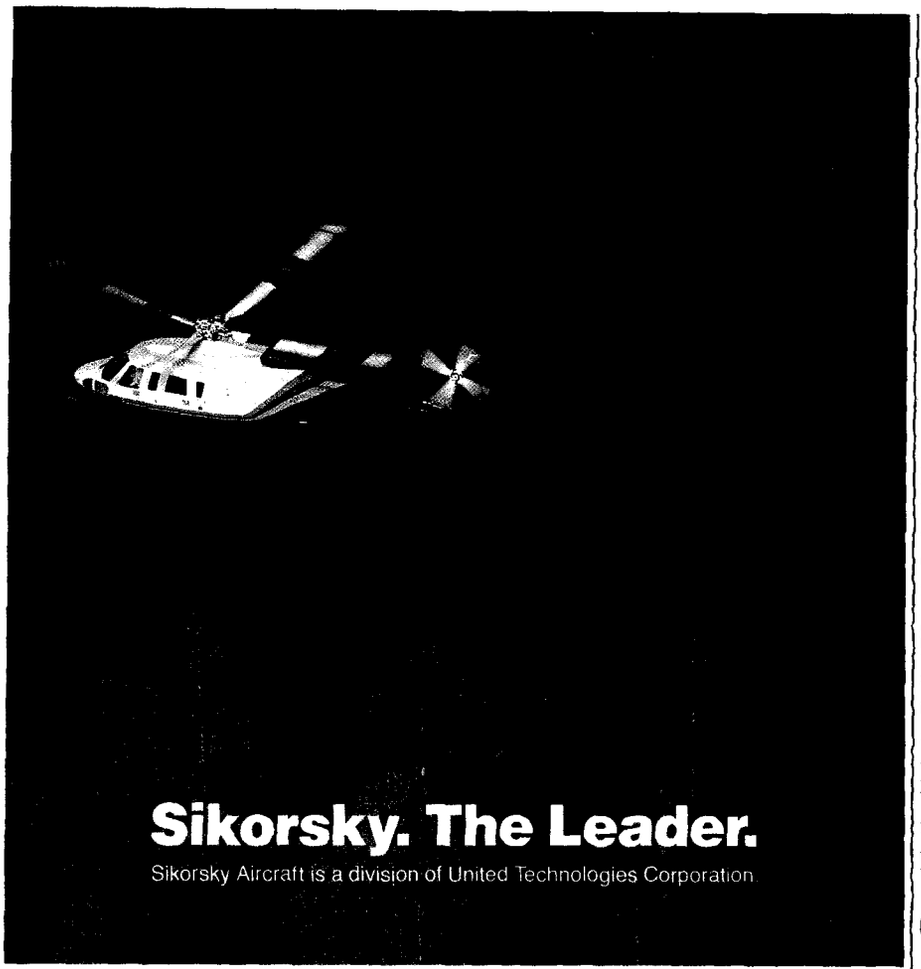

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unemployment and overly weaken existing social programs. This would leave the country inevitably facing another political emergency within a few months' time, thus denying Signor Craxi the three years he said he would need when he took office.

The prospect of a nation politically paralyzed and on the edge of an economic abyss, however, seems to frighten only the journalists and professional economists, most of whom have been predicting for years now the imminent financial collapse of the state. "The country has lived with such enormous public deficits for so long, warnings of alarm have little impact," the editor of an English-language monthly economic newsletter observed some months ago. And he went on to compare the Italian approach to a national budget to a motorist cruising through a stoplight. Most ordinary citizens, on the other hand, seem to have quietly accepted this latest debacle as simply politics as usual, conducted by people whose sole concern is to perpetuate themselves in office at the public's expense.

OF all the arrivals and departures the Romans have witnessed and participated in this year, one of the most entertaining has been the voyage that Federico Fellini has invited them to share in his eagerly awaited new movie, "E la Nave Va" ("And the Ship Sails On"). First presented at the Venice Film Festival on September 9th, the picture opened here in mid-October and has aroused exactly the sort of heated critical controversy that has raged around his work ever since "La Dolce Vita," the first of his films to abandon the neo-realistic tradition of Italy's postwar production and adopt a larger-than-life approach to his material. Like many of Fellini's recent efforts, "E la Nave Va" did not please a number of critics, including one who, after the Venice première, entitled his pan of the movie "And the Ship Sinks." Nevertheless, long before the official opening here and in Milan, it became the most talked-about picture of the year—a tribute in part to Fellini's own fascinating public personality, which, like a good deal of his work, is warm-blooded, largehearted, effusive, but also maddeningly enigmatic.

Actually, the basic plot of "E la Nave Va" is simplicity itself. The year is 1914, at the time of the assassination of Archduke Francis Ferdinand in Sarajevo. A luxury liner called the Glo-

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ria N. is sailing from Naples on a sort of funeral cruise, carrying the ashes of a great operatic diva to the waters off the island of her birth, where they are to be dispersed at sea. Also on board are the late star's friends, colleagues, teachers, accompanists, relatives, fans, and lovers, all of whom have been summoned to take part in the ceremony. During the trip, the ship picks up several boatloads of Serbian refugees, whose presence on deck eventually causes the Gloria N. to be attacked and sunk by an Austro-Hungarian warship. The survivors escape in lifeboats, after which Fellini drops all pretense at any form of conventional storytelling and adopts the Pirandellian conceit of a play within a play, leaving his viewers at the end to wonder exactly what it is he wishes them to infer from the bewildering array of cinematic techniques he and his cinematographer, Giuseppe Rotunno, display from the first frame, seemingly for pure effect.

The easy way out of this dilemma, which most of the film's denigrators have chosen, is to condemn the director for dealing in obvious symbols and then ducking out from under any possible accusation of indulgence in heavy-handed allegory by implying that it's all mere cinematic horseplay. The attempt, they claim, is doomed—even though quite early in the picture Fellini's journalist narrator, impishly portrayed by the English actor Freddie Jones, tries to disarm the theorists by addressing the audience directly. "I write, I narrate, but so what is it I want to narrate?" he asks. "A sea voyage? The voyage of life? But you can't narrate that; you make it, and that's already so much. . . . It's banal, eh? It's already been said! And better! . . . But everything's already been said—and done."

This disclaimer notwithstanding, the movie is indeed rife with symbols and the story line does easily lend itself to allegorical interpretation. The trip by sea toward a mysterious destination, the variety of people and creatures on board, the juxtaposition of rich and poor (the opera singers and their entourages dining in splendor under crystal chandeliers as the mute Serbs peer hungrily in at them from outside), the cargo of ashes, many of the conversations and happenings, the chunks of opera (selected largely from Verdi, some of them with original lyrics by Andrea Zanzotti), the name of the vessel itself (for Gloria N., read "*gloria nazionale*")—all set themselves up for facile critical analysis and explanation. But somehow, as always, Fellini's artistry transcends the obvious. "This is a film with so many secret drawers, so full of double bottoms and surprises," the critic Tullio Kezich observed shortly after the opening. He pointed out that, though a child could understand it, the movie teems with "an endless variety of hints and meanings" and takes its viewers far beyond the realm of simple storytelling and symbolism, into an area that makes of it "an act of faith in the cinema for its own sake."

Fellini himself has, as usual, refused to be drawn into the debate, especially over the possible significance of this or that scene and the hidden meanings behind it all. When asked why he had chosen an opera troupe for his characters and what guided the selection of the music they sing in each scene, he answered that he had only lately discovered the lyric drama ("This Verdi, what music!" he is reported to have exclaimed after his first visit to an opera house), and then only because of the death of his friend Nino Rota, who composed the music for most of his earlier films.

In any case, to many of the Romans who are flocking to see "E la Nave Va" during its exclusive first run at the newly remodelled Teatro Barberini, all the critical hairsplitting over the ultimate significance of this or that scene seems totally beside the point. They sit quietly in the darkness as the movie unfolds for them a series of tableau-like images so unhurried, so casual, apparently so spontaneously invented, that they convey an aura of pure improvisation. It is as if the director had dreamed up his scenes only moments earlier, shot them, and then set them before us to leaf through, much as we would an album of old-fashioned snapshots of the period. As the lights come up, however, the audience applauds—perhaps, as Kezich writes, "because in that crowd of clownish and caricatured personages, cheerful or threatening, there, in a little corner of that group photo, between a lady and an officer, between a Serb and a ship's stoker, we, too, are present." —WILLIAM MURRAY

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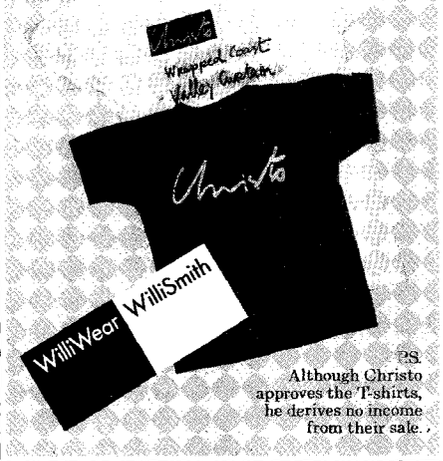

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THE THEATRE

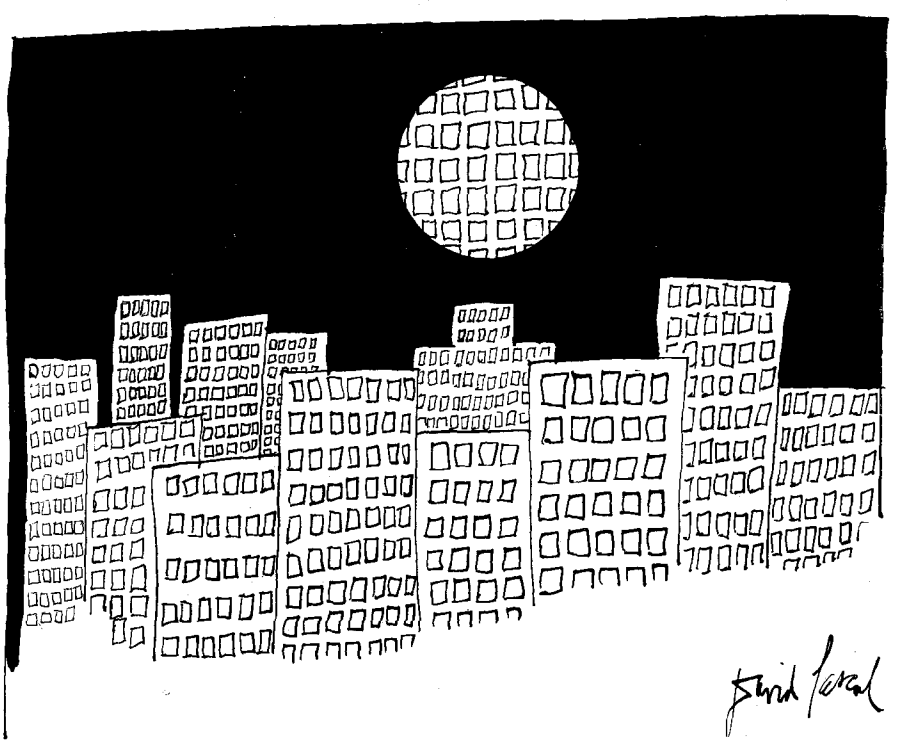
Off Broadway

WENDY WASSERSTEIN'S comedy "Isn't It Romantic," which was first done at the Phoenix a couple of years ago, has now been revived at Playwrights Horizons with a new director, a new company, and a much fuller production. The play is about Janie Blumberg and her Gentile best friend (and former private-school and college classmate), Harriet Cornwall; both of them are twenty-eight, unmarried, and determined to succeed on their own, and they have moved into apartments in New York, where they will launch their careers. It is also, to quote my original synopsis, "about their mothers, and about the men they see and sleep with and consider and discuss, and about the loving tie of best-friendship between women, which can loosen when one of them (Harriet) sets her course and eventually becomes engaged." I went on to say, "It is Janie, though, whose story is being told—a witty, original, overweight Jewish heroine whose life has come to a stop, and . . . the undercurrent is of sadness, perplexity, and rootlessness. Janie simply cannot make a move without being pushed, and when at last the doctor she is in love with, sort of, tries to push her into sharing an apartment with him [in Flatbush] she puts her foot down and refuses, and she isn't sure why."

Wendy Wasserstein, whose satire on undergraduate life at Mount Holyoke, "Uncommon Women and Others," was one of the glories of Off Broadway some years back, is among the funniest and most inventive writers around, but the first version of "Isn't It Romantic" seemed to me "as out of shape and listless as its beguiling heroine." That has now changed. Miss Wasserstein has revised her script, and she and her director, Gerald Gutierrez, have given the play momentum and a sense of purpose; there is nothing listless here—and, come to think of it, Janie, as performed by Cristine Rose, is in pretty good shape herself, despite some remarks about fat thighs. My first feeling was one of dismay that the play had lost its innocence, but eventually I realized that that was the whole point: it has indeed lost its innocence but in the doing has acquired muscle and form. Janie, for all her frustration and bewilderment, learns who she is and what she wants, and when she turns down the unsuitable doctor she knows exactly why. The statement "Life is negotiable" occurs several times in the text, but she is not about to negotiate. The troubling emotions that were an undercurrent the first time around have now been brought to the surface, and without any loss of humor. The action is still a matter of short episodes, the most effective of them being a lunch at The Four Seasons with Harriet (very well played by Lisa Banes), who has a job at Colgate-Palmolive and is rapidly on the rise, and her mother, a successful executive (portrayed by the elegant, incomparable Jo Henderson). The conversations of Miss Wasserstein's Gentiles sound as authentic and bright as those of her Jews. Harriet's mother, in sharp contrast to Janie's parents, is the very model of detachment, and, when her daughter keeps pressing her for advice and counsel, replies, with some irritation, "What is this, 'Youth Wants to Know'?" That is just one, though, of many funny and telling episodes.

The play, by and large, has been well cast. Chip Zien is especially good as the young Jewish doctor—an eager beaver and a jerk, his lines peppered with Yiddish words and sentimental remarks about kibbutzim and Israel (Flatbush is a compromise). Jerry Lanning is Harriet's boss's boss and Harriet's temporary sleeping partner, every inch the account executive on the make; Stephen Pearlman is Janie's muted, loving father; and Tom Robbins is a Russian cabdriver whom Janie's parents bring up to her apartment as a prospective suitor. The part of Janie's mother, a calisthenics and health nut with her mind very much set on matrimony for her daughter, is played by Betty Comden, whose experience has, of course, been in musical comedy, and whose style is different from that of the others and takes some getting used to. I did get used to it, and enjoyed her. In this new production, there is much mid-scene music—well-chosen recordings of songs, most of them about this city—and there are a number of new jokes, visual and verbal. The evening still opens and closes with Janie's telephone tape, and the voices on the tape are those of some of the best actors around, among them Kevin Kline, Swoosie Kurtz, Patti LuPone, and, above all, Meryl Streep, as a pesky acquaintance who speaks, through tears, of one personal crisis after another. The sets, costumes, and lighting, all commendable, are by Andrew Jackness, Ann Emonts, and James F. Ingalls, respectively.

—EDITH OLIVER



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BOOKS

Cole Porter, Lyricist

THE celebration of American popular song continues. Knopf has brought out "The Complete Lyrics of Cole Porter," edited by Robert Kimball and with a foreword by John Updike ($30). This invaluable volume, handsomely designed and printed—with three columns to the wide page and some fifty full-page photographs—follows Bob Bach and Ginger Mercer's "Our Huckleberry Friend: The Life, Times and Lyrics of Johnny Mercer," published in 1982, and Dorothy Hart's earlier "Thou Swell, Thou Witty: The Life and Lyrics of Lorenz Hart." All three books come in the wake of Alec Wilder and James Maher's wise and acute memorial "American Popular Song," published eleven years ago and surely responsible in some part for the inclusion in the recent "Oxford Book of American Light Verse" of no fewer than ten lyric writers—Porter, Ben Harney, Bessie Smith, Oscar Hammerstein II, Hart, Ira Gershwin, Billy Rose, Mercer, Frank Loesser, and Stephen Sondheim.

The great body of lyrics written for American popular songs during the first seventy years of this century lie somewhere between poetry and doggerel. Perhaps they are a new form—a kind of versified prose written to fit certain rhythms and bends of melody. Wilder, reviewing the Hart book in this magazine, wrote, "Hart was very sensitive to the demands of musical theatre. He knew that the poetic would work but poetry would endanger a song by isolating it from the melody. He knew that a song is a marriage." Ira Gershwin added this postscript to a preface to his "Lyrics on Several Occasions": "Since most of the lyrics in this lodgment were arrived at by fitting words mosaically to music already composed, any resemblance to actual poetry, living or dead, is highly improbable." Good music is wordless poetry, and good poetry is word music. To join the two is to encrust beauty with beauty. Our best lyricists—Porter, Mercer, and Hart—often came right up to the edge of poetry. The second stanza of Mercer's "Summer Wind" goes:

Two sweethearts and the summer wind.
Like painted kites the days and nights
went flying by.
The world was new beneath a blue
umbrella sky.
Then, softer than a piper man
One day it called to you.

The first half of the chorus of Hart's "Wait Till You See Her":

Wait till you see her,
See how she looks,
Wait till you hear her laugh.
Painters of paintings,
Writers of books,
Never could tell the half.

And Porter's almost Crashaw-like "All of You":

I love the looks of you, the lure of you,
I'd love to make a tour of you,
The eyes, the arms, the mouth of you,
The east, west, north, and the south of
you.

A melody can exist without a lyric, but it is mute. Adding words gives the song a voice, an intelligence. It doubles the song. Here are the first two stanzas of Johnny Mercer's hip lyric for Billy Strayhorn's "Satin Doll," an instrumental that stood on its own—or seemed to—for a long time:

Cigarette holder
Which wigs me
Over her shoulder
She digs me
Out cattin'
That satin doll

Baby, shall we go
Out skippin'
Careful, amigo,
You're flippin'
Speaks Latin
That satin doll

Lyrics are not meant to stand alone. They are the slaves of melody. They are the bones of the song. They light the music from inside. They become inseparable from the melody. Read the lyrics of Porter's "Night and Day" or "Just One of Those Things" and the melody immediately starts in your head. Hum the melody and the words spring out. Good lyrics should be fresh and free of clichés. And the lyricist should beware of topicality, as Porter knew. "Sophisticated allusions are good for about six weeks," he told an interviewer. "Audience reaction to Lady Mendl lasted about eight weeks. Sophisticated lyrics are more fun but only for myself and about eighteen other people, all of whom are first-nighters anyway. Polished, urbane, and adult playwriting in the musical field is strictly a creative luxury."

"I appreciate your thoroughness in calling, Komplin, but I'll be better able to discuss this tomorrow in my office."

Mercer's and Hart's lyrics have a strong melancholy strain—an awareness of the passing of time, of partings, of the mindless spinning of the seasons. Porter's lyrics concentrate on *now*. At their best, they are witty, sometimes very funny, and invariably cool—some would say cold. He was always a well-to-do man, and he often wrote about his own kind. In "American Popular Song," Alec Wilder summed up Porter's chief concerns: "The

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light touch, the mordant turn of phrase, the finger-tip kiss, the *double entendre*, the awareness of the bone-deep fatigue of urban gaiety, the exquisite, and the lacy lists of cosmopolitan superlatives." What is most admirable about Porter's lyrics is their craftsmanship. In 1934, he bought outright, for two hundred and fifty dollars, a set of lyrics called "Don't Fence Me In." Written by a Montana songwriter named Bob Fletcher, they begin:

> Don't fence me in.
> Give me land, lots of land,
> Stretching miles across the West,
> Don't fence me in.
> Let me ride where it's wide,
> For somehow I like it best.
> I want to see the stars,
> I want to feel the breeze,
> I want to smell the sage,
> And hear the cottonwood trees.

This is what Porter did with those ten wooden lines:

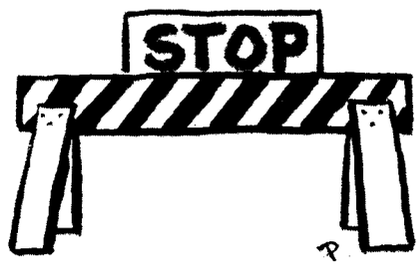
> Oh, give me land, lots of land under starry skies above,
> Don't fence me in.
> Let me ride thru the wide-open country that I love,
> Don't fence me in.
> Let me be by myself in the evening breeze,
> Listen to the murmur of the cottonwood trees,
> Send me off forever, but I ask you, please,
> Don't fence me in.

He was a master of the "list," or patter, song ("You're the Top," "Anything Goes") as well as of the rhythm song ("Blow, Gabriel, Blow," "Red, Hot and Blue") and the nonsense song ("Friendship," "Let's Do It"). He wrote countless love songs, but many rush by. There were fine exceptions, as in these lines from the chorus of "Just One of Those Things":

> If we'd thought a bit
> Of the end of it,
> When we started painting the town,
> We'd have been aware
> That our love affair
> Was too hot not to cool down.

All Porter's eight hundred songs are in Kimball's book, starting with the 1909 Yale songs and ending with eight numbers he wrote for a 1958 television show called "Aladdin." (Porter died in 1964, at the age of seventy-three.) The book took ten years to put together. Popular songs were evanescent. If they were not published or recorded or copied, they simply fell by the way and often disappeared. Kimball found that less than half of Porter's songs were published, and the lyrics were often scattered around the country. Some turned up in private collections, some in a warehouse in Secaucus, New Jersey. Some had been censored. (In "I Get a Kick Out of You," the line "Some get a kick from cocaine" became "Some like the perfumes of Spain.") Often when Kimball found the words, the music had vanished—probably forever. But now we have all five refrains of "A Picture of Me Without You," from "Jubilee" (1935), and the missing fifth refrain of "It's De-Lovely," from "Red, Hot and Blue" (1936). We also have all three choruses of "Anything Goes," all seven of "You're the Top," and all three of "Fresh as a Daisy." We have a lot of Grand Rapids stuff, too—filler songs dropped during rehearsals and tryouts, or never sung at all. These make the best Porter songs shine even more. Indeed, there is such a sense of fullness here, of great amounts of work done, of a gifted, intelligent man practicing his art as well as he knew how, year in and year out, even after his disastrous 1937 riding accident, that we tend to forget that "The Complete Lyrics of Cole Porter" represents only half Porter's output. We forget that he wrote the music for all these lyrics to be put to. Porter had had musical training, and his songs were often daring and original. "Begin the Beguine" has a hundred and eight measures, as against the standard thirty-two. "Love for Sale" has sixty-four, as does "All Through the Night." "Night and Day" has an A-B-A-B-C-B structure. "I've Got You on My Mind" has a twenty-four-measure verse, and "I've Got You Under My Skin" is in a beguine rhythm and lasts fifty-six measures. Porter didn't seem much interested in jazz, and his songs don't have the inner swing of Gershwin and Harold Arlen. But they have a careful chromatic purity that works its way permanently into your consciousness. Try ridding yourself of "Night and Day" and "What Is This Thing Called Love?" and "Begin the Beguine." Johnny Mercer once told the writer and lyricist Gene Lees, "I think writing music may take more talent, but writing lyrics takes more courage." Porter never had to worry on either count.

—Whitney Balliett



BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Act of Darkness, by Francis King (Little, Brown; $14.95). Mr. King takes us back to the British India of the nineteen-thirties, to the summer house, in the hills, of a rich English family: Toby Thompson (a hearty womanizer); his wife, Isabel (cool, aloof, pregnant); his daughter by a previous marriage, Helen (a horsy teen-ager); his six-year-old son, Peter (spoiled, precocious, girlish); a Eurasian governess, Clare (affected, rouged, cigarette-smoking); and a company of Indian servants. He turns these people this way and that, and when we have come to think we know them he sounds an alarm through the house: Peter has been knifed to death and his body dropped into the servants' privy. He then shows us the effect of this horrendous crime on the remaining members of the household, taking us to London, through the Second World War, and to Australia. The result is an examination of the human heart and mind and soul, and it shakes us like the ague.

The Decatur Road, by Joe Coomer (St. Martin's/Marek; $12.95). "Haw, shump, Barney, pull, boy," an Appalachian tobacco farmer sings to his mule. Sixty years later, five times as old as that mule's great-great-grandson, he is still singing that song: "Haw, shump, Barney, shump." Meanwhile, like plowed furrows, the intervening decades bear and bury many memories: of wooing a stubborn girl through her parents' screen door; of burying a child, on a hill, in a casket the size of a cereal box; of driving on the Fourth of July, 1953, to Decatur, that "Atlantis and Eldorado and Hanalee and Cockaigne and Oz;" of mortgaging the farm in 1937; and of paying off the mortgage twenty-five years later. At the heart of the farmer's peace of mind is that stubborn girl, who becomes his fiercely loving wife, and at the heart of this novel, the author's first, is the pleasure Mr. Coomer takes in gleaning fine details from one gentle and patient man's life.

The Collected Stories of Noël Coward (Dutton; $20). Twenty stories, written between 1939 and

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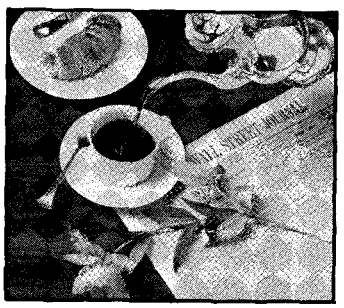

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1967. Coward, we are told in a preface, took the writing of short fiction seriously, and thought his stories displayed his vaunted "talent to amuse." Well, these tales are amusing, to a certain extent, but they are beginning to yellow a bit at the edges. Coward writes about show-business people, about members of the English upper classes at play and at each other's throats, about people on cruise ships, about vulgar Americans, and about nasty old ladies with money. The masters of the short story whom he admired were writers like de Maupassant, Saki, O. Henry, and Somerset Maugham—practitioners of contrived fiction, who invented prototypical people to fit, or to carry out, their plots. Coward is observant, with an eye for the maliciously revealing detail. He is ready to sacrifice consistency of characterization for a one-liner or a killing riposte. He favors the wry ending. And he is quite expert, although not always successful, at disguising an ingrained snobbery and a deep-seated sentimentality.

GENERAL

THE OXFORD BOOK OF DREAMS, chosen by Stephen Brook (Oxford; $16.95). "Every man whose soul is not a clod Hath visions," Keats declared in "The Fall of Hyperion." Many men—and women—have written them down, and Stephen Brook has collected more than four hundred of them in this ideal bedside-table book. If the themes of his nineteen chapters seem sometimes arbitrary (all thirteen of Ruskin's entries could be filed under "Nightmare"), both the contributors and their contributions are shrewdly arranged, with an eye and an ear for more than mere variety or chronological order. In "Love and Sex," for instance, three lines of nonsense from Lewis Carroll's "The Palace of Humbug," beginning "I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls," are followed by "I'll dreamt that I'll dwealth mid warblers' walls," from "Finnegans Wake." In "Food," a certain homesick mariner still dreams modestly of "cheese—toasted, mostly," while Hugh Walpole (seven years after, and ninety-eight pages before, a nightmare that leaves his pajamas soaked in sweat) concocts "a wonderful pie made of blackberries, thrushes' eggs, honeycomb, and watercress." Kafka has a conventional anxiety dream (trunks to pack and trains to catch) in "Travel and the Natural World," and then, in "The Absurd," announces, "I invented a new kind of vehicle for a park slope." Perhaps the most astonishing entry is one offered by Helen Keller—a haunting vision, mostly cold, that stresses the senses of touch and smell. "I shivered myself awake," it ends, "and with a tumult of joy I breathed the many sweet morning odours wakened by the summer sun."

THE BARBARIC COUNTER-REVOLUTION: CAUSE AND CURE, by W. W. Rostow (Texas; $13.95). Brief, clear, and urgent, this "tract for the times" describes Reaganomics and Thatcherism as "barbaric" in their effects and unsuccessful in creating economic growth. Mr. Rostow argues that the most knowledgeable students of monetary theory do not claim that the behavior of money is the sole cause of economic performance. He does not believe that ups and downs have single causes, and is convinced that the restoration of the American economy demands simultaneous concerted actions—including a comprehensive energy policy, an incomes policy in which labor, management, and government collaborate, and a reconsideration of the roles of research, development, and education. He sees a need for public investment in our broken-down infrastructure and in rehabilitation of the environment, and feels that economic growth could support both. His language is plain, his purpose positive; he leaves the reader suspecting that the greatest obstacle to economic growth may be intellectual laziness.

THE OWL PAPERS, by Jonathan Evan Maslow (Dutton; $17.95). Mr. Maslow quotes a couplet by Ted Hughes: "Owls, owls, nothing but owls The most fantastical of fowls." And, as he demonstrates most charmingly, owls are fantastical. There is Pallas Athene and her owl of wisdom; there is folk thought and the association of the owl's hoot with death; there is the extraordinary construction of the owl—its nocturnal vision, its vicious armament of claw and beak, its near-weightlessness, its exquisite hearing, its plumage and its powerful and silent flight, its vocabulary of hoots. These matters are discussed from field experience and from scientific

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book learning. There are accounts of owling adventures on Martha's Vineyard, in Pelham Bay Park, at Cape May, and in northwestern Connecticut, in which a variety of fellow-enthusiasts (a bus driver, a high-school athlete, a landfill-dump keeper, a professional bander) are met and enjoyed. But his book is more than just owls. For it is impossible to depict any form of natural life without considering the life-or-death force of habitat, of environment. The nineteenth-century American destroyed his owls with his gun. Now, in the late twentieth century, the enemy of the owl is the real-estate developer. Illustrated with drawings by Leonard Baskin.

THE IRISH IN IRELAND, by Constantine FitzGibbon (Norton; $19.95). A chronological history and, with it, discursions on "Irishry"—ways, peculiar to the Irish, "of doing and of being, of perception and belief." Mr. FitzGibbon, who died this year, was born in the United States; he became an Irish citizen in 1970. He is a writer of an original turn of mind; he is also a good popularizer of scholarly research. He starts off in the pre-Celtic period, and then offers a recital of woes that would have obliterated a less hardy race—from the depredations of the Vikings, through Elizabeth I's and William III's efforts at subjugation, to modern times: the Famine, the Troubles, Ulster. Although he shows marked affection for the Irish, Mr. FitzGibbon is clear-eyed about their shortcomings and about their long history of political blundering, and he can be astringent in his treatment of some cherished heroes (Parnell, in particular). A rich and thoughtful book. Photographs.

LATE NIGHT THOUGHTS ON LISTENING TO MAHLER'S NINTH SYMPHONY, by Lewis Thomas (Viking; $12.95). The mood of this volume is darker than that of Dr. Thomas's two previous collections of essays. Dr. Thomas is deeply worried about the future of mankind. He can accept death as a part of the natural order, but not the death of everything. Like many of us, he is baffled by how we could have got ourselves to the present impasse. Unlike most of us, he can put his concerns into language that gives them a special depth and urgency.

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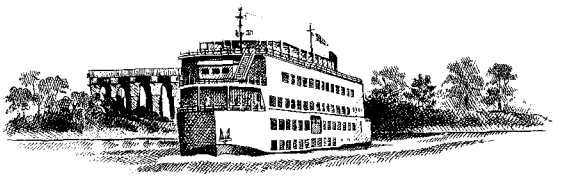

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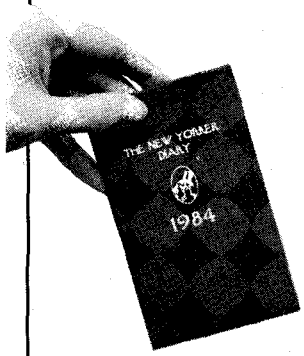

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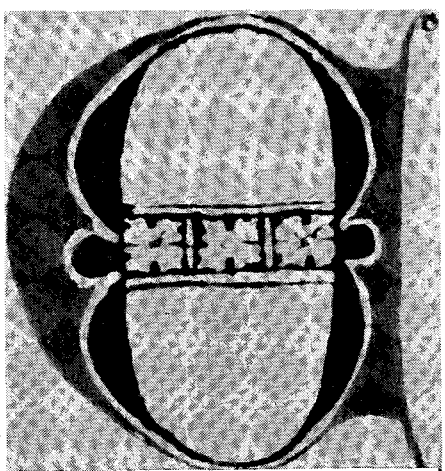

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ELIZABETHS, by E. Fuller Torrey (McGraw-Hill; $19.95). The author, a psychiatrist at St. Elizabeths Hospital in Washington, D.C., where Ezra Pound was confined as a mental patient from 1946 to 1958, contends that Pound feigned insanity, and that he was abetted in his scheme to avoid a trial for treason by government psychiatrists acting with such distinguished friends of the poet as T. S. Eliot, Ernest Hemingway, and William Carlos Williams. Dr. Torrey bases his charge on Pound's psychiatric records at St. Elizabeths (their release was made possible by the Freedom of Information Act), on Pound's words and behavior before and after the insanity hearings, and on other factors: in his twelve and a half years in the hospital, Pound was never given any treatment or medication; he was allotted a well-appointed room, off bounds to nurses, where he had trysts with his wife and mistresses and held weekly court for visitors. The book is exhaustively documented, and is balanced in its treatment of Pound's career, his character, and his literary output. The aberration that made a man of great poetic gifts, with a genius for discovering and nurturing talent in others, become a noxious anti-Semite had its roots deep in Pound's psyche. Dr. Torrey demonstrates, however, that a man can have hateful opinions and commit hateful acts and still be quite sane, and accountable.

VERSAILLES: A GARDEN IN FOUR SEASONS, by Jacques Dubois (Vendome; $85). A splendid collection of photographs, by M. Dubois, of the Sun King's little universe "transfigured"—as one of three French experts on the subject puts it, in one of three brief appreciations—"less by the years than by the cycle of the individual year." A black-and-white closeup of the semi-nude "Air," by Le Hongre, introduces "Spring," the first of four sections; a small snowbank is tucked in the statue's stone drapery. "A Young Roman Woman," a few pages later, has a cobweb clinging to her nose. Venus and Hercules, their pedestals hidden behind budding bushes, seem to have been caught by a skulking paparazzo. Fountains fill "Summer": from one full of putti basking with Ceres on gilded sheaves of grain to a series of pop-eyed, gaping unfortunates, who (or which), the legend at the back of the book explains, are "The Lycian Peasants Turned Into Frogs and Lizards by Jupiter." A real gardener raking real, copper-colored leaves in one *allée* is nicely juxtaposed with a shot of Apollo driving his green (oxidized copper) chariot through another. In "Winter," angels wait for spring, their wings feathered with frost, and a stone child holds up a stone bird in a snowstorm while a real bird flies by. Meanwhile, Apollo's chariot still plows through that *allée*, now covered with a heavy white blanket. Wind and snow combine to deprive other statues of their dignity; one of Le Hongre's nymphs, for instance, looks as if she had been hit by a coconut-cream pie.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

MCGARR AND THE P.M. OF BELGRAVE SQUARE, by Bartholomew Gill (Viking; $13.95). McGarr is, of course, Chief Superintendent Peter McGarr of the Dublin police, but the P.M., though an almost equally interesting and heroic civil servant, is a newcomer and, more than that, a dog—an Alsatian trained for crowd control, perimeter security, and scenting. The matter in which they join forces—along with McGarr's young, interesting, and heroic wife, Noreen, an art expert—has to do with the murder, by gunshot, of a well-known dealer in antiquities and art and the theft from his place of business of an apparently genuine painting by Alfred Sisley (1839-99), and an ever-increasing number of more or less related curious events. Mr. Gill is in his usual good form here, and the body count is satisfactorily high. The action takes place mainly in Dublin, but there is a good interlude in Paris.

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WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Code of Professional Responsibility of the Alabama State Bar*]

(B) A lawyer shall not give or lend any thing of value to a judge, official, or employee of a tribunal except legitimate campaign contributions under appropriate circumstances with intent to influence his official conduct or action.

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The feature of the evening will be the serving of lamb shish kabobs, along with advertisers and desserts. The price is five dollars.—*Oil City (Pa.) Derrick.*

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*Based on EPA Interior Volume Index.

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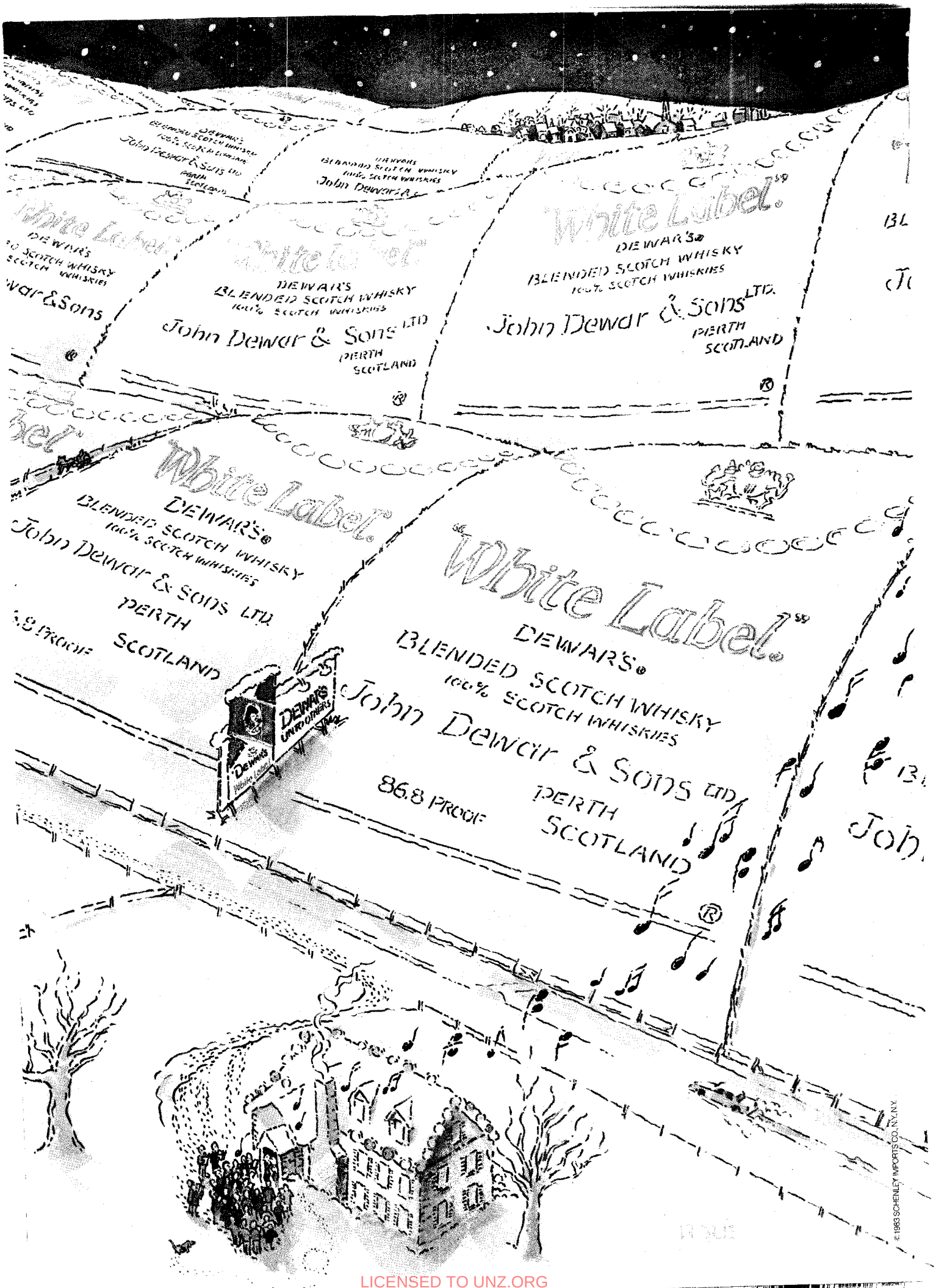

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